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Nancy Lee coming to anchor in the Connecticut River.

Cruising in a Nineteen-Foot Catboat

By CHARLES HARRISON VILAS

THIS is a tale of commonplace cruising, not a story of crossing wide oceans in tiny craft, nor yet of enduring months of hardship in cramped quarters for the sake of telling about it afterwards. Our ship is small, but comfortable. She is most seaworthy, though she can boast of only 19 feet of water line. She is an auxiliary craft and her owner does not excuse his motor with the customary, "Well, we hardly ever use the engine." He is very nearly as proud of the behavior of his two-cycle Lathrop as he is of the actions of his ship under sail.

Nancy Lee is her name and she is a jib-catboat, 19 feet on the water line, eight and a half beam, and three and a half draft. She has no centerboard, nor did she ever have one. She is the one and only keel cat we have ever seen anywhere that was built so originally. She carries all her ballast outside except for a one-cylinder four-horse Lathrop which adds considerable weight in her bilges. Hers is the customary cat rig, short mast, long boom and high peak, except that a bowsprit and small jib have been added to help relieve a slight weather helm.

We are not the kind of sailors who wilfully undergo great discomforts just for the experience. We do not set out across long stretches of open water in our small craft simply to tempt the elements. We are not pure windjammers; we use our engine quite frequently. We are never in a hurry to get anywhere because we know we are there already and we like to take our time enjoying what is about us. It sometimes takes us a week to do what other cruisers do in two days. In fact, we are not the least bit unusual — just plain ordinary everyday cruisers out to enjoy life.

Although *Nancy Lee's* home port is Rye, N. Y., the spring of 1928 found her fitting out in a small shipyard near Providence, R. I., where she had been taken the previous fall. The shipyard was like hundreds of others along the coast, filled chiefly with small craft that occupy a large space in their owner's hearts. It was the type that is never deserted Saturdays or Sundays, even on the coldest of winter days. Everyone knew everyone else by his first name and more time was spent taking imaginary trips down the bay than in getting that caulking into the garboard. Spring days would find it turned into a yarn spinning club. Anecdotes, "wisecracks" and helpful information were intermingled with the screeching sing of the shop's band-saw, the muffled tinkle of a caulking iron or the squeaky rattle of the blocks on a bos'n chair, while overhead beamed a happy sun whose pleasant warmth still held that fascinating newness of springtime. The picture would not be complete were it not for the gentle southerly bringing the slightly pungent odor of low tide from down the bay, mingled with the smell of fresh paint and new marline from a neighboring craft.

Directly astern of our ship was a most interesting boat. In the hurricane of 1924, although her own mooring was perfectly capable, she had been run down and cut loose by a drifting yacht and completely wrecked. Her owner, one of the jolliest optimists I have ever seen, hauled the wreckage out and has been spending the last four years in rebuilding her. Next to this boat lay a cat slightly smaller than ours. Her owner stays on her all summer long and makes his living catching quahaugs "down to Potter's Cove," or "'Tween the Islands." Although he has been on the bay for over eighty years, he gets around with his boat with greater ease than many of the younger ones.

After seemingly endless delays *Nancy Lee* is over, and we are ready to shove off. "Going home?" we are asked, and we answer, "No," but are at a loss to tell just where we are going. All we can say is, "To the east'ard," which might mean Nantucket or Gloucester, depending on what kind of a wind we find at Woods Hole, if we ever get there. When we cruise we set no goal but the general enjoyment of life, although in our wanderings this year

"Next to us lay another cat—a perfect jewel."

we were to cover the coast from Massachusetts to Virginia. The next day was perfect for sailing down the bay — blue sky, blue water and a northwest wind. My shipmate and I were up early and had everything ready so that the moment some friends arrived who were to go as far as Newport with us we started off.

Out past Conimicut Light, rapidly dropping the Providence skyline, we sailed. It was great to feel the tiller pull once more and to hear the gentle murmur of the bow wave greeting our rather wavily painted water line. Off Prudence Island we caught a glimpse of the "Los Angeles" as she rose from the mooring mast on the *Patoka* and headed down the bay for Lakehurst. Otherwise the day was uneventful, just one of those perfect weather sails where everyone has a good time and nothing goes wrong. At Newport we bade farewell to our friends, stocked up with food, and went across the harbor to Brenton's Cove for the night. We prefer this anchorage because we are not rocked all night long by the Navy tenders that are constantly ferrying back and forth to their ships.

That night while we were cooking supper, we heated up our fireless cooker stone and prepared a stew which we stored away in the sizzling "fireless" for future use. We were up the next morning at 3:30. The stars shone with that brilliancy that comes only with a high barometer and a snappy, chill northwester. At such an hour we shower blessings on our cooker, for all we had to do for breakfast was to open it and dish out the piping hot stew, and stew for breakfast is a good thing when one is to have a long day's run ahead. We powered around Fort Adams which was dead to windward, and then turning the kicker off sailed out into the ocean.

Daylight found us well past Brenton Reef, picking up new gong buoys not marked on our six-year-old chart. The sun came up with a blinding glare over by the tower of the new chapel at St. George's School. Sunrises at such places and in such weather, to our mind, are one of the greatest joys of cruising; the green-changing-to-blueness of the cloudless sky, then the rapidly growing red mound of burning sun as it climbs over the horizon, making the deep blue of the sky overhead seem even deeper. All this has its psychological effect. It spurs us to industriousness. Blankets are hoisted aloft on the weather topping lift, mattresses are spread on the cabin roof and offending particles of dirt are hounded to their remotest lairs in the cracks of the cabin floor. Then there are loose ends of rope to be whipped, and splicings to be turned and the winter's accumulation of mildew wiped off the sail-palm. The morning soon passes to noon under such circumstances and we find ourselves becalmed off the Sakonnet River with the top of Cuttyhunk just visible if we stand on the cabin roof. Advantage is taken of the calm sea to start lunch and pack away the dinner in the fireless cooker.

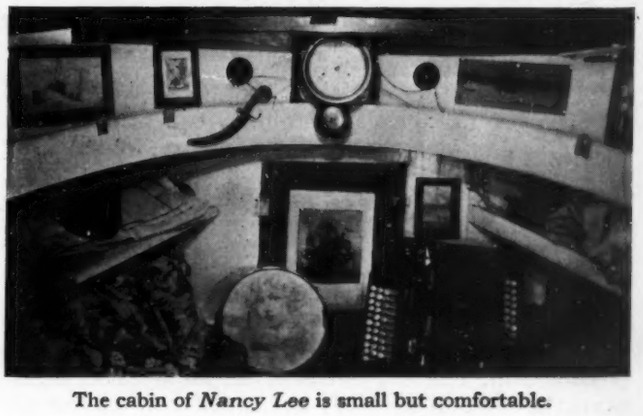
We run the engine for about an hour, just to put a little more distance behind us, and then stop and wait for our expected afternoon southerly. It is not long in coming. All around us we see dark unreflecting patches of cat's-paws that quickly obliterate the glassiness of those persistent ground-swells, and away we go, soon getting the lee rail under and hearing the crash of loose articles in the cabin, following the laws of Newton.

Hen and Chickens Lightship is abeam, Cuttyhunk is abeam, Nashawena, Naushon, then Woods Hole. Off West Falmouth we tuck in that reef we should have put in an hour before. At the mouth of the Cape Cod Canal we struck a tide rip. Never before had I seen a buoy rock as did the gas bell at the entrance. After each toss of the seas it would lie perfectly horizontal, the clappers giving a sickening thud to the poor bell. As is usual in such cases we were too busy handling the boat to take a snapshot of it.

At 7 o'clock we were anchored at Monmouth Beach just outside of the canal channel, and were dishing out our dinner from the fireless. The next morning we were in the canal by 8:00, with a favoring tide that added about four knots to our engine's five. At 9:30 we were out in Cape Cod Bay, tucking in two reefs for the stiff offshore breeze. It did not seem long before we were around the Mary Anne Rocks, off Gurnet Light, and heading in for Plymouth Harbor. The breeze was fresh, so we anchored close up to Plymouth Rock, getting as smooth water as possible.

Midnight found the wind northeast and blowing a summer's half-gale. With daylight came a cold drizzling rain and the discovery of sundry cabin roof leaks. We remained cheerful the first day of this, the second day wasn't so bad, but by the time of the third, and fourth and fifth, it began to get on our nerves. At low tide we had a perfect harbor. The mud flats that are awash at half tide gave us ample protection. Our only trouble was that we had to shorten up on the anchor to keep the rudder from scraping the neighbors and near relatives of Plymouth Rock. At high tide there was no harbor. The waves had a clean sweep from over towards Duxbury Bay. As the tide would come in we would pay out more anchor rode. We dared not shift our perfectly holding anchor. "Leave well enough alone," was our slogan on this point.

As soon as the northeaster quit we got pea-soup fog. We decided that Plymouth would be our easternmost stop, so when the fog lifted to a visibility of half a mile we pulled out in a calm, under power, for the canal.



The cabin of *Nancy Lee* is small but comfortable.

Nancy Lee is one of those rare types, a keel cat, built so originally.

Once outside we encountered some walloping man-sized ground swells that made us appreciate the fact that Plymouth Harbor had some protection, anyway. We made Onset that afternoon just as the fog shut in so thick that we couldn't see ten feet ahead. Two days we were fog-bound in Onset; two days we were fog-bound at South Dartmouth; and the fifth day found us going out in spite of it and beating down Buzzards Bay to Cuttyhunk.

Cuttyhunk is a most delightful spot, so that the next day, the first decent sailing weather in ten went begging. Shipmate and I packed our knapsacks and went for a hike. To get from the harbor to the more remote parts of the island one has to pass through the village of Gosnold. Gosnold boasts of two streets. These form a kind of cross in the center of the village, and the houses that do not happen to front on either one of them face a concrete walk, so one may go up this thoroughfare, stretch his arms out and touch the front yard fence of the houses on either side of the walk.

Cuttyhunk is of the same geological structure as the outer end of Cape Cod, the rest of the Elizabeth Islands, Block Island, Fishers Island, and the outer end of Montauk. It is grassy rolling country very much resembling huge ocean waves that have come to a standstill. After lunch we went down on the beach to inspect the remains of the whaling bark. *Wanderer*, which was wrecked in the hurricane of 1924. For two and a half miles her wreckage was strewn along the beach. Tanks, beams, huge knees, a deckhouse, a few spars, and two dead-eyes, which we picked up as souvenirs.

That evening we got back aboard just as the lobstermen were coming in. They had a most original way of anchoring. The first boat in would drop her hook on one side of the harbor and then go running off to the other side, paying out about 200 feet of line; the others would do likewise and then pass a line to the first boat and haul alongside, forming a kind of floating colony. There were two distinct groups of lobstermen in the harbor, the Portuguese who came mostly from the "Portigee Navy Yard" at New Bedford and lived on their boats, and the natives, pure-blooded Yankees whose homes constitute the village.

The only other boat in the harbor besides *Nancy* and the lobstermen was a very dilapidated old whaleboat with a cabin forward and a very ancient "Charlie Noble" thrusting its angular self towards the skies. The owner of this craft was a most picturesque old character, about 85 years old I should say, with a typical Cape Codder's beard, visored cap, and a ragged seaman's overcoat.

"Aha," thought I, "I shall make the acquaintance of the dear old man and see if I can't get some anecdotes out of him." So when we went ashore that evening and met him on the path to the village, I asked him if he knew the tide difference in the harbor. He looked straight through me with cold and hostile eyes and rumbled in a deep, resonating voice, as if he were denying a most unfair accusation, "I do not."

"Well," said I, "I thought you might know whether it was two feet or eight feet."

"Christ, Mister! this ain't Boston!" And that is all I could get out of him that evening.

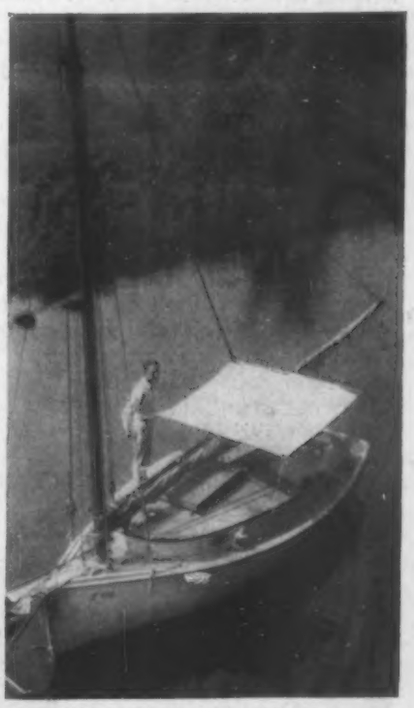
"The dear old man," snickered my shipmate. We dubbed him "Roger" because it rhymed with "Codger." The next morning I was awakened about 5 by a neighboring "Portigee" who had fouled his anchor line on ours. I sleepily smiled as he cleared up the mess and he asked, "You here all day?"

"Yes," I answered.

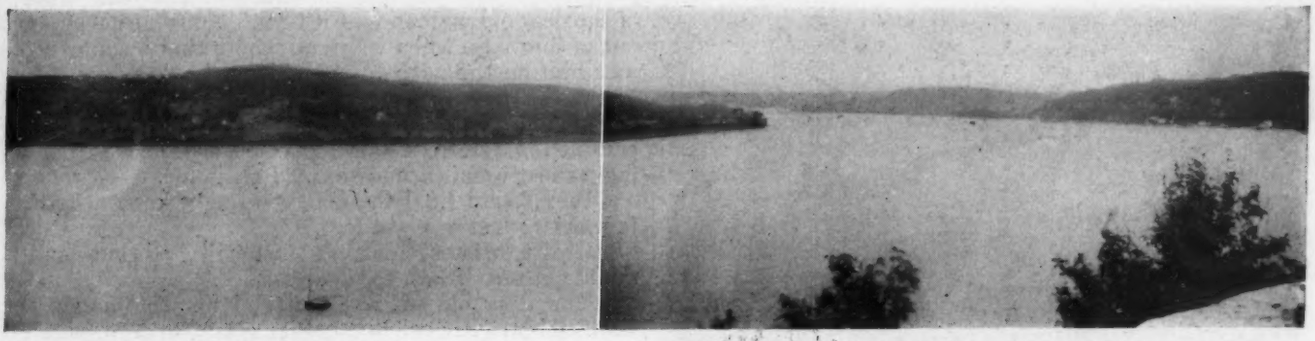
"Den when I come back, if I come back, mebbe I bring you some losper."

I thanked him very enthusiastically and turned in again till eight when, upon turning out, we were greeted by southeast storm warnings on the Coast Guard signal mast. That settled it. Even without the enticement of "losper" dinner we needed little excuse for remaining another day in that delightful spot. We took our vast accumulation of dirty clothes ashore, built a fire on the beach and washed all morning long. Roger had his boat beached and was busily caulking the rather hopeless looking seams with fresh horse manure. He explained, as if he expected us to deny it, that if it would help a four-sticker it would help his boat.

The lobstermen came in early that afternoon as the southeaster was beginning to freshen. Our friend of the morning anchored near us and motioned for me to come over. "Maybe he'll give us two lobsters," I said, as I hopped into the dinghy. When I was about ten feet from him he started throwing lobsters. My heart was in my mouth as these flying missiles, claws spread menacingly apart, came right for me. I thought he would never stop. When he finally did, instead of two there were eight full-sized lobsters crawling about the bottom of my dinghy. I was at a loss to know how to thank him. To my great joy when I got back to my boat, my shipmate told me that he couldn't be hired to eat a lobster, so I put all but one in a potato sack and dropped it overboard on a line and was all fixed for lobster every meal for the next two days. The more I ate the more I liked them. I had broiled lobster, cold lobster, lobster salad, lobster for breakfast, luncheon, tea and dinner,



At anchor in Shirley Creek, Connecticut River, with awning spread.



The Connecticut River from cliff looking across the stream. *Nancy Lee* anchored in foreground.

with a little lobster between meals and before going to bed. And most astonishing of all, I did not get sick of them.

Another hike in the afternoon brought weariness to our unaccustomed legs so that when we arrived at the general store that evening we were glad to accept the invitation of the proprietor to sit down a while. As is usual in general stores of an evening, there was present a motley assembly of villagers discussing the topics of the day. But all conversation ceased upon the entrance of two strangers, who were made to feel from the chilly silence that we had no business intruding. Over in one corner enveloped in a cloud of what looked like tobacco smoke, but smelled like burning shoe leather, sat Roger. At his feet sat a small dog we had not noticed before as belonging to him. To his right, seated on crates and a counter, were some of the lobstermen we had seen in the harbor, also shrouded in a more endurable aroma. To his left on a long wooden bench sat the Coast Guard *en masse*.

The silence was at last terminated by a fat, jolly overalled man wearing one of those black engineer's caps with a visor about six times the length one would normally expect.

"Why, of course, she's got a hollow mast," he said looking with obviously affected innocence at the clouded ceiling.

"Like hell she has," said Roger, "I've been helpin' ta fit her out all day long and by gad I oter know."

"What are you talking about, Cap," piped up one of the youthful coast guards. "No catboat could carry a solid stick that size without taking a nose dive every other moment."

"Well, look here, son," said Roger, "I was an old man before you were born and my brother worked for thirty years in Herreshoff's and goddammit I ought to know what tha hell I'm talkin' about. I can tell a hollow spar when I see it. I don't have to be told by no g—o—d—a—m—m—m—ed whipper-snapper what I'm about. Here, mister (motioning to me), you seen that Duxburry cat fittin' out today, you seen she had a solid stick dinja?"

I took my silent cue from the first speaker, and explained to Roger that I was afraid that for once he was in the wrong. Roger was beginning to catch on. "You must think I'm a dam—mm—m—ed fool," he said and took to puffing his incinerator with a violence indicative of his feelings.

Looking downstream, Connecticut River.

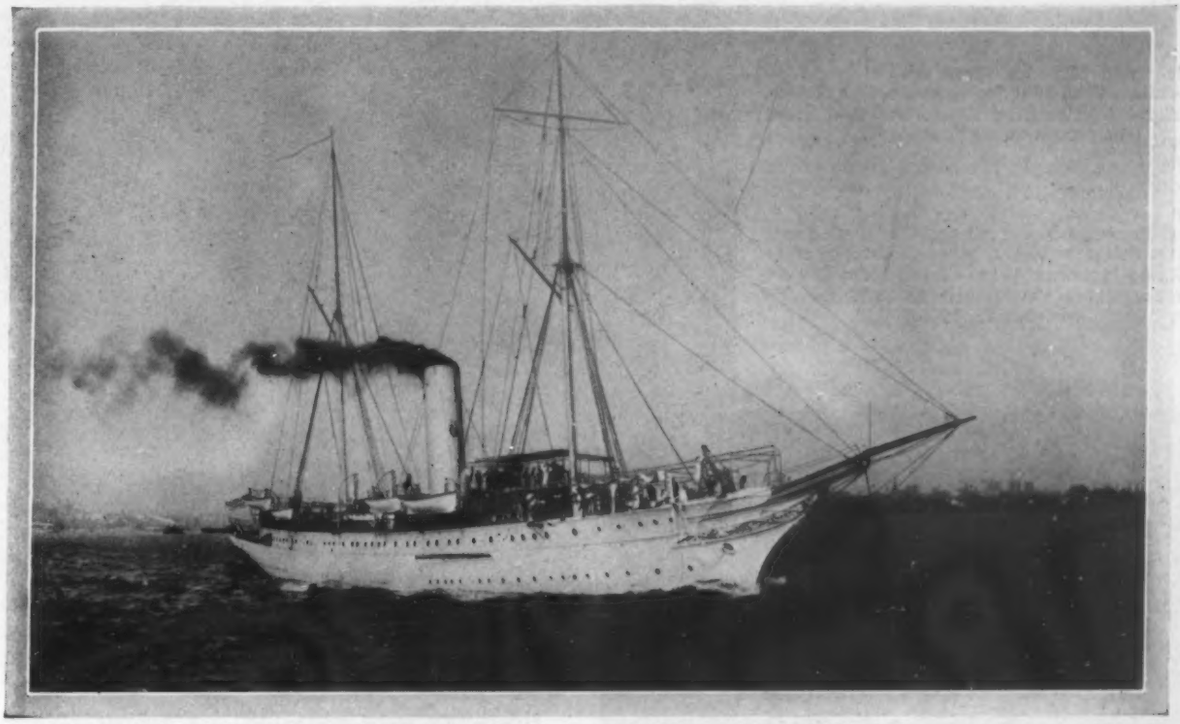
The storekeeper felt that he was above all this small town stuff and he came over presently to tell us so. He was a New Bedford man, he explained, and had taken over the store only a few years ago. "They're dandy folks," he conceded, "but they're forever getting into a scrap over some fool matter."

As we were leaving the store to go back aboard ship Roger called after us to wait and he'd walk down with us. He was very friendly in his gruff way, as we braced ourselves against the now howling southeaster, and we sympathized with him and his lot in a world that wouldn't take his authority on the question of hollow spars.

As we rowed out aboard we noticed that only one other boat bedsides ours was at anchor; all the rest were made fast to the wharf. Not till 4 A.M. the next morning did it occur to me why they were there. At that hour I jumped out of my bunk, as an extra heavy gust hit us, and stuck my head out of the hatch, blessing my 46-pound anchor, which I felt sure would hold in anything. As I watched, the boat started to turn and then walked right off down the harbor, dragging the hook astern. We were not alone. The other boat anchored in the harbor was traipsing along beside us. I hopped on deck, calling for the shipmate to turn out. The wind was so strong I could hardly make my way forward. I couldn't open my eyes because of the driving rain. And that rain hurt, too, through thin pajamas. I knew it was useless to let go the second anchor, but I went right ahead mechanically and dropped it over. I don't think I have ever had such a sensation of helplessness. The boat heeled as if she were under sail, and presently we struck some nice soft mud and settled down comfortably on our side. We went below and closed the cabin doors to keep out the spray of the waves that were breaking over our stern, bitterly disillusioned about the holding qualities of our anchor. That cabin had never seemed so warm and cozy as it did then, even though it was at a rather precarious angle. We heated water and indulged in some G. Washington Instantaneous Coffee—very convenient at that hour.

As it began to get light the wind eased up a bit and I went on deck to make a survey of our plight. I put a strain on the second anchor and she gave; then I hauled her right in hand over hand. I started to do likewise with the large anchor, but presently she gripped on

(*Continued on page 88*)



The U.S.S. *Mayflower* standing down New York Harbor with Governor's Island in the background. Long used by the Navy as a dispatch boat and presidential yacht, she has just been placed out of commission, ending an eventful career of over 30 years.

The U.S.S. *Mayflower*, a Presidential Prerogative

Her Decommissioning and Prospective Sale to End Navy Career of Famous Yacht

By O. H. M. McPherson

THE recent decision to decommission and sell to the highest bidder the old presidential yacht has revived many sidelights in the vivid history so closely interwoven with the *Mayflower's* career. During her 31 years in the Navy, she ran the gamut of experience from active war duty to peace conferences, from diplomatic missions to convalescent cruises. She participated in many of the most important events at the beginning of this century and was the setting for the mediation of domestic and international disputes. It was, therefore, not only the impressive design and fittings but also the distinctive historical background which had made the *Mayflower* appropriate as the official craft for the President, who by virtue of his office, is Commander-in-Chief of the Navy.

After the U.S.S. *Maine* was blown up in Havana Harbor on February 15, 1898, the forebodings of war took more graphic shape. The Navy Department, under Secretary John D. Long, undertook a general preparedness program and acquired several suitable ships as adjuncts to the battle fleet. The *Mayflower* was purchased from the estate of Ogden Goelet on March 19, 1898, for $430,000. She had been built at Clydebank, Scotland, in 1896, by J. and G. Thompson, under the direction of George L. Watson, one of the foremost yacht designers in the British Isles. Her dimensions as originally constructed were not changed: 273 feet in length; 36 feet beam; 17 feet 2½ inches mean draft; gross tonnage, 1800.

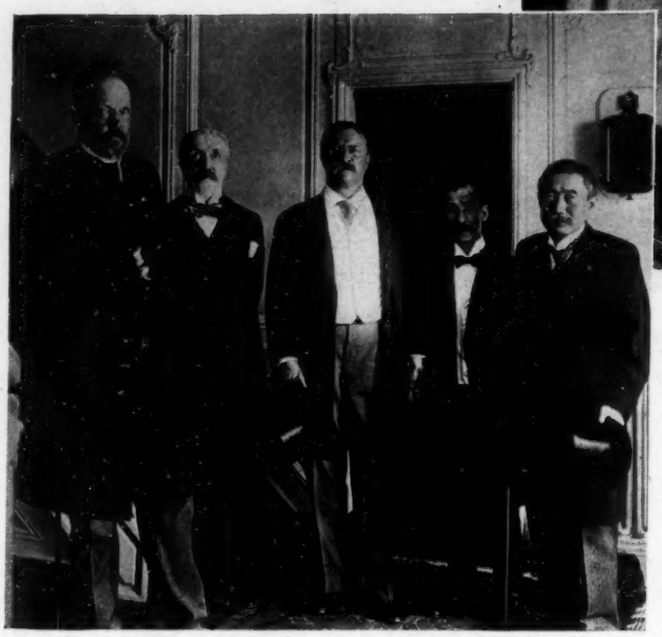
After making the necessary alterations to adapt the yacht to war service, she was placed in commission with six 6-pounders on March 24, 1898, at the New York Navy Yard. She was then sent as a dispatch boat to the Navy vessels blockading Havana, for the facilities of radio had not as yet been perfected. Spain did not formally declare war on the United States until April 24th — three days after the famous McKinley ultimatum. Under Commander R. S. MacKenzie, the *Mayflower* took position with the blockade fleet off Morro Castle on April 22nd in anticipation of the break. The log books, however, do not record a baptism of fire until June 16th, when a Spanish shore battery put one shot over her and two short. This good luck followed the trim craft throughout her Cuban service, though she was under fire on several occasions.

The duty on the blockade fitted with the speed and type of the yacht. She pursued neutral ships (British and Norwegian, in particular) which suspiciously entered the forbidden zone and warned them of the blockade. Some of these merchant ships were endeavoring by any ruse to enter Cuban ports with supplies, which were at a premium. The first prize the *Mayflower* captured was the Spanish schooner *Santiago Apostol*, laden with fish from Yucatan, which was overhauled near Havana on May 8th and taken to Key West for internment. After a short detail on special service to Haiti, the yacht returned to the entrance of Havana Harbor and was again ineffectively greeted by the Spanish shore batteries. The *Mayflower* was officially credited with the capture of another enemy vessel, the schooner *Severita*, but she shared this honor with the U.S.S. *Annapolis* and therefore it may not be regarded as a single-hand achievement.

On July 19th the *Mayflower* made her conspicuous

President and Mrs. Roosevelt with a party of friends aboard the *Mayflower* to attend a review of warships in Hampton Roads. Admiral Sims (then a commander) at right.

(Below) President Roosevelt and the Russian and Japanese delegates to the peace conference after the Russo-Japanese War aboard *Mayflower*, where they were entertained on their way to Portsmouth, 1905.



gesture in the war with Spain. Ship lights were sighted which mysteriously disappeared and then reappeared. Under forced draft she proceeded and overtook the vessel by bringing her to with a blank shot. The log narrative briefly states: "The ship was the steamer *Newfoundland*, from Halifax. After examining her Captain and papers, the Commanding Officer decided to send her to Charleston for adjudication." Ensign Pratt (now Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Fleet) was sent aboard with a prize crew "with orders to proceed to Charleston and report to the Senior Naval Officer present and deliver the *Newfoundland* to the Judge of the United States District Court or the United States Prize Commissioner at that place." The arresting of the *Newfoundland* was followed by protracted litigation, which even went to the Supreme Court. The court trials and the evidence divulged that the commanding officer of the *Mayflower* was not unwarranted in his action, as the *Newfoundland's* log entries showed a destination of Kingston or Vera Cruz. The cargo comprised flour and canned goods, which were greatly needed in Havana, and her presence off the regular course to the logged destinations gave ample ground for suspicion. The libel, however, was dismissed because of the inadequacy of proof showing violation of the blockade, and the *Newfoundland* was not forfeited but returned to her owners without damages. The court, nevertheless, complimented Commander MacKenzie for his action.

Hostilities were suspended on August 11th and on December 18th the Treaty of Paris formally concluded our war with Spain. During those intervening months of armistice, the *Mayflower* cruised with the blockade squadron off the north coast of Cuba. Her last distinctive participation was on January 1, 1899, when a landing force of blue-jackets and the marine guard "went ashore to take part in the ceremonies in connection with the taking possession of Cienfuegos, and at noon a salute of 21 guns was fired as the National Ensign was hoisted over the City Hall."

Following the Spanish-American War, the United States was confronted with many problems in the Caribbean and it was in those waters that the *Mayflower* was detailed on a special service. In 1900 she was equipped with a deep-sea sounding machine for survey work in the uncharted waters of the West Indies. The island of Porto Rico was the focal point of her operations in protecting American interests, and in obtaining hydrographic data. Several regulatory commissions which were sent to San Juan employed the yacht as headquarters during the formation of the government under the first American Governor, Charles H. Allen, of Massachusetts, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Navy, 1898–1900.

In 1902, the *Mayflower* was recommissioned and assigned to duty as the President's yacht, with Lieutenant-Commander Gleaves (later the Commander of the Transport Service during the World War) as the captain. Theodore Roosevelt was a keen Navy enthusiast, and used the yacht on many occasions for official courtesies and at all the naval reviews. The picturesque summer home of the Roosevelts at Sagamore Hill, Long Island, looks down on Oyster Bay. This harbor gave an excellent anchorage for the yacht and each vacation the President cruised in adjacent waters. In the autumn of 1902, it was again necessary that the yacht be employed by the Navy on special duty. The Admiral of the Navy, the much honored George Dewey, hoisted his flag on the *Mayflower* for the review of the whole fleet at Guantanamo, the then newly acquired coaling and naval station, and he also used her on inspection trips.

The plans for a Central American connecting-link for the Atlantic and Pacific had engaged Roosevelt's ingenuity as far back as 1894, when he had indicated interest in the building of "an oceanic canal" (letter to Senator Lodge, October 27, 1894). After becoming President, Mr. Roosevelt pushed negotiations with Colombia for the Panama route, but the results were unsatisfactory, with protracted delays. Our Congress was not decisive and debated the relative merits of the Nicaraguan and Panamanian routes. In the meantime, a revolution in Panama was under way on November 3, 1903, after the Colombian Congress had rejected the treaty of the United States and adjourned. The U.S.S. *Mayflower* was dispatched to Colon with Rear Admiral Coghlan to watch developments. The train of events moved swiftly and the United States recognized the Republic of Panama on November 11th. On November 17th, the *Mayflower* was the mediating ground for the representatives of the Provisional Government of Panama and the Commissioners of the City of Cartagena, Republic of Colombia, over complications arising from the seceding province. She continued to serve as the flagship of the Caribbean Squadron until the spring of 1904.

From July to October, 1904, the *Mayflower* was in company with the battle squadron of the North Atlantic fleet on a cruise through Mediterranean waters. She visited Trieste, Fiume, Palermo and Genoa in one of those naval displays. Rear Admiral Albert S. Barker, who was in command of this expedition, relates in his memoirs (*Everyday Life in the Navy*) the pageantry of royal visits and official dinners held on board the yacht at several ports of call. On the homeward voyage, the *Mayflower* was detached from the squadron so that she might stand by the members of the crews from several ships who had contracted typhoid fever at Athens. After transporting these convalescents home, the yacht was out of commission from October, 1904, until July, 1905, at the New York Navy Yard.

President Roosevelt then saw fit to utilize the *Mayflower* in his efforts to bring peace between Japan and Russia. The delegates from those belligerent nations came by invitation to Oyster Bay on August 5, 1905. The Japanese envoys arrived on the U.S.S. *Tacoma* and the Russians came on the U.S.S. *Chattanooga*. It would appear from the log book entries of the *Mayflower* that the gun salutes must have sounded like the height of battle when the convening host and other dignitaries boarded her. The President received the customary salute of 21 guns, the Russian and Japanese delegations each received 19 guns and then a succession of Cabinet officers, admirals and generals were accorded their respective honors. The meeting aboard is described by the former Russian Ambassador, Baron Rosen, in his book, *Forty Years of Diplomacy:*

> "The President formally presented the plenipotentiaries to each other and led the way to the dining salon, where a stand-up luncheon was prepared, so as to prevent any embarrassment about precedence and seats at the table."

After the luncheon, the Japanese delegation repaired to the U.S.S. *Dolphin* and the Russian envoys were quartered on the *Mayflower*. Led by the U.S.S. *Galveston*, the three vessels steamed in column to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where a treaty of peace terminating the Russo-Japanese War was concluded. The *Mayflower*, in this instance, was an implement of international character. The result of President Roosevelt's tact is epitomized in a telegram sent to him by M. Witte, the head of the Russian delegation, and Ambassador Rosen:

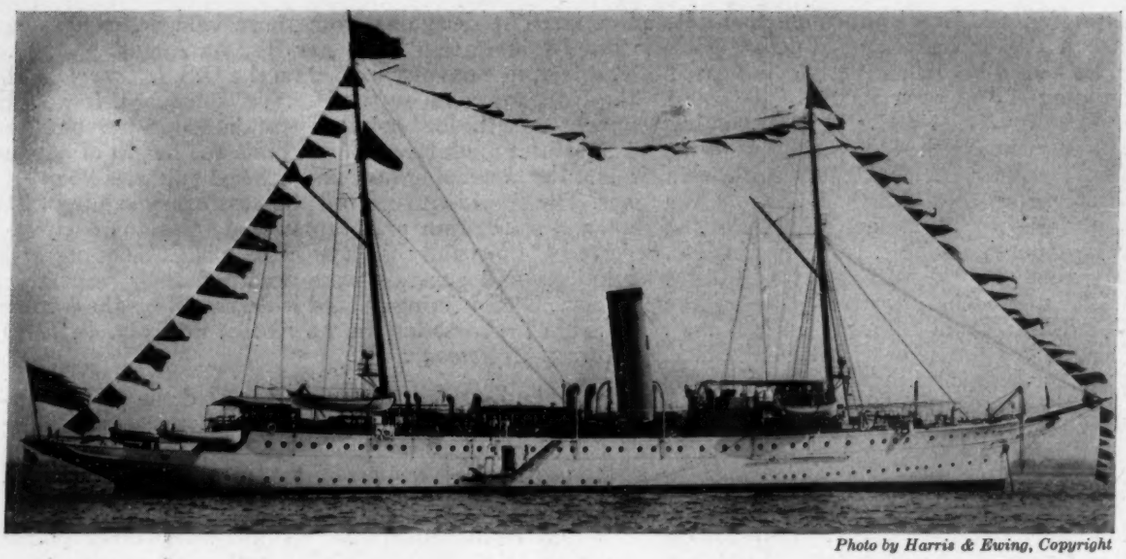
> "To you history will award the glory of having taken the generous initiative of bringing about this conference, whose labors will now result in establishing a peace honorable to both sides."

The Russian envoys were not unmindful of the cooperation received from the commissioned personnel aboard the *Mayflower*. In appreciation, they presented the officers with a large silver urn, which was in the captain's cabin but has recently been sent to the Naval Academy. This urn is of Muscovite craftsmanship, inset

The President reviewing the Atlantic Fleet off Oyster Bay, September 3, 1906, from the bridge of the *Mayflower*.

(*Photos by Underwood & Underwood*)

President Roosevelt and Admiral Robley D. Evans (Fighting Bob) on board *Mayflower* just before the Atlantic Fleet started on its world cruise.



The *Mayflower*, "dressed" for an important occasion and with the President's flag at the mainmast head.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Copyright

with semi-precious stones and supported by a knight in medieval armor. On the face of the urn, the Imperial Russian Arms are embossed in gold and below this is an appropriate inscription in Russian characters indicating the gratitude of the Russian mission to their hosts.

During the first two months of 1906, the yacht was not in active use until the middle of March, when she left Washington on a pleasure excursion with Mrs. Roosevelt, Ethel, Archie and Quentin, and some family friends. Lieutenant-Commander Andrew T. Long (now a Rear Admiral on duty as President of the General Board of the Navy) was the "skipper" on this cruise in southern waters. They left Fernandina, Florida, on March 20th and anchored at Havana on April 1st. The American Minister paid a formal call on Mrs. Roosevelt, but there were no other rigors of diplomacy during the two days' stay, as the visit was entirely unofficial. The cruise was continued via Matanzas, Cuba, and then to Savannah, Georgia, where the party disembarked. The *Mayflower* returned to the Potomac and then engaged in target practice at Annapolis during the last two weeks in April.

In May, 1906, no distinctive service was rendered by the yacht except a trip to Norfolk with the President and a few members of his family. On June 21st, the yacht proceeded to Cape Cod Bay for intensive gunnery and target practice. The training was timely, as she was ordered to Boston on July 6th to make immediate preparations for active duty. The next day she sailed for Santo Domingo where a serious revolution threatened disestablishment of the recognized government. The United States was interested in the revolt because of the Dominican Republic's indebtedness in this country and abroad. To preclude foreign interference, arrangements had been made for the National City Bank of New York to collect customs for distribution to the creditor nations, and over a million dollars was then in the coffers. The yacht remained in Monte Christi harbor with other ships from our Navy during the major portion of this trouble, except for a few trips to other ports of the island to protect American interests. She returned to the States on August 14th and anchored at Staten Island.

On September 3rd, President Roosevelt was once more the host aboard the yacht to several Cabinet officers and the foreign naval attachés at a review of the Atlantic Fleet off Oyster Bay. Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans had the U.S.S. *Maine*, his flagship, and the 43 warships anchored in column formation. The weather was auspicious and the fleet was resplendent in the white paint of peace with the vivid flags hoisted in "rainbow fashion." Every type of floating craft, from canoes to steamers, was crowded with sightseers from New York and nearby ports. Instead of the fleet passing in review, the yacht passed through the aisles of war ships. One journalist fittingly said, "All eyes were on the *Mayflower*, with the militant white eagle on the blue field, the Presidential flag, standing out stiff at the after-truck . . . like an alabaster ship she forged ahead."

After bringing the presidential party back to Oyster Bay, the *Mayflower* was moored at Whitestone Landing until September 14th, when she retuned to Cold Spring Harbor. As President Roosevelt was keenly interested in amateur sports, he had invited the participants in the International Yacht Races in the Sonder Class, which had recently been sailed at Marblehead, Mass., to the yacht. He made presentation of the various prizes and cups and then had a luncheon for his guests. The members of the German Imperial Yacht Club, who had entries in the races, were particularly appreciative of the hospitality dispensed on the *Mayflower*.

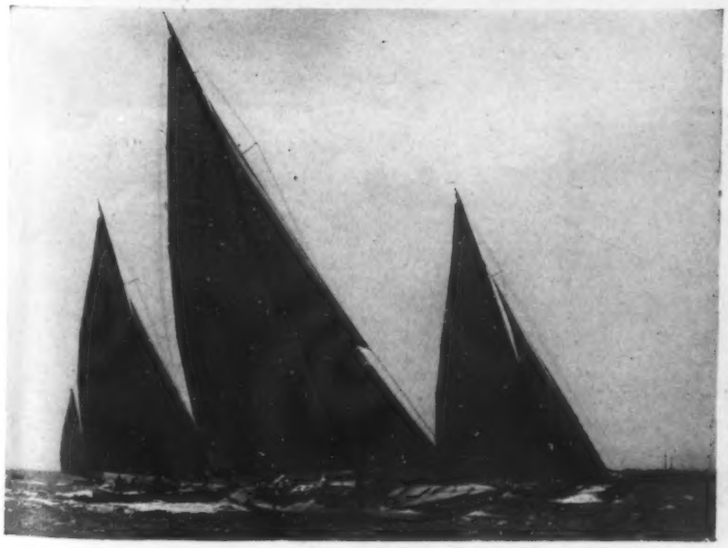
On September 28th, the *Mayflower* transported the President and a small party to Provincetown, Mass., where the Atlantic Fleet was engaged in maneuvers. Mr. Roosevelt went aboard the *Missouri*, which was the crack ship of the aggregation, and watched every detail of the target practice. Lieutenant-Commander F. K. Hill (now a retired Captain serving as Nautical Advisor to the U. S. Shipping Board) was the *Missouri's* executive officer who showed the President the mechanics of the big "battle wagon." He recalls that Mr. Roosevelt took great interest in the loading of the heavy shells and remarked, "The exercise would be good for me before breakfast." The yacht carried the President and his party back to Oyster Bay on September 30th and then proceeded to the Navy Yard at Brooklyn for annual repairs.

President Roosevelt's sustained interest in building the Panama Canal was the impetus for a personal inspection trip. From several quarters there came criticisms and objections to the Chief Executive leaving the United States, but Mr. Roosevelt was oblivious to the tirades. On November 8th, he left Washington with Mrs.

(*Continued on page 96*)

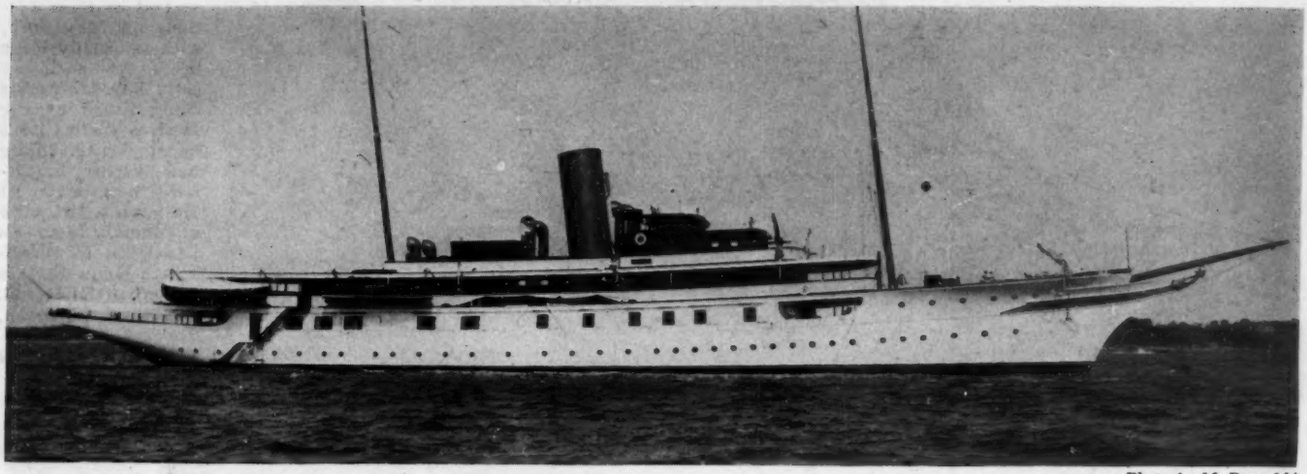
The Racing Season Gets Under Way

On the Atlantic Coast the season opened in most sections on May 30th, with unusually large fleets for such an early date, 125 yachts being timed at the Harlem Yacht Club's opening race. Many new yachts heightened the interest. At the left is a deck view of Junius S. Morgan's new Class M *Windward*. Below (left) is *Windward* under sail. At the right is *Simba*, another new "M" owned by C. B. Alker and C. D. Wiman.



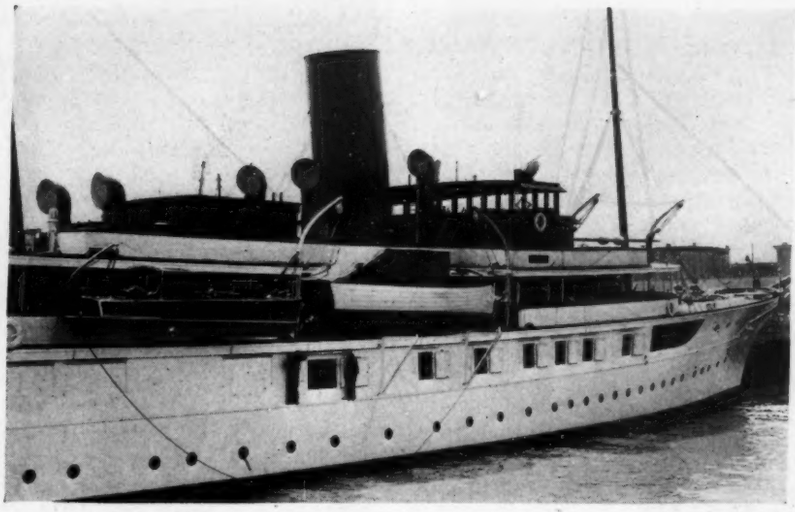
The Twèlve-Metres are again sailing hard on the Sound, five of the class taking part in the early races. At left, start of the "Twelves" in American Yacht Club Regatta. "Cliff" Mallory's *Tycoon* is continuing her winning ways. At right is one of the new Atlantic Coast one-designs. A very large fleet has been built in this class, and they are raced at many yachting centers.

Some Recent Additions to the Fleet of Large Cruisers



Photos by M. Rosenfeld

Viking, George F. Baker, Jr.'s, new 272-foot yacht made her appearance this spring and during May she cruised to Bermuda and back. A powerful, seagoing craft, ***Viking*** is a handsome vessel with clipper bow, figurehead, and moderate stern overhang. Designed by Theodore D. Wells, she replaces a smaller ***Viking***, built for Mr. Baker in 1909. She has turbo-electric drive, steam supplying the power. The speed attained on the trials was 16 knots.



Viking has unusually complete small boat equipment. This includes a Chris-Craft sedan runabout and a Banfield Sea Skiff cruiser, carried on davits.

Below is seen the new 150-foot fast cruiser ***Vara***, owned by Harold S. Vanderbilt, who will use her for cruising and as a tender for his Class M racer ***Prestige***. Built by the Herreshoff Co., from designs by the Purdy Boat Co., ***Vara*** is powered with two Treiber-Diesel engines.

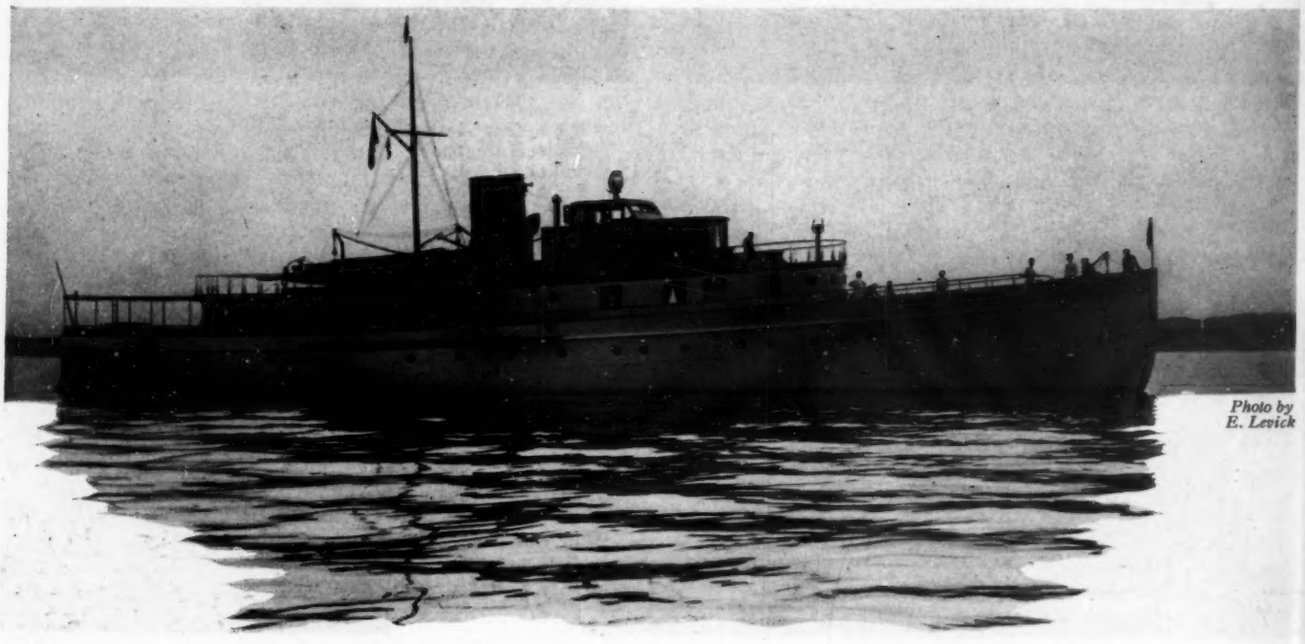
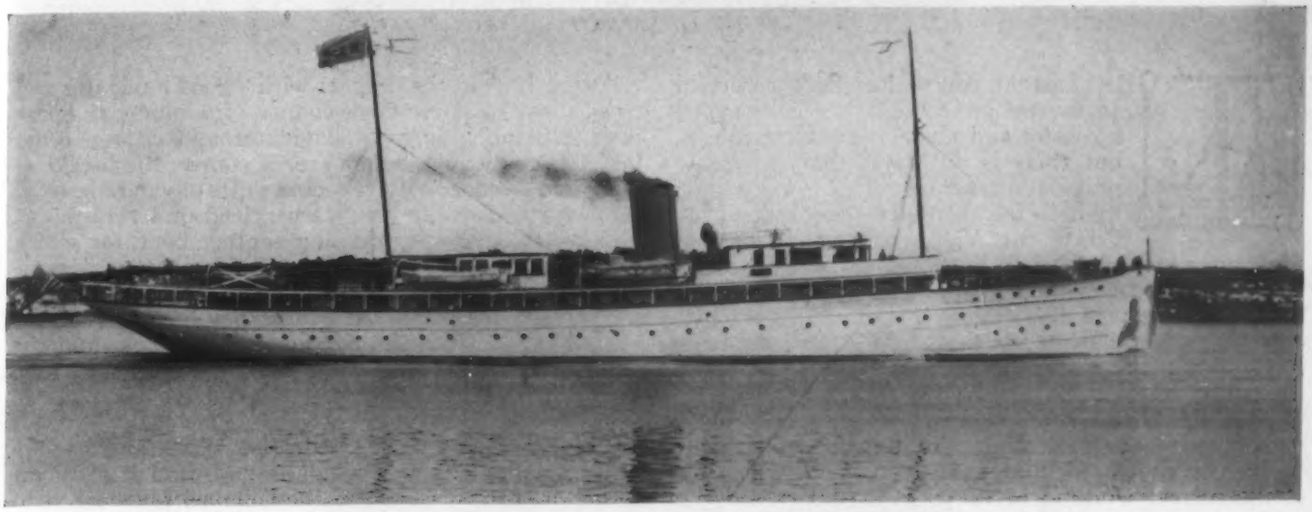


Photo by E. Levick

Seen Afloat During the Early Days of the Season



Vanda (above) is another new large cruiser to make her debut this year. Owned by Ernest B. Dane, of Brookline, Mass., *Vanda* was designed by H. J. Gielow, Inc., and was built by the Bath Iron Works, Bath, Maine. She is an able cruising yacht, capable of going anywhere. Two Bessemer Diesel engines supply the power.

At the right is another large craft by the same builders, the *Hi-Esmaro*, owned by H. E. Manville. She was launched early in June, the designers being H. J. Gielow, Inc. With a length of 266½ feet, she is one of the largest American Diesel yachts. Bessemer engines are used.

Below is the *Junaluska*, a smaller type than the others shown on these pages. She is a 90-footer, owned by George C. Heck, of New York. With spacious deckhouses and a sunken pilot house and low stack, she is well proportioned for her length. Power is supplied by two Winton 6-cylinder Diesels. The New York Yacht, Launch & Engine Co. were the builders.

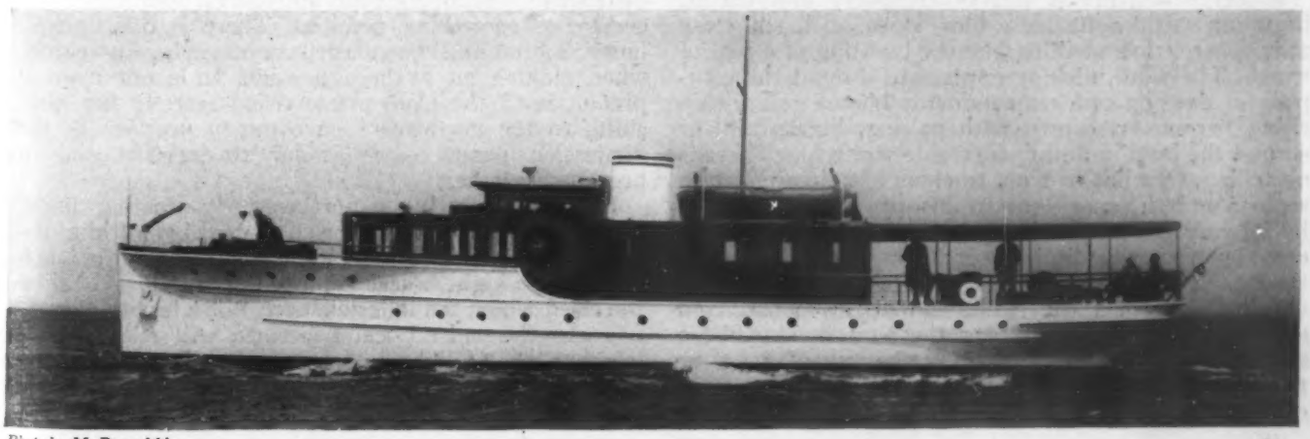


Photo by M. Rosenfeld

Fastnet Hazards

By L. LUARD

THE Fastnet course has been criticised on several grounds; it has been called a coastal and not a deep water course, but there is no doubt that it usually provides a truer test of all round sailing than — for instance — a race from Cowes to Vigo, or the Plymouth-Santander race which will be sailed for the first time this year. Whatever the demerits of the Fastnet course from a deep water sailor's mind, it is exacting, arduous, treacherous, and demands first-class seamanship and navigation if the most is to be made of the varied and difficult conditions that so often prevail.

Good navigation is not enough. A man who excels in astronomical navigation may well prove unfitted to tackle this course, for by far the most important factor is the correct working of the tidal streams. And this is no easy task. It is sometimes bewildering, always complicated, and requires careful preparation, forethought, and cunning.

For the first 200 odd miles the fleet works a high, precipitous coast indented with large and small bays. The tidal streams off this stretch run at varying rates, break into races off prominent headlands, curve, recurve, and circle off Land's End like the hands of a clock. There is a strong indraft into the various bays, and the rates increase at salient headlands. In the Irish Sea the sets are easier, but near the Fastnet Rock they again want careful watching.

But the winds may upset the most careful calculations. Wireless weather reports are accurate 99 times out of 100; and it is the hundredth one that has to be envisaged. In last year's Channel race, the broadcaster's voice assured us of settled, easterly weather. We rejoiced. Before night fell we were thrashing into a rising head sea, and the next day we were running before a northeasterly gale. In August one can reckon on the sway of southwesterly weather — and, as likely as not, upon a southwesterly or westerly blow. This means short, breaking seas, a bitter thrash to windward, a desolate grayness that settles upon the face of the waters like a veil, lowering visibility, and scattering the seeds of anxiety upon the decks of little ships. A northwesterly blow, which may quite likely follow, descends like a flashing sword, flings sudden, drenching showers, but clears the horizon and lifts range of vision like a merciful might.

Easterly weather is full of treachery and deceit, beguiling with light airs, blue skies, a hard, clear atmosphere, then striking like the bursting of a vial of wrath. The wind, flicking haphazard around the compass for days on end, may suddenly blow a gale with a rising barometer, drown with pelting, black rain, or shroud the land in an impenetrable white fog. There is no telling. One has to trust to chance, to instinct, to a seaman's sixth sense — or to an open contempt that, by its very temerity, triumphs. And then there is the easy, open weather that descends like a gift — weather the race was sailed in last year — weather that watches a full fleet crowd the anchorage at Plymouth, and spreads a royal pageant over the western sky like a setting for an Olympian feast. We have had this more than once, and have been thankful as if vouchsafed a dispensation.

A slow boat in the Fastnet with a good navigator and crew aboard has as much chance of winning as a fast boat with an indifferent navigator and crew — other factors being equal. There are, of course, the breaks of the game — sudden, unexpected shifts of wind, destroying, at one stroke, a hard-earned lead of several hours and, as likely as not, allowing another boat, far astern on time, to pick up and win; disablement to crew or gear by sheer misfortune. These things cannot be guarded against. Last year *Niña* held a foul wind for some hours after rounding the Fastnet Rock, and the ships astern arrived in time to find it fair and free. Had this not happened she would have been a still easier winner.

Valuable time can be lost in the Solent, and a study of the rather intricate tides all around the Isle of Wight brings its own rewards. In the Channel race last year, the fleet started in light airs and with a foul tide. Two ships worked over to the northern shore at once, picking up enough wind to overrun the slacker tide there, and gained several hours; two more worked into Osborne Bay with the same purpose in view, but were cheated by a flat calm; and the rest, caught in midstream, had to anchor to avoid making sternway.

The first big decision to make comes on rounding Bembridge. Is one to work down channel inshore or offshore? It is a difficult problem that depends upon the prevailing, and probable future, conditions. A wrong decision here may throw away the race. Last year *Mohawk* stood well over to the French coast in the hope of finding a better wind. She was unlucky, and this lost her, in my opinion, a win. *Niña* decided to work down mid-channel. This was certainly a safe course of action, though working close inshore promised certain advantages and corresponding disadvantages if the wind shifted or failed at critical moments.

In heavy weather, in the real southwesterly blow that greeted us in 1927 — though the wind veered three or four points later — the best course seemed to stand well out, then to make one long leg down channel. Only two boats attempted this, the remainder working inshore, gaining the little shelter there was to be had. But short, breaking seas stop a ship's way, increase drift, subject her gear and her crew to an incessant strain that probably more than discounts any resulting tidal advantage. And, after all, the object to be held up, like an ideal, is to cover somehow the greatest distance in the shortest time, and to look upon the crew's energy as something precious. There is one danger, however, that must be guarded against in heavy weather when making an offshore passage. It is not easy to predict until the glass starts rising fast. If the wind shifts to the northwest — a common practice as the depression passes — one is far to leeward and in hazardous plight.

In light westerly or northwesterly weather many prefer to chance reaping a rich reward by working the tides inshore. If the hazard succeeds the gain is large, and often a night breeze is picked up a mile or so from the coast when, ten miles offshore, not a breath of wind flows in the sails. Local fishermen will tell you, for instance, that a light breeze can often be carried from the Lizard to Plymouth by hugging the coast, while

(*Continued on page 92*)

Captain Howard Blackburn. From a recent portrait by Margaret Fitzhugh Browne, which will be presented this month by the Cruising Club of America to the Master Mariners' Association of Gloucester.

The Adventures of Howard Blackburn

Part III — The Second Single-Handed Transatlantic Passage in the "Great Republic"

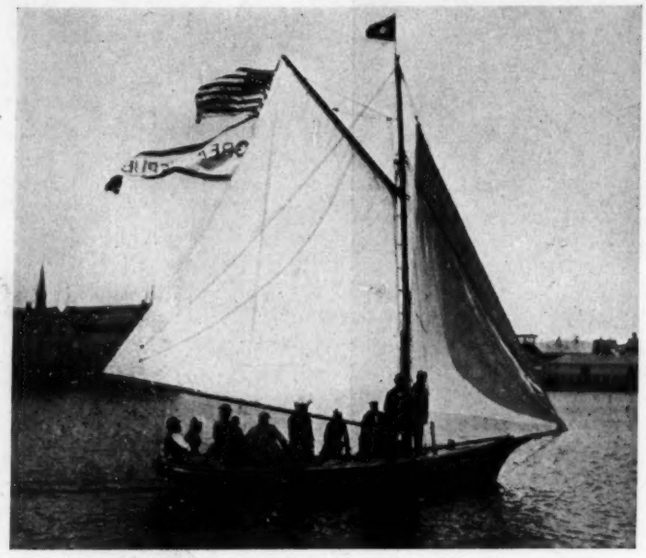
MY experience with the *Great Western* served to increase my desire for the sea and the excitement which such a voyage brings. I was also impressed with the idea that my general health was improved by the conditions met with, severe though they might be.

The result of all this was that I determined to build another boat in which to make a second voyage across the Atlantic. The new boat was to be of the same general type as the *Great Western*, but as the latter had been found too large for one to handle easily, I figured a smaller craft would be better suited to my requirements. So it was determined to build a sloop 25 feet long over all, 7 feet beam and 3 feet deep.

Several improvements were introduced in construction, rig and equipment, which made the new vessel much better adapted to the purpose she was intended for. The most important of these, perhaps, was making the keel considerably longer in proportion than on the first boat, so that she could run along with the wheel gauged and without the necessity of remaining at the helm constantly when sailing with a free wind, unable to leave it long enough to get a drink of water or light a pipe. To one sailing alone upon the ocean no feature of his boat is of more consequence than that which will enable her to go along on her course for hours or days without the necessity of touching the helm so long as the wind holds true. This not only enables the lone navigator to sleep while his little ship makes good progress, but there is no detention while many necessary duties are performed. For the boat drives along on her way, carrying a bone in her teeth, mayhap, while meals are cooked and eaten; when the pump is manned; or when the running lights are put up or taken down. It makes a lot of difference whether or not a boat must be hove to every time it is necessary to leave the wheel, especially if she has a good leading breeze, for many miles are gained under such circumstances by the craft that can "go it alone" straight for the goal, and not be yawing about like a drunken man staggering in a street, or broaching to until her sails shake and she is dead in the wind. Having had this experience, it was my aim to avoid a repetition of it if possible, especially as I had in mind the organization of a single-handed race across the Atlantic.

A pole mast was also preferred to a lower mast and topmast, since the former required less weight aloft and was more desirable in other respects. The mainsail had two reef bands in it, as on the *Great Western*, but I made a change in the jib, which had a reef instead of a bonnet. The bowsprit was a little longer, too, and there were some other minor changes. Aside from the changes indicated, however, the new design embodied the same general features of form, construction, rig, ballasting, and equipment as the other, and detailed mention of these need not be repeated.

It was about a year after my return from Europe when the keel of the *Great Republic* was laid, and from that time until she was launched I watched her grow into form with even greater interest than I had looked on the construction of my first little cruiser. The boat suited me. From the moment her frames were up until she was completed I was proud of her, and felt a reliance upon her good qualities that gave great satisfaction and



The little sloop *Great Republic* in which Blackburn made his second single-handed crossing of the Atlantic. Sailing from Gloucester, she arrived at Lisbon after a passage of 39 days, port to port.

added materially to my comfort in looking forward to the anticipated voyage.

On January 1, 1901, I issued a challenge to race any man in America, single-handed, from Gloucester to Lisbon, Portugal, and posted a forfeit with the secretary of the East Gloucester Yacht Club. This challenge brought to public notice many proposed acceptances. How serious some of those who accepted the challenge may have been I shall not assume to determine, but shall be content with saying that none of them complied with the terms to the extent of putting up a forfeit, and for that reason none of the propositions could be considered. It was easy to see, however, that certain of those interested had little or no conception of what it means to cross the Atlantic, if one may judge from some of the plans that were published. For instance, one of the announced acceptors of the challenge, according to the press, proposed to make the voyage on a cutter-rigged catamaran, consisting of three cigar-shaped rubber tubes fastened together parallel to each other. This might be unsinkable, as claimed, and all right for sailing on ponds or bays in fine weather, but how one could get along on a raft for months, on the open ocean, and without space to stow food or water, is too much for me to determine, and may be explained by the inventor some time in the future.

The sailing day for the *Great Republic* had been fixed for June 9, 1901, and when that date arrived everything was ready for the voyage, due to the hastening of preparations during the preceding weeks. Many testimonials were presented to me as evidences of good will, ranging from a bouquet of flowers, given me by a twelve-year-old school girl, to a beautiful silk pennant of the East Gloucester Yacht Club, which was presented by Commodore Colby on behalf of the club.

The date selected for my departure was as fine a summer day as one could desire — clear as a bell, with a fine northwest breeze sweeping seaward. The hour for sailing had been fixed for 2:00 P.M., and after I had said goodby to many friends who had gathered at the East Gloucester Yacht Club to give me a parting handshake, I was taken on board my little cruiser by a launch, which was filled with press representatives.

A reefed mainsail was soon up, with the bright folds of the Stars and Stripes swinging out from the peak, while the yacht club pennant snapped in the breeze from the masthead. The preparatory gun sounded its note of warning from the Commodore's yacht *Althea* at 2:11, and when the starting signal came five minutes later, my boat filled away on the starboard tack and headed out for the sea on her maiden voyage across the "big pond," accompanied by a great flotilla of small craft of various kinds, including practically the entire fleet of the yacht club.

The wind moderated after we got underway, and we had not gone far before I set the whole mainsail and jib-topsail. The *Great Republic*, though rigged for rough and tumble weather, as a local paper put it, "showed she was a good sailer, and in the trip out gave some of the fast ones all they could do to keep up with her."

A parting salute from the sharp-toned whistle of the launch, as she turned to run back; the waving of hats and hands, as a last token of farewell; a glance astern to see the fleet working in toward Eastern Point; and the realization came upon me that once more I was at last alone upon the restless sea, with all the uncertainties and all the possibilities before me that may attend a solitary voyager on a journey of 3,000 miles or more in a boat so tiny that she was no more than a speck upon the ocean.

Little progress was made the first night out, even though the wind was fair and strong. This was because attention had to be given to the careful stowage of everything on board so that it would be secure even if the boat should be knocked about to the extent of being thrown on her beam ends. This should have been done before, but it was not practicable to do it and get away at the time set for sailing. As night came on, and the coast lights shone out upon the sea — the last of America I was to see for months — the boat was to the eastward of Thatcher's Island, running along at a great rate, with a stiff breeze over her port quarter. The mainsail was taken in, reefed and furled, the jib-topsail was stowed, two white lights were put up in the rigging instead of green and red running lights; the binnacle light was lit, the wheel was gauged so that the course would be about east-southeast, and the boat was left to run along easily under her jib, while all hands turned to, stowing cargo and straightening up generally. It was an all night job, for nothing could be left to chance, nor could anything be put where it would not be easily available. The work was necessarily slow, for the sea was rough, and besides tumbling aboard occasionally gave the boat a quick motion when the waves caught her under the counter, causing her to lurch suddenly as she raced down their steep sides. But she did well and showed she was seaworthy, putting miles behind her, despite the handicap, after 6:30 P.M., when Thatcher's Island bore northwest by north two leagues distant, from which point I took my departure.

At 2:00 A.M. next morning the binnacle light went out, and as it would not burn thereafter, it was necessary to steer by the stars until daylight which, fortunately, came early. There were a number of coasters in sight during the morning, most of them bound to or from

Nantucket Shoals, for at this season they make a straight course between the shoals and ports in Maine or the British provinces.

The wind moderated as the sun rose and after 8 o'clock decreased so rapidly that there was a flat calm by 11:30 A.M. I had not slept since I awoke at 5 o'clock the previous day, and after working out my position and marking it on the chart, I turned in until 6:00 P.M. When night came on the two white lights were put up as before, but the calm continued and little or no progress was made. Indeed, light variable winds and calms prevailed during the next two days, and as the wind was ahead most of the time — when there was any — little progress was made. On the morning of June 12th, the boat was on the northeast part of Georges Bank, where five fishing vessels were seen. All that afternoon, the following night and the next day, there was no wind, and the boat drifted wherever the tide took her. It was like being in the doldrums, with nothing to do but eat and sleep. This was far from agreeable, however, for aside from the loss of time while drifting about in this manner, I especially desired to get away from the shoals of Georges which, even in summer, might prove dangerous to a little boat if caught to windward of them in a stiff easterly blow. No part of the ocean has swallowed up so many brave fishermen as this "graveyard of Cape Ann," as it has not inaptly been called.

On the evening of the fourth day out I had a remarkable experience, which illustrates how full of strange happenings is the sea. The calm had continued all day and the *Great Republic* lay drifting helplessly, her sails reflected in the glossy surface of the sea. She rolled lazily on the long swells, her canvas slatting, for there was not a breath of wind to keep it steady. The swift currents on the Georges swept her along over the bank in whatever direction they ran. At last, about 7:00 P.M., a light southwest breeze gently rippled the surface of the sea, the sails filled, the boat gathered headway, and soon she was squared away on her course, with her main boom well off on her port quarter and all sails set to take advantage of what little wind there was.

The wind gradually increased and at 4:00 A.M., on June 14th, the *Great Republic* was going along at a good speed, with a fine southwest breeze over her starboard quarter, and all sails drawing. Five hours later a brig crossed my bow, only a short distance ahead, steering southeast, and for fully two and a half hours my boat held her own with the larger vessel. It is true our courses were not parallel, for I was steering east southeast, but they were near enough to show that my little clipper was doing brave work, and slipping through the water in a manner which would have been creditable to a much larger craft.

Meanwhile, the wind increased and was blowing strong at noon, while the sea was getting up considerably. It was a fine run, however, and although sail had to be reduced as the wind piped on, there was satisfaction in watching the tiny sloop driving along before sea and gale, carrying a bone in her teeth and leaving behind her a clean straight wake, while a smother of creamy foam ran by on either side. It was her first trial under such circumstances, and it was interesting to watch her movements, for here was an opportunity to gauge her possibilities in going down wind, as well as to drive her along many miles on her course. Thus, although I had already been on deck for 37 hours at noon, the determination was reached to run her until 7:00 P.M., if conditions continued favorable.

It was blowing a smart gale at 4:30 P.M., and the sea was so sharp and high that it was not prudent to continue running any longer, even, if up to this time, the boat had shown remarkable seaworthy qualities. Therefore, watching for a favorable chance when the sea was a little less dangerous than usual, I jammed the wheel hard down and brought her to, deeming it far safer to lie to than to continue running. The double-reefed mainsail had been taken in and furled and the storm trysail had been set before I brought her to, and she lay like a duck under this bit of canvas, heading steadily close to the wind, and rising easily and gracefully over the wave crests, although it was very rough and the sea was wild and broken.

At 8:00 P.M. the two white lights were hung up in the rigging, a few minutes were spent in watching the boat, which was bravely facing the gale, like a gull with its head under its wing, and then the crew turned in for a few hours' rest.

At 3 o'clock next morning the gale had increased materially; it is seldom one sees it blow as hard in this part of the Atlantic in the middle of June. The boat lay over at a sharp angle under the storm trysail, and her lee rail was under water most of the time. The sea had also grown higher and more dangerous. There was no reason for incurring any risk which could be avoided, and therefore a drag was put out, so that the boat would lie nearly head to the wind and sea, and in the safest position possible.

About the middle of the forenoon a schooner was seen under short sail, but, aside from her, the ocean was a desolate, wind-driven waste of whitecaps and spoondrift as far as could be seen by the crew of the *Great Republic*.

As the day progressed the wind moderated. A little before noon it lost its force rapidly and I got underway again. Little was gained, however, for the wind died away and soon breezed up from east-southeast. This was dead ahead, and, worst of all, it began to pipe almost immediately, so that sail had to be shortened. Windjamming under close reefs in mid-ocean is no luxury for large craft, and certainly far from a delight on a 25-foot yacht. At 2:00 P.M. the wind was blowing hard, so I hove to.

The *Great Republic* as she is today. Until recently she was enrolled in the Cruising Club of America.

This blow was of short duration — it was of the sort a Gloucester fisherman would call "a summer puff" — and four or five hours after the sloop was hove to the wind began to moderate. Meanwhile, I was compelled to realize that the cooked food which thoughtful care had provided for me at the start had all been expended, and therefore many of the dainties previously enjoyed would be lacking on the menu. Apropos of this the following is extracted from the log for June 15th:

"I am now down to hard pan. All the fine grub that my wife put on board is gone, and from this time out I must do the cooking. May the Lord help the crew!"

The steering gear broke down the same day, which was worse than doing my own cooking, and it was only by dint of several hours of hard work that I succeeded in getting it repaired late the next afternoon.

During this blow the sea ran very high, and often while I was working away on the steering gear the top of a comber would break over the boat. But, aside from the water that came into the cockpit, no inconvenience resulted, for she quickly shook it off her deck and steadily faced the racing waves, rising over them as buoyantly as a sea gull.

I deemed it best to keep inside the Gulf Stream until well to the eastward; hence at this time I was in the track of steamers, several of which were seen going in different directions. Just before midnight on the 16th the westerly gale moderated somewhat. The reefed mainsail and jib were set and the boat was kept off on her course. An hour or so later the mainsail was lowered and furled, and the boat was left to run under her reefed jib and storm trysail while I went below to sleep. The boat shipped a lot of water but kept her course and ran along very well under the short sail. Some two hours later, or just before daylight, a large steamship ranged up alongside and blew her whistle. When the watch on the ship saw the tiny boat scudding before the gale, with two white lights up and no one on deck they may have thought they had come upon an up-to-date Flying Dutchman in mid-Atlantic. Anyhow, they were disposed to find out if there was anyone on board the little cruiser, if the great blast of the metal-throated whistle was any basis for an intimation of their intentions.

Just as I opened the companionway to crawl out on deck a sea broke over the boat, filling the cockpit and drenching me from head to foot, while fully a barrel of water rushed into the cabin before the entrance could be closed. It was not, however, possible to allow an involuntary ducking to interfere much with the necessity for action. I therefore immediately went forward and stood near the lights, so that the men on the steamship could see me. This had the desired effect, and when no assistance was asked for and not even a hail came from the boat, the big ship swung off on her course again and steamed away without more ado.

The wind increased as the morning advanced. Finally the gale was blowing so fiercely at 10:00 A.M., and the sea ran so furiously, that it was absolutely necessary to heave to again, and let the boat lie with her head under her wing, until conditions were less dangerous. Some four hours later the crew went below for a few hours' sleep, since it was determined to run the boat all night if the gale decreased sufficiently to admit of it. It was certainly a decidedly rough spell of weather for June.

The following extract from the log of the *Great Republic* for June 17th, expresses the situation in a few words: "7:00 P.M., nothing in sight. Wind going down, but sea running very high. For the past two days I have been living on smoked salmon, hard tack and water, as it has been too rough to cook anything. I am doing my best to make a quick passage, but so far it has been like stealing a ride on a freight train."

All night the wind kept shifting two or three times every hour between west and northwest and sheets had to be trimmed to meet the changes. This was followed by a steady, light northwest breeze during the succeeding forenoon and a dead calm in the afternoon. Thus the weather went through the whole gamut of change in 24 hours — from a driving gale to a breathless calm.

The Norwegian steamship *Norge* passed near enough on the 17th for me to read the name on her side. A school of porpoises also went gamboling by, while some Portuguese men-o'-war indicated that the Gulf Stream was not far off. This was, perhaps, confirmed by the presence of three sharks, whose black fins cut the surface of the sea not far away.

The log records at noon on the next day that, "As I am now getting out of the track of steamers I will keep her going this afternoon and sleep tonight." Half an hour later there was no wind to "keep her going," and since steering was useless, for a while at least, another line of effort was in order, as the following item from the log will show:

"As I am hungry enough to eat a dog, I will just get up a big dinner of fried pork, canned salmon and onions, bread, butter, and tea; 2:30 P.M. have just finished the only square meal that I have had for a week."

That evening, shortly before dark, the steamship *Shenandoah*, for Liverpool, ranged up alongside and an officer hailed, inquired my name, where from, and where bound. After I told him, he then asked if I was the same man who had sailed a boat to England two years previously. Upon receiving an affirmative reply, he then asked if I was in want of anything or if he could assist me in any way. "No, thank you," I shouted back, "all I want is some wind." Then came kind wishes from the ship for a safe voyage, the signal to go ahead was given, the big screw began to churn the water under her stern and she passed on, soon disappearing from my view as the gloom of night fell on the sea and she rapidly left my boat behind.

But events followed each other in quick succession, and the soft airs or calms of one day were usually followed by a very different condition on the next. Thus the next noon after my boat lay drifting helplessly in a calm she was under a reefed jib and storm trysail, head-reaching against an easterly gale, in the Gulf Stream, where the water was as warm as milk, the sea as rough as a grater, and, from time to time, the black fin of a shark was seen cutting through the waves, a reminder that it was advisable not to get overboard while these pirates of the sea were around. Already I had been near enough to it, while reefing the jib, when the boat, which was lying to under storm trysail, ducked me several times. But getting wet in the warm water was no hardship.

It was so rough that the companionway was shut tight before the jib was set. Then the tiny reefed sail was hoisted and I let her go under that and the trysail. It was the wildest kind of sailing imaginable, for the strong current of the Gulf Stream running against the easterly gale kicked up a very short cross sea, which ran high and sharp, and broke heavily at frequent intervals. My little ship did well, but so much water broke over her that I did not dare open the cabin for a single minute except to wind the chronometer, to get a drink of water, or to snatch a bit of food to be eaten on deck. And even then the slide was opened only long enough for me to jump below, when it was shoved to over my head. It is

(*Continued on page 114*)

Postscript's Winter Cruise

Part V — Homeward Bound on the 1,200-Mile Run from Havana to Barnegat. Under Sea Anchor off Hatteras

By F. Slade Dale

IN anticipation of five or six weeks of struggle against unfavorable winds and lumpy seas, we burdened *Postscript* with three taxicab loads of provisions until her water line sank from sight in the dirty waters of Havana Harbor. Thirty gallons of fresh water were added to our after tank, making 90 gallons on board, and *Postscript* was in offshore trim. Three months at sea would still find us with a can or two of soup in reserve, if we were driven far offshore by some freakish act of nature, and we would have water to spare.

For how did we know *Postscript* was going to take wings and virtually fly home? We had decided to adopt big-boat tactics and try a passage along the swiftly-flowing axis of the Gulf Stream — if we could follow it — but we did not know that the gods had ordered free winds — and strong ones — to augment our progress.

Towards dusk on April 29th we slipped along in the shadow of Cabanas Fortress and Morro Castle and faced the open sea with every prospect of head winds for the next few days. We had to make a start some time, head winds or not. Havana and Cuba would soon belong to the past; we had made our last contact when we shook hands with the Harbor Police. Not quite our last either, for something had been overlooked! So while *Postscript* paused idly in stays Pete rowed ashore for a box of sand to complete our seagoing stores. Then with all hands taken care of, including the cat, we took our departure from Morro Castle and almost bumped into a steamer that was making up for the harbor entrance. We tacked in time to prevent a physical encounter, and when the illuminated monster was out of our way we settled down to business. That is, one of us went to sleep in the cockpit and the other in his bunk, and *Postscript* was left to nose her own way into the edge of the Gulf Stream. We were not very businesslike in some of our routine.

Sometimes, when we found ourselves under way again after being in port, it was with a sense of relief that we settled down to affairs on board. We usually welcomed the open sea and it was seldom that we felt concerned about the weather. But on this occasion it must be admitted that our attitude was a little different. We were not worried about anything in particular and we knew that our boat was capable of taking care of herself, and her crew, in anything that she might meet. But at the same time we were leaving the mild waters of the Tropics, and there was a feeling of tension that we had not experienced on any other stage of our cruise. We found ourselves viewing the weather with distrust, and we remarked more than once that we would be glad to get through the Straits of Florida and out into more open water before anything happened. It was a sense of uneasiness born of the lack of sea room; we were hemmed in and cramped; restricted in a boat that demanded open water for her safety.

It seemed almost ridiculous to think that two months before, at Palm Beach, we had shown some hesitation in picking a chance to cross the Stream, and now we were setting out on a 1,200-mile passage along its axis, with no opportunity to pick our weather at all. Yet we were anxious to stay at sea and keep moving, and despite the strain we seemed to be under there was zest in the thought that for a month or more *Postscript* and ourselves were to be in a world of our own, dependent upon no one and relying solely upon our own resources. We realized the importance of being self-sufficient, too, and I think the size of our boat may have accentuated this feeling. For while we had a confidence in tabloids that could not be shaken, I think we were not entirely deaf to the constant exclamations that *Postscript's* abbreviated dimensions brought forth in every distant port that we visited. We could ignore many of the dire predictions which were thrown our way, but just the same there was always the feeling in the back of our own minds that, after all, we were really experimenting, and we could look back a year or two to the time when we ourselves considered it a venture to go offshore in a 23-footer.

Postscript **comes home just six months to a day from the November morning she started her long cruise.**

But fortunately for our morale, we had not long to wait for our first bit of bad weather, and the first blast of wind that rushed upon us and went howling off to leeward carried with it all the tension and apprehension under which we had been laboring. From that moment we cared not what happened; wind and weather were no longer vital factors in our lives; and henceforth we looked at the barometer with the casual glance of disinterested landlubbers. And when the real test came off Cape Hatteras we were in a mood to welcome it and rejoice — well, perhaps we didn't quite rejoice, but we certainly would have enjoyed the experience if we had known that we had ample sea room.

The day after leaving Havana we picked up American Shoal Light on the Florida Keys about noon, and at dusk made one short tack offshore to enable us to lay

Sam Moo, the cat, whom we rescued after he was washed overboard in the Gulf Stream.

a clear course after dark. As night swallowed up the dim shoreline we took advantage of the hauling wind and worked out into the strength of the Gulf Stream; and that was the last glimpse we had of land until we made a landfall on our own Jersey beach two weeks later. Steamers and birds, porpoises, sharks, and even a whale, kept us company along the way, but the land was gone for good and we felt really seagoing at last.

Noon of the second day found us in the Florida Straits, off Biscayne Bay, with only a moderate run to our credit, but the next 24 hours carried us 200 miles northward and gave us the freedom which we so much wanted. With the Bahamas astern and the Florida coast falling off to the westward, we were ready for anything, and it came that very night. But a forerunner of the night's turmoil came in the form of a big wave about 9 o'clock in the morning when we were under full sail before a rising southwester. This particular wave climbed over the port quarter and directed itself at our mascot, and this affectionate little bundle of fur has asked permission to write a paragraph of his own for the benefit of other cats. There are not a great many sailors who have been washed overboard and then saved, and I am sure there are fewer cats, so Sam Moo deserves a little space for the record of his experience:

"I was crouching on the bridge deck trying to snooze a little in spite of the motion and occasional spray. I was not in a very good humor because neither of my skippers was paying any attention to me, and I had been forced to shift for myself since daylight. I must say right here that *Postscript* rolls too much; I can never brace myself properly when it blows hard, and except for one or two occasions when I crawled into an empty cracker box and wedged myself securely, I have never been really comfortable offshore. Boats may be all right, but give me a good substantial fence any day. Of course, it is not so bad at night because I always crawl under the jacket of the man at the tiller, or if it is cold I sleep under the covers with the watch below, but the days are very long.

"On this particular morning my skippers had discussed shortening sail when it began to breeze up, but as usual they had talked about it a long time and then one of them had gone below and turned in without coming to any conclusion. I was watching the water foam past to leeward and dreaming of some of the good times I had had at Wrightsville Beach (I was shanghaied out of there on Christmas Eve) when suddenly I heard a hiss and a roar — which is the way one of my skippers always describes big waves — and the next thing I knew the boat lurched violently and a pile of water started pushing me overboard. It did not stop pushing, either, and in another moment I was alone in the Gulf Stream and as I reached the crests of the waves I could see *Postscript* sailing on away from me. I was scared. It was very rough and both headsails were sheeted down, and I knew my owners would be very mad for making them come about. I tried to swim after them but the waves were too big and I could not make any progress. I was getting very tired and water-soaked. I saw Pete rush on deck like a fireman with his clothes half on, and then the boat almost got in stays. There must have been trouble with the headsails in that hard wind, for the next thing I saw was the boat pay off and go through a jibe. This made me feel better, for I knew they would not risk a jibe except in an emergency, and now I was sure they meant to rescue me. They lost sight of me for a while and then headed straight for me, and Pete came up in the bow to catch me. It was a very good pick-up on the first attempt, although I scratched Pete a little in my excitement. I know they were glad to see me but I was so forlorn and miserable that I lost my head and made the mistake of dripping salt water on Pete's pillow, with the result that both skippers became angry. They also hurt my feelings by criticizing the way I floated. They said I was improperly ballasted and floated too high by the stern, and that my plimsoll mark wouldn't pass the underwriters, whatever that meant. Later on, after I was bailed out and aired in the sun, I joined them in their small talk, but at first I thought they treated the subject too lightly, for as a matter of fact I lost seven or eight lives out in that ghastly ocean. My advice to fellow cats with a touch of the wanderlust is to stick to land as long as you can, but if you must go to sea pick out a bigger boat than I did — and preferably one with a few rats or mice in the bilge."

After the rescue we took in the jib and put two reefs in the mainsail. By afternoon there was a haze in the sky and a bank in the west, and the barometer took a big drop in a very short while. At dusk we lowered the mainsail and hove-to under the staysail, with the wind rising steadily and every prospect of a stormy night.

Hove-to off Hatteras.

It was warm and comfortable below, and cold and very wet on deck — which perhaps explains why we let the wind rise higher and higher without lowering away the staysail. And thus it was that my secret hope

of completing the cruise without a casualty due to stress of weather, was blasted. We went to sleep early in the evening hoping that the staysail sheet would last the night out. We had measured off new sheets at Havana, but were waiting to get a few more days out of the old ones before reeving them. About midnight there was a loud crack, and then a violent whipping of the staysail in the wind. On deck it appeared that the sail was in tatters, and it was no easy task to muzzle the tugging canvas and secure it in stops. Spray was blowing over us in sheets and the seas were big, but we went through the rest of the night quite comfortably without any sail set, and by morning the wind had eased up, although it was still too rough to get under way. A steamer came up astern about 9 o'clock and lest we appear too much like a derelict we hoisted the jib and showed ourselves on deck. Another steamer passed close alongside in the afternoon, and as usual all hands were on deck to stare and wave a greeting. Steamers' crews never can understand anybody's going to sea in a small sailboat.

Postscript sailed herself for several hours under jib and double-reefed mainsail, but after dark the wind was so light and the sea so lumpy that we lowered the mainsail and turned in for the night, leaving the jib to do what pulling it might. The staysail was not as hopeless a mess as it had appeared at midnight, but there was too much motion to do any sewing on it at once. The lower cloth had ripped from clew to tack. It is probable that the staysail sheet parted first and then the shackle in the clew may have whipped around and started the tear in the cloth.

We got under way again the next morning and Pete worked on the staysail until it was time to take the noon sight. It is evident from even a casual reading of our log that Pete did most of the extra work throughout the cruise. He was usually the one to get hungry first, and this automatically made him the cook. He seemed to be able to look through the sextant for hours at a time without getting seasick, and thus he became the navigator. His adeptness with needle and spike made him the official rigger, and when there was any strenuous work to be done at sea I was always ready to hold the tiller and maintain my composure while Pete took in the ballooner or furled the jib, or did whatever job it was that involved the risk of bringing on an attack of seasickness.

We sailed day and night in two-hour shifts, unless something about the weather interrupted our routine. It was not a particularly tiring arrangement for two of us, even on a long passage, and we never felt the need of a third hand. Indeed, we were probably better off than we might have been with a third member of the crew, for although this was our first long offshore cruise together, Pete and I had been on 15 or 16 short cruises around home, and each knew the other's ways pretty thoroughly.

While I think we could have kept up our two-hour watches indefinitely, I am not so sure we could have existed that long on the meals we prepared. For the weak point in our whole cruise lay in our failure to expend much effort in the galley. Whether this was because of the lively motion or simply because we do not derive any special pleasure from eating sumptuously, I do not know, but at any rate we did not have regular meals, nor hot ones, nor did we follow any of the other rules which experienced cruisers have laid down as being of vital importance. As a matter of fact, from the time we left Havana until the day we anchored inside Barnegat Inlet our stove was in operation less than one hour;

Postscript **in offshore trim, with the dinghy lashed athwartships the day we sailed from Havana.**

we heated two cans of soup, boiled a dozen eggs, and cooked six potatoes. Disgraceful? Well, I confess I would hesitate to recommend a tabloid to anybody who is particular about his meals, but as far as I am concerned I would far rather die of starvation than try to cook while seasick — or to eat what I might succeed in cooking.

We had fresh pineapples, oranges, and bananas, guava jelly, crackers, and malted milk; and in the canned line we particularly relied upon applesauce, sardines, dried beef, and sliced pineapple. There must have been other staples, too, for this hardly seems variety enough for a period of two weeks, but whatever we had was sufficient to satisfy us and it was not until people began to ask what we ate that it occurred to us that our menus might call for some apology.

Our navigation was also somewhat restricted, but we seemed to get along very well and I would not want anything better than the equipment we used. We did not bother with longitude sights, as we had no chronometer; we rarely used the taffrail log to figure dead reckoning, and we never steered accurate compass courses. We had three compasses, and they all read differently. We relied somewhat upon the appearance of the water to tell us where we were, and also were influenced in our guesses by the courses of passing steamers. We were about 60 or 70 miles off in our estimate of longitude by the sixth day, but we stood inshore a while and picked up Frying Pan Shoals Lightship, and then laid a course for Hatteras. We saw Cape Lookout Lightship the following night, and thought we would pick up Diamond Shoals in due order, but we never found it at all, and our whereabouts for the next three or four days will never be known.

It is almost an axiom amongst windjammers that if any dirty weather is to be encountered along the Atlantic Coast the worst of it will center around Diamond Shoals, off Cape Hatteras. I have passed the Cape twice

by steamer, once in a four-master, and for the fourth time in *Postscript*. Both trips by steamer were in light airs and calm seas, and both passages under sail were in northeasters! There must be a moral in that somewhere.

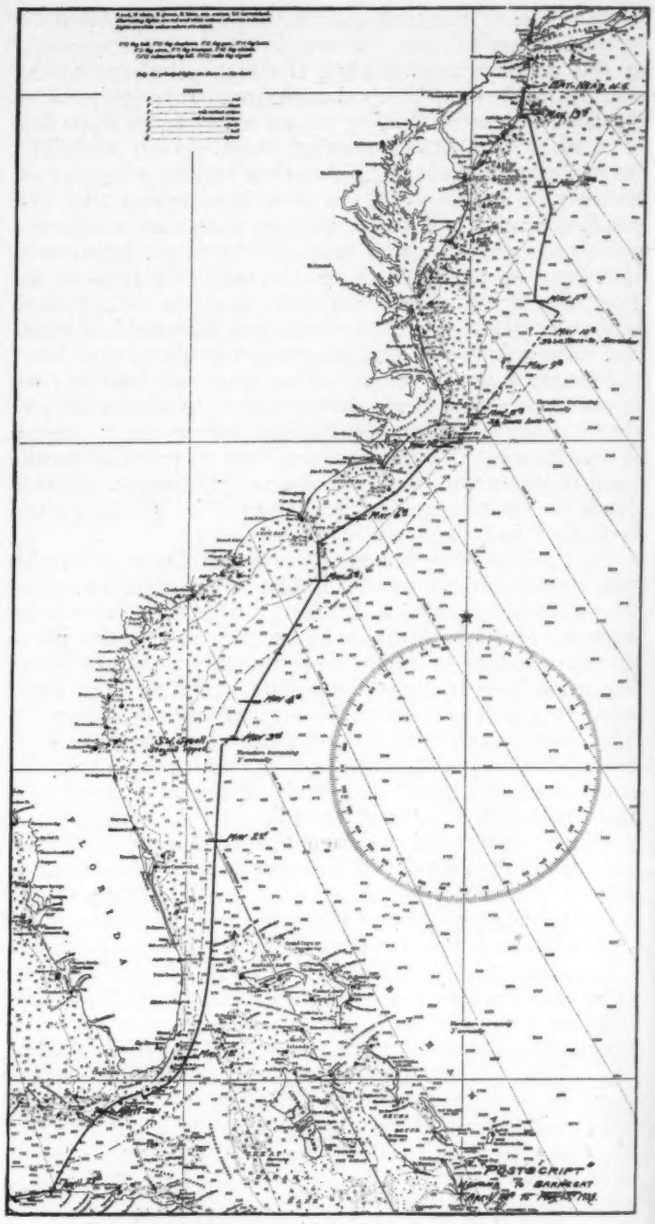
The one thing that we had been hoping would not happen was a shift of wind to the northwest while we were in the vicinity of Diamond Shoals. We had had eight days of free winds, with only one major disturbance, one calm spell, and a day or so of rain squalls, and we felt that if we could get around the Cape and out of the Gulf Stream our greatest danger of a setback would be over. A northwester might not be so bad in itself, but it would be almost sure to haul into the northeast and that would mean that we would have the treacherous shoals to leeward, and cross-currents enough to carry us almost anywhere.

So in mid-afternoon it was with an air of resignation that we watched the gathering squall descend upon us and blot out sky, horizon, and everything else, except the whitecapped waves about us. In an hour it was blowing hard from the northwest, and a little later it had swung into the dreaded quarter, northeast.

We lay-to rather passively for a while with all sail lowered away in order to feel out the strength of the wind before adopting measures for riding it out. Despite our proximity to the shoals we found ourselves but little concerned over them, possibly because we sighted several northbound steamers and thus gained some assurance that we were not close upon the beach. It was apparent that we were still in the Gulf Stream, too, and although this fact promised to make the seas more formidable, still, there was something in our favor in having a current carrying us away from the shoals. But nothing is certain in the vicinity of Hatteras, and I presume we were serene more because we did not wish to be disturbed than because of any certainty that all was well.

As dusk approached and the wind continued, it became evident that the breeze was more than a passing squall, and shortly after dark, in anticipation of what might develop during the night, we brought out the storm jib and set it aft as a riding sail. We had rehearsed this procedure before leaving Jamaica and had equipped the jib with the necessary strops so that we could set it with the minimum effort under extreme conditions. But even so, it took 15 or 20 minutes to outwit the elements and get the jib hoisted taut on the throat halliards. Set in this manner, with the tack aft and the clew forward, each with lashings, suitably parcelled, around the spars of the furled mainsail, we had an improvised riding sail with only one defect — the roped edge was aft, while the leading edge, the leech of the sail, was forward. This fault might have proved disastrous if the sail had been big enough to bring the bow up into the wind, for in that case the sail would probably have whipped to shreds the first time we came in stays — notwithstanding its heavy 12-ounce material. But the seas kept pace with the wind, and whenever the latter threatened to force our stern off to leeward an obliging sea would knock the bow off, too, and the result was that we lay practically in the trough, with the jib bellied out to leeward with the rigidity of so much sheet iron.

All that night we lay thus, and all the next day and the following night. I cannot say that we were especially delighted with this phase of our passage, but if we suffered any hardships they were certainly not very serious. Pete passed the time reading two books, and I completed one paragraph — after which experiment I concluded that reading in rough weather was still one of the items that should remain upon my list of debarred activities. Pete had not been seasick since leaving Charleston on the way south, but I was never able to guarantee what the next moment might bring forth.

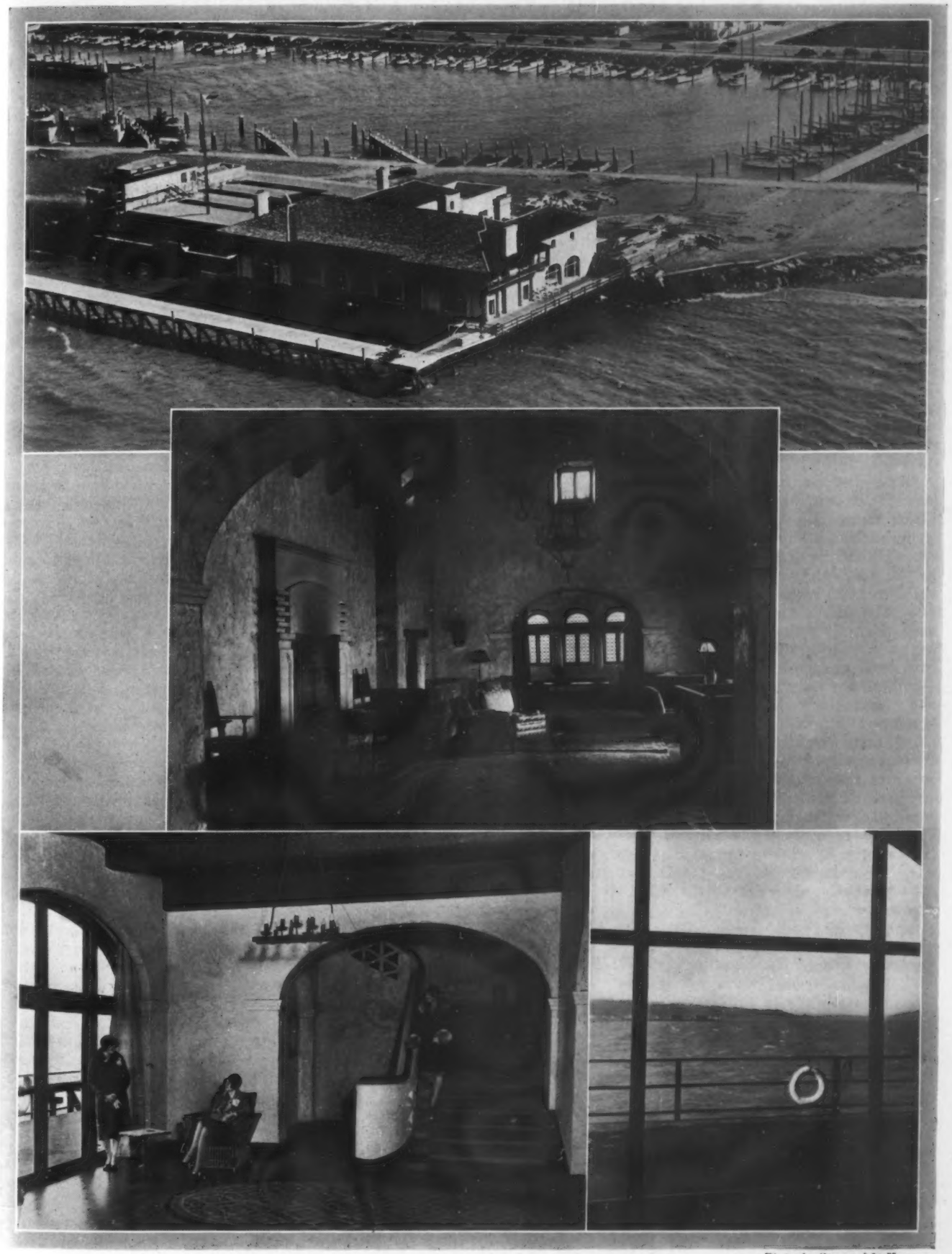


Track chart of passage from Havana to Barnegat.

Probably Captain Voss would not have approved of our method of heaving-to, but at least we were spared the effort of setting the sea anchor and we got along well enough without it. The seas were tremendous at times, bigger than anything we had seen before, and, to be sure, we were occasionally treated to some violent lurches. But after we became accustomed to looking out through the leeward ports and seeing nothing but solid green water against the glass, even these more or less violent gyrations passed unnoticed. Or, if not wholly ignored, they excited only languid comment, or aroused us sufficiently to replace some stray object that had been hurled from its proper place. More than once it was a dishevelled cat who was assisted to his feet after being projected from some shelf or cubbyhole.

(*Continued on page 104*)

The St. Francis Yacht Club on San Francisco Bay

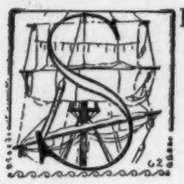


Photos by Sponagel & Hermann

In the new home of the St. Francis Yacht Club, San Francisco has a handsome and attractive clubhouse on the Marina that will do a lot to promote yachting on the bay. The basin back of the club has slips for a large fleet. In the center picture the roomy lounge is seen. At the bottom is the broad hallway and stairs to the upper floors, while from the veranda San Francisco Bay opens out. The club course is off the clubhouse.

When the Wind Takes Hold

By FREDERIC A. FENGER



SINCE the appearance of my article on the Main Trysail Rig in the August, 1926, number of YACHTING, together with the subsequent description of the "Dhow" type, in February, 1927, there have been many inquiries as to my findings, both in regard to the hull and its rig.

That there has been no earlier published reply is not due to any initial failures encountered, but because of unavoidable delays in carrying out a series of investigations whose very nature demands considerable thoroughness, not to say caution, before one may draw conclusions that will have some future value.

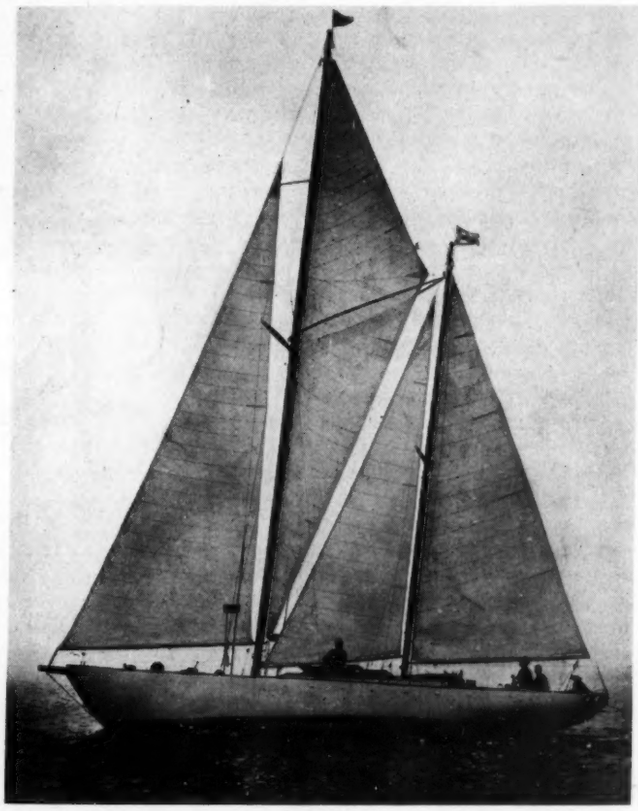
When the idea of the "main trysail" was put forth, I was interested merely in registering what appeared to be perhaps the most reasonable solution of the staysail ketch — and the schooner problem, as well — for I was then more engrossed in the new hull, of which the rig was in the nature of a by-product from my work in this direction.

It now seems that my early surmise may not have been far wrong. For during the summer of 1927, when I was building a 30-inch sailing model from the lines as published in YACHTING, I learned that the "main trysail" had been applied, with some apparent success, to the 47-foot *Prindah*, by Mr. Jasper Morgan, of the then firm of Burgess, Rigg and Morgan. In his application, Mr. Morgan evolved a clever arrangement in the way of a split sprit bowing around the sail on either side in order not to spoil its draft — which not only relieved the mizzen masthead of some of the pull from the sheet, converting it into a thrust against the mainmast at a point just above the lower shrouds, but also allowed the sail to be winged out when before the wind. This matter of winging out the sail I had not considered very seriously, as my preference was for extreme simplicity aloft and I felt that the loose-footed sail probably would function well enough for tacking to leeward. I might add, however, that I have used the split sprit in my trials of the sailing model, and that it has proved its worth, though there still remain some alternatives as to the best manner of hoisting and lowering. Of *Prindah's* performance I have had little word, and that only from her owner who pronounced the rig as very satisfactory, and from Mr. Rigg, who wrote that it had proved to be fast and close-winded. For economic and professional reasons, no doubt, these good gentlemen were biased. Yet, I have been able to obtain no adverse comments as to *Prindah's* behavior.

More recently, Mr. Charles Nicholson, the celebrated English designer, has seen fit to use the new sail on the fore and mainmasts of the handsome three-masted schooner *Ailée*, from his board, which, during the past winter, has been cruising in the Mediterranean where there should be ample opportunity to test the weatherly qualities and general handiness of her rig. She was shown on page 79 of the April number of YACHTING for this year. Whether Mr. Nicholson conceived this new sail "on his own," I cannot say. But it is interesting to note that he evidently left it loose-footed, as shown in my early article. It is possible that we may have some word from the designer, himself, as to his experience with this rig.

In the meantime, however, it may not be amiss to venture an analysis of the new sail, together with like graphs of the ordinary jib-headed sails and the gaff sail, in order more clearly to understand what may happen when the wind actually takes hold. This analysis — which, so far as I know, is something new — is no hysteron-proteron form of reasoning, in which the conclusion is put before the premise, but is the logical outcome of my earliest observations from the performance of the "main trysail" as used on the model.

From the very first, then, it became clear that here was a sail which was somewhat apart from the others, and not a mere space filler enabling one to carry sufficient canvas on a reasonable spar height. Its action seemed comparable to that of an aeroplane wing. For when the model was hove well down in a squall and the wind was passing off the upper leeches of the forestaysail, mizzen staysail, and mizzen, which one might well designate as the three lowers in contradistinction to the new sail, the latter continued to exert its tractive force without a tremor. And as this tractive force was applied at the rather high center of effort, now well outboard, the leverage thus obtained acted not wholly as a depressant, for there would always be a downward component, but more largely in a tangential direction, forward, thus tending to bring the vessel's head into the wind — which it did. This held true even when the deck was almost half under. I might



The *Prindah*, a 47-foot ketch showing an adaptation of Fenger's "main trysail" rig, with a split sprit to relieve the mizzen masthead.

add that, due to the comparatively short boom lengths of the three lowers, the sails never were wetted even though at times they were brought nearly parallel to the water plane. In other words, when the three lowers of usual form were reduced from so-called "pullers" and "drivers" to mere depressants, the new sail continued to function normally and thus became a factor of safety toward the eventual righting of the hull. This despite the fact that the centers of lateral resistance and buoyancy in this particular hull were somewhat forward of their usual position. On the other hand, the forward locus of the center of buoyancy may have furnished a more stable fulcrum for the new sail to act upon.

A model of the "Dhow" type, using main trysail rig.

One reason for the effectiveness of the new sail has to do with the position of its clew. As the clew is well toward the horizontal axis of the sail, the angles at the peak and tack are more equalized, and thus there is less distortion in the designed draft of the sail. Also, the angle at the clew being comparatively wide, the strains throughout the sail are fairly well distributed. In fact, the clew has been brought up just about right in order to anticipate the distortion of the effective area of the sail, due to the unequal pressure of the wind. This is in contrast to the jib-headed sails, as I shall explain presently. Here I should state that from starting with a fairly broad sail, I soon found that by narrowing it until its depth was about one third the length of the hoist, its effectiveness was maintained, but with less spread of canvas and so, in due process, the masts were brought closer together while more cloth was added to the forestaysail and the mizzen. Thus the rig gained some of the advantages of the sloop (forward) and the schooner (aft), without inheriting the long boom of the latter. The matter of sail distribution, however, is somewhat aside from our present discussion, and I shall leave it for some future article in which the "Dhow" hull is more directly concerned.

Another reason for the effectiveness of the new sail, and a very apparent one, was that because of its inverted contour, there was less disturbance in the lower portion of the sail from eddy effects as a part of the wind curved over the weather bow and then passed between the water plane under the lee of the vessel and the lower portions of the three lowers, as through a funnel. This we have seen during severe knockdowns. If the squall has a narrow path and strikes from abeam, the wind curls over the weather rail, after the manner of a breaker, and for the moment acts purely as a depressant. These statements may be taken as impressions rather than dictums, for, after all, it is not easy to determine the exact course of the wind when one is apt to be more intimately concerned in easing the vessel as smartly as possible without losing sticks or canvas.

From these rather general observations, I began to speculate upon what actually took place in the new sail, as compared with the others, when the wind was steady and the vessel in a more upright position. Now we all know that the wind loses velocity along the water plane, due to frictional drag. In other words, the true velocity of the wind is not attained for some distance above deck. Casting about for suitable data, I found what I wanted in Dr. Curry's book on *Yacht Racing*, where, on page 117, he considers a 16-mile breeze passing over smooth water. Using his figures, given in the metric system, a curve was drawn to show the wind velocity in miles per hour to a scale in feet, rising from the water plane. From the nature of this curve, which strikes me as being rather flat close to the water, I am inclined to believe that Dr. Curry's data was taken on some inland water. A small pond or lake where the surface velocity might even further be reduced by the presence of a shore toward which the wind was blowing, or from the land over which it had come. For it seems to me that on the open sea, the curve would be somewhat steeper at its lower end. But this is mere conjecture on my part, after sailing small boats and the present model, both on inland waters and on the open sea where the wind might be expected to exert its heft more uniformly.

Nevertheless, even though the curve may be only an approximation, it is well suited to our purpose. For while the best of our speculations in these matters are but approximations, they may well give us some true indication in the direction of our research. Using Professor Martin's formula, $P = .004\ V^2$, also an approximation, but which will serve our purpose well enough, a second curve was plotted, showing pressures per square foot of sail area. This works out so that at the top of the curve, at about 50 feet above the water plane — where the wind is actually blowing its 16 miles an hour — the pressure is practically one pound per square foot. In actual practice, the pressure at this velocity and acting at right angles upon a fixed surface probably would be somewhat higher. But as the surface which we are considering is at an angle with the wind, and in motion, the pressure would be reduced to about the figure which we have used.

Opposite this pressure curve — Plate No. 1 — the "main trysail," forestaysail and mizzen of a 35-foot ketch having the new rig, were drawn at their corresponding heights above the water plane. Parallels were then brought over from the two-foot intervals of the vertical scale of the curve, thus dividing the sails into horizontal laminae. The pressure curve was now applied to each sail, in percentages, 100% representing one pound per square foot of area, or the pressure of the wind at its maximum velocity. Thus, where the 42-foot parallel passes through the head of the "main trysail," and the corresponding wind pressure is 99% of the full strength, 99% of the distance from the luff to the leech was marked off. At the 40-foot parallel, 98.5% of the distance was marked off, and so on downward till the curve "A" was obtained for each sail. The area confined between this curve and the luff of the sail now represents the effective area of the sail as compared

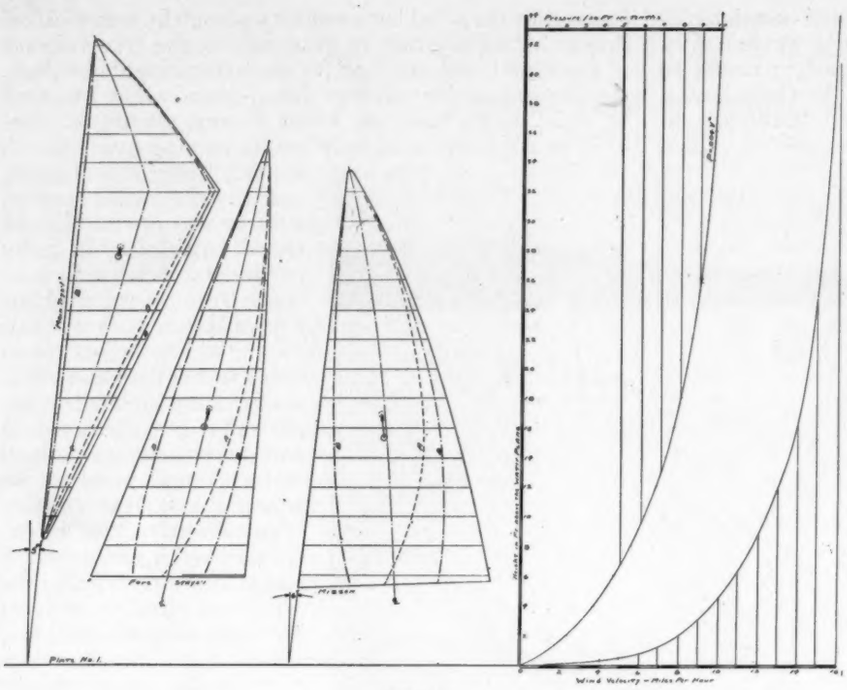


Plate 1.

with our unit of maximum pressure. In other words, if the wind maintained a uniform velocity all the way down to the water plane, the areas inscribed by the curves "A" and the luffs would be equal in effect to the original areas of the sails acting under the decreasing pressures which we find in actual practice. This, of course, is but a graphic way of showing what we already know: that the higher the sail, the more work it does. But it also gives us some hint as to the effectiveness of the new sail, in which the distortion is less marked. The "A" curves are again shown in the sail plan on Plate No. 2.

Now the effective area of each lamina would not draw forward toward the luff, but would remain about its own center of effort. And so a new set of curves was plotted by moving each distance, between "A" and the luff, back upon its original center, and thus we derive the curves "B" - "B" which confine the effective area of the sail in the position where it does its work.

Actually, we do not know the exact location of the centers about which our sails do their work. For the centers of effort move forward from their geometric positions from the moment when the sails start to function, as we have known all along and which has been ably proved by the experiments of Professor Warner and Dr. Curry. But we may assume, for the time being, that the sail begins its work with the calculated center as a sort of starting point. Here I might add that had we sufficiently accurate data concerning the decreasing pressure of the wind in the sail — as it travels from luff to leech — another curve might be drawn and then applied to the "B" - "B" areas showing a further change in a forward direction. Our new areas probably would coincide, more or less, with the "A" areas. But this would complicate our discussion to the point of Einsteinism, and presently we should find ourselves hove down through sheer weight of relativity! If it has any ponderable weight.

These "B" - "B" areas, which are shown in the shaded portions on Plate No. 3, will also have new positions for their centers of effort — due to their distortion — and here again we find that there has been less change in the new sail.

In the ordinary jib-headed sail, such as the forestaysail, mizzen staysail and mizzen, the center moves almost directly along the main axis, through a distance that ranges from 4½% to 5½% of its length, depending upon the relative width of the sail. In the new sail, however, the upward movement of the center is much less pronounced, being but a little over 2% of the axis length or 40% of the average movement of that in the other sails. Also, its path diverges from the axis of the sail, toward the leech.

Plate 2.

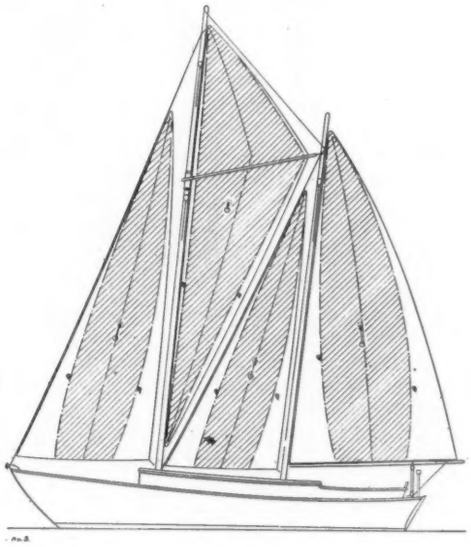


Plate 3.

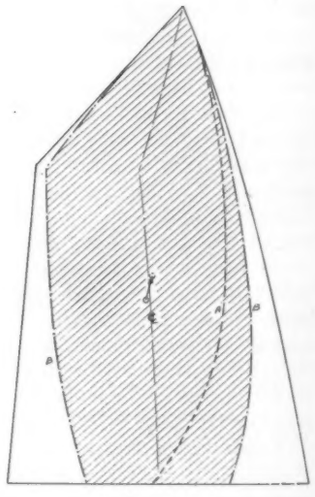


Plate 4.

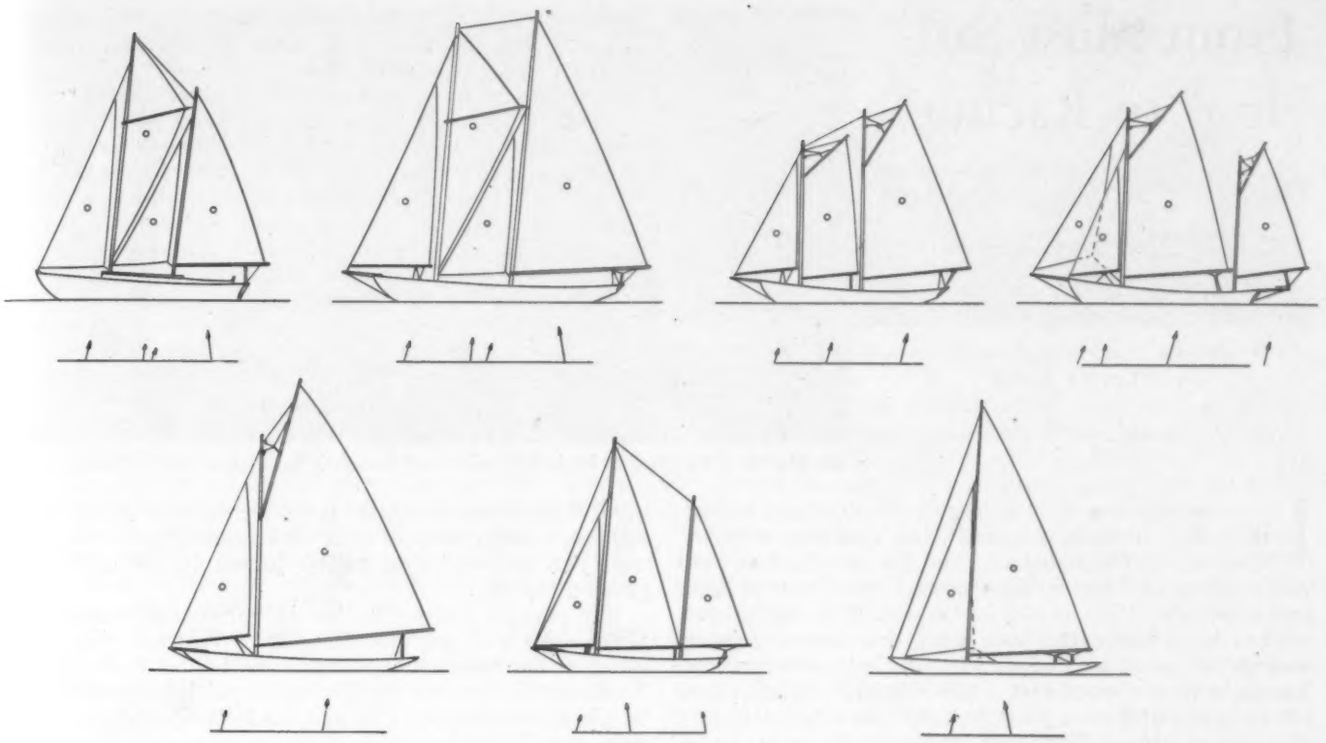


Plate 5.

Turning to Plate No. 4, we find that with the gaff sail, the upward movement of its center is quite as pronounced as that of the ordinary jib-headed sails, but not along the axis. The angle of its path, as in the new sail, is toward the leech, only more so, and the path actually crosses the axis from left to right. This angle would be minimized, of course, due to the lateral sway of the gaff.

Now the main axes of these various sails — which include all those commonly used as lowers in fore-and-aft rigged vessels — are inclined forward or aft from the vertical, according to the contour of each individual sail. Hence, in the case of jibs, staysails, and the new sail, the centers tend to move *aft*. In the jib-headed mainsail of a sloop or schooner, and the jib-headed mizzen of a ketch or yawl, the centers tend *forward*. Thus, with the staysail ketch or the staysail schooner using the new sail, the general tendency would be aft, or in other words there would be a slight *deceleration* in the usual forward movement of the combined center of effort of the sail plan. In the gaff-rigged schooner, ketch, yawl or sloop, this deceleration would be more marked. In the ordinary jib-headed ketch and yawl, there would be an *acceleration* in the forward movement of the combined center, and this will also hold true in the jib-headed sloop, especially when the forestaysail is comparatively small. I have indicated this tendency for the above cases, yawls excepted, in the sketches on Plate No. 5.

This matter of a possible deceleration or acceleration may give us some clue as to the vagaries of the new rigs which have been tried out in recent years. And when we come to consider the "main trysail" when used in ketch or schooner combination, we may find that in an increasing breeze the initial deceleration will be more than overcome by a pseudo acceleration due to the augmented forward leverage of the new sail — as I have already pointed out — acting upon the long arm between its center and that of the hull to weather of it. Whether the new weather helm thus created will prove to be greater than that of the ordinary jib-headed rig, or the old gaff rig — up to the point of a real knockdown — and what allowance we shall have to make for it, remains to be found from actual trials. I trust that we may have some direct testimony, both from Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Morgan, regarding this question. For naturally, there would be some advantage gained in placing our rigs for zero helm, with this pseudo acceleration to fall back upon. In the model trials, I have been able to reduce the lead to one-third of that ordinarily used, but whether this is due to the rig itself, or because I have obtained a slower forward movement of the centers of lateral resistance and buoyancy in the hull, remains to be thoroughly checked.

Of course, we have known that the effective centers of effort of our sails must have traveled upward as well as forward to some undetermined position as the vessel gathers way. But the value of these diagrams, if they have any value at all, is in that they show certain initial shifts forward or aft from their calculated loci, and although these shifts appear to be but slight, from the above analyses, I suspect that they are much more pronounced in actual practice. It is their indication toward *more* or *less* lead over the calculated center of lateral resistance of the hull which, in a measure, may help us to solve some of our future problems.

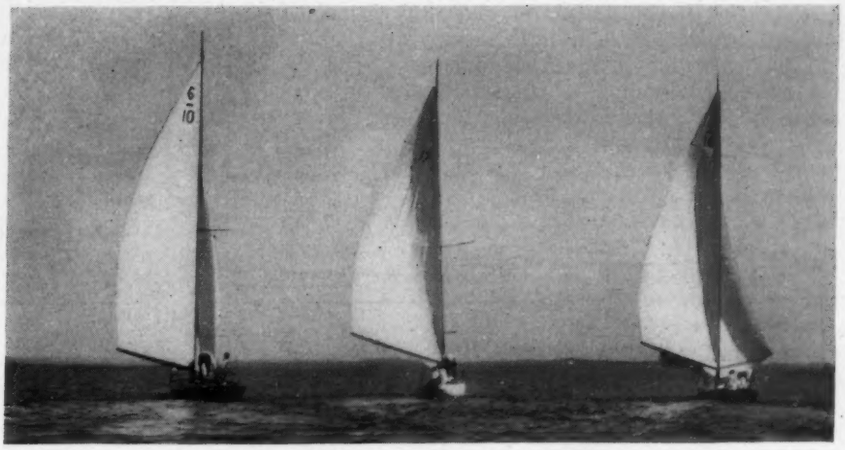
Further, the corrected effective areas of our sails — as shown in the shaded portions between the lines "B"-"B" — will confirm our suspicion that when carrying the jib-headed rig, our masts are subjected to a fairly uniform load, which tapers somewhat at the top, and so may give us some additional hint as to their proper staying. With the old gaff rigs, the problem was comparatively simple. The lower shrouds were carried up to the hounds as determined by the length of hoist, and made heavy enough to bear the strain. The upper

(*Continued on page 90*)

From "Just Sailing" to Racing

The Tale of a Struggle to Make This Necessary Step in Northern Michigan

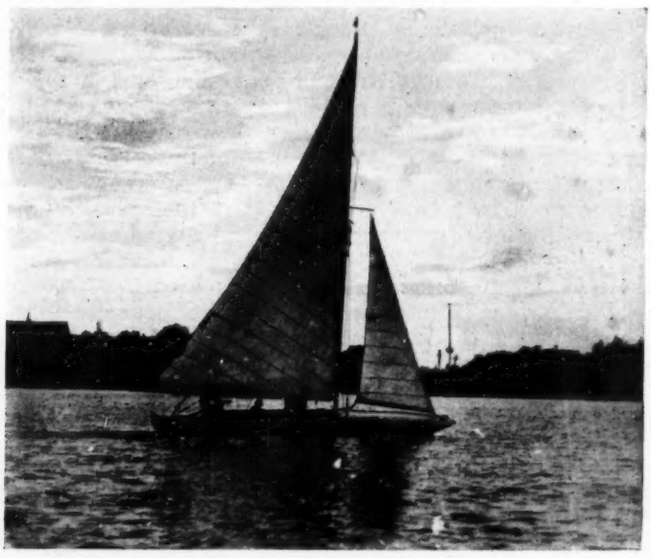
By Albert Keep



Six-Metres down the first leg in light air. (Left to right) *Sandpiper, Oslo, Question.*

IF it ever was true that sailing in the northern waters of Lake Michigan inspired little interest, certainly that is not the situation now, for in the last two years sailing and racing have taken Little Travers Bay, and especially Charlevoix, by storm. The racing was started by a few enthusiasts who, desirous of creating an interest in sailing, chose racing as their surest means. Races, however, would be a sorry sight if the skippers aboard had not done a great deal of "just sailing" before they began to race. For permanent interest both phases of this sport are indispensable.

In Little Travers Bay and at Charlevoix there was a great deal of "just sailing," and enough racing to keep up the enthusiasm until the advent of the motor boat era. From then until the summer of 1926 Charlevoix slipped behind in the development of sailing while her neighbor forged ahead. Motor boats were able to strangle sailing temporarily at Charlevoix but not on Little Travers Bay, because the former is much better adapted to power boats than the latter. The bay is notoriously treacherous to the inexperienced navigator, while Charlevoix has two inland lakes, with comparatively still waters connected with Lake Michigan by two long channels. These channels were as much of a hazard to the sailing craft as they were a pleasure to the lovers of speed boats. Consequently, this paradise became literally infested with "putt-putts." It was not until the war put a stop to excessive motor boating that sail boats began to hold their own again. From this time on "just sailing" and racing joined hands and progressed rapidly.



Shooting Star, champion, 1925 Handicap Free-for-All at Charlevoix.

For several years Charlevoix yachtsmen contented themselves with one grand regatta a year and this took place at the time of the Mackinac Island Race. After finishing the race the big sloops and yawls and schooners would start home for Chicago, making Charlevoix their first stop. The fleet made an imposing array, of course, and usually there were some fine "R" boats from the Little Travers Bay Yacht Club. The Charlevoix representatives furnished the comic relief. Everything that could possibly claim the name of sailing craft unfurled its canvas and set out for the starting line. The hopes of the Charlevoix skippers always ran high during the first leg, usually a run before the wind. Their skimming-dishes and other centerboard craft were blown along the top of the water as fast as any of the large displacement boats, with all their light kites and expert crews. The story after the first mark was rounded is one no good Charlevoixian will tell.

In one of these regattas a native catboat, the *Alert,* undertook to carry a spinnaker in order that she might make quick work of the first leg. About half way down the run, when the boats were well out of the protection of the land, the wind freshened. The catboat in the lead made even quicker work of the first leg than she had anticipated, for she buried her nose and almost turned a somersault. Her skipper righted her, bailed her out, and finished the race — but not first.

The jokes in these annual post-Mackinac regattas were not always, however, on the home team. There is a swinging railroad bridge which connects Lake Michigan with Lake Charlevoix. There are apparently two navigable passages, one on either side of the axis of the bridge. Unfortunately, this is not the case, one side being 25 feet deep and the other only five. On one occasion, after the race, a large yawl drawing some ten feet, flushed with her victory of that afternoon, came surging down on the shallow side of the bridge. Her crew disregarded all attempts on the part of a frantically-signalling motor boat to discourage them from that particular course. The result need not be told in detail; it suffices to say that several members of the crew found themselves swimming around in five feet of water before they realized what had happened, and the next hour was spent in pulling and tugging, with innumerable launches, to get the boat afloat again so that the trains which had been held up might get by.

With only one big race a year the interest in sailing

did not grow fast enough to keep pace with the Little Travers Bay yachtsmen. Realizing this, some of the members of the Charlevoix Club attempted to organize more racing. They started with a race every Saturday, but met the great obstacle which confronts all small yacht clubs when they first start real racing — the question of handicapping. The problem was insuperable. There were three 25-foot skimming-dishes; there was a catboat, a Toppan dory, a "Pup" boat, a Mackinac fishing schooner, a 40-foot skimmer, two "S" boats, a Six-Metre, a 33-foot sloop, and five smaller sloops, three of which were alike. The regatta committee thought it would be exciting if the finishes were close, so all the boats were started off at different times. Guns were fired all afternoon, but the finishes were still not close. The committee was not discouraged, however; they were determined to stimulate interest in sailing. Therefore a series of races between three "R" boats from Little Travers Bay and the 40-foot skimming-dish *Marsh-Turkey* was planned. They furnished plenty of thrills, although the skimmer had things her own way and won all three races by a comfortable margin. This, Charlevoix's first victory in any competitive sailing, set a spark to public interest.

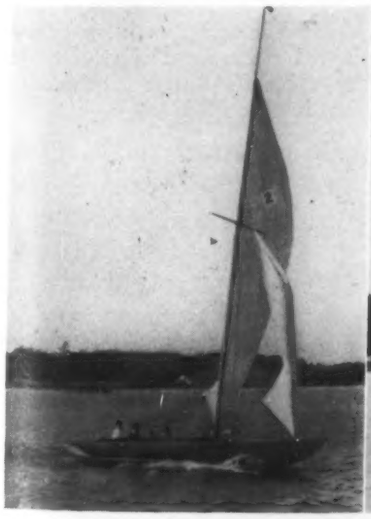
By this time, however, the original moving spirits realized that a uniform class of racing boats would be absolutely necessary to perpetuate this enthusiasm and they began to discuss the problem of what these boats should be. All kinds were considered, from "Stars" to "R's." Finally, during the winter, two additional Six-Metres were purchased by members of the yacht club, making three in all — *Firefly*, *Sandpiper*, and *Question*. The next summer, 1927, two more "Sixes" joined the fleet. The *Dauphin* was eased off a flat car the morning of the third race of the season, which she entered and won, while the *Oslo*, ex-defender of the Scandinavian Gold Cup, sailed up from Chicago, reaching Charlevoix all unknown and just in time to get in line for the start of the last race. This fleet of five carried the house in favor of Six-Metres, and that winter two more were added to the fleet, the *Grebe* and the *Betty*, former international team boats.

Last summer there was a lively series between these "Sixes." They raced twice a week for the season's championship, and there were many extra races. On several occasions, by way of an added thrill, each skipper drew the name of a boat other than his own. Once enthusiasm reached such a high pitch that several boats went out on a dark and stormy night to race off a tie of that afternoon. This is what racing had done for sailing.

A close reach, with *Question* making good use of her Swedish jib.

A careful observer of the Charlevoix series would have noticed that in average weather *Dauphin* rounded the first mark after a run with a comfortable lead on the fleet. Then, on the windward leg, *Firefly* would creep ahead of the others and threaten *Dauphin's* lead, while *Question* and *Sandpiper* would become more dangerous every minute. By this time, although *Dauphin* would have tried to keep *Firefly* under her lee, tack for tack, the latter would have gotten out from under in time to hold a hundred-foot lead at the finish. *Question* and *Sandpiper* would usually fairly push *Dauphin* over the line ahead of them. In a blow the laurels were divided between *Betty*, *Grebe* and *Oslo*. The two former did their best in a Labor Day hurricane. The *Oslo* was at her best in a stiff breeze. This same careful observer would have been puzzled by the performance of *Sandpiper*. She always won when it was least expected, most often, however, in light air. Since it was an average season, *Firefly* won the championship, and *Dauphin* took second place, with *Question* a close third. They were good races and they stimulated interest to a surprising degree.

There were other series besides the Six-Metre races. A class of Manchester "17's" was started for the younger sailors. The series in this class proved a close one and served as an excellent school for future Six-Metre skippers. (*Continued on page 90*)



Class S sloop *Nassau*, flagship of the Charlevoix fleet in 1925, designed by Alden and built by Herreshoff.

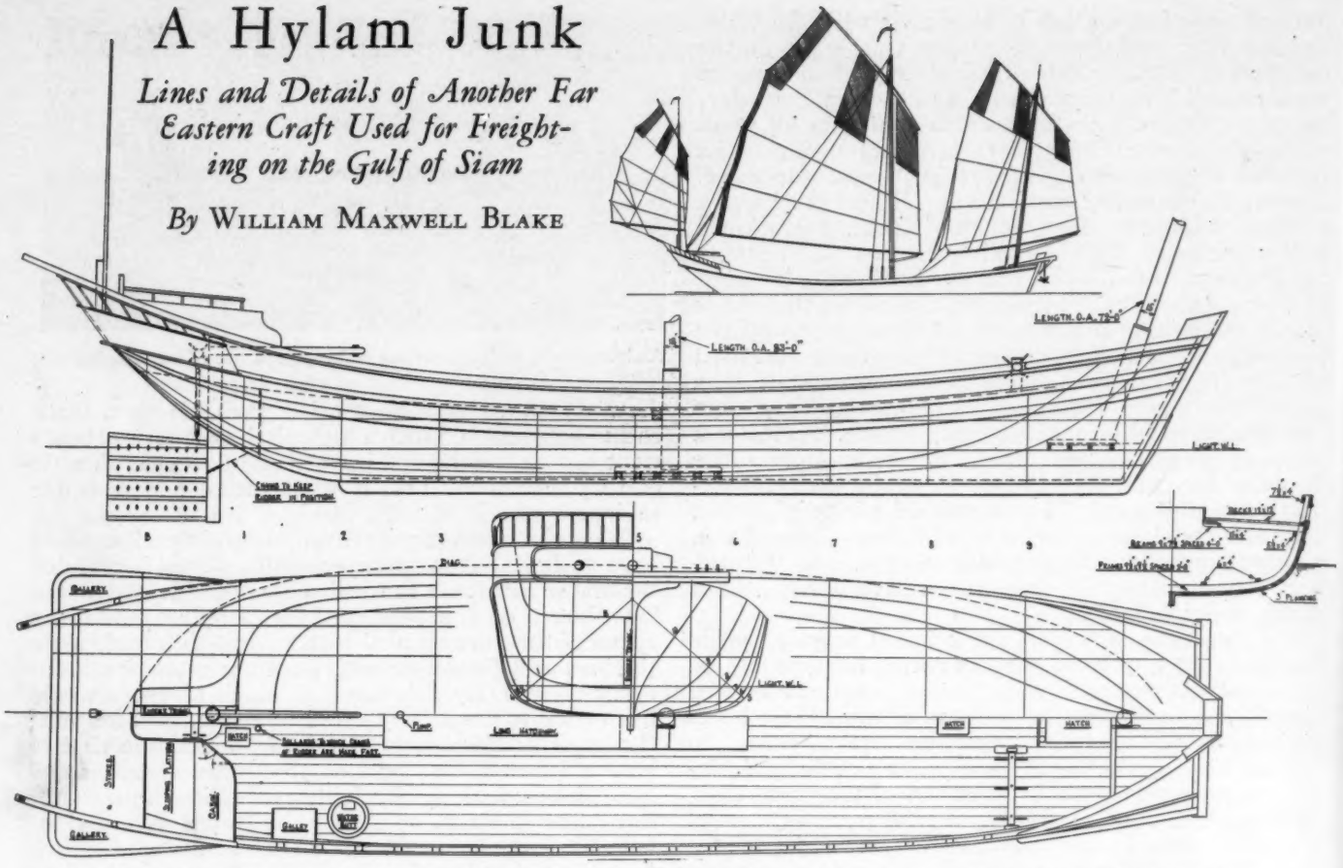
A Manchester "17" on Lake Charlevoix. This class was promoted last summer to take care of the younger sailing enthusiasts.

Question, owned by Commodore Oscar Johnson, looking her best. She went by the name of *Undertaker* when she was built.

A Hylam Junk

Lines and Details of Another Far Eastern Craft Used for Freighting on the Gulf of Siam

By WILLIAM MAXWELL BLAKE



Lines and sail plan of Hylam Junk, as taken off by the author in Singapore. Length, w. l., 92′ 6″; beam, 28′; depth, 7′.

CHINESE craft of this type are employed largely in bringing pigs from Bangkok to Singapore, taking general cargoes, or kerosene in cases, up the Gulf of Siam and even to China proper.

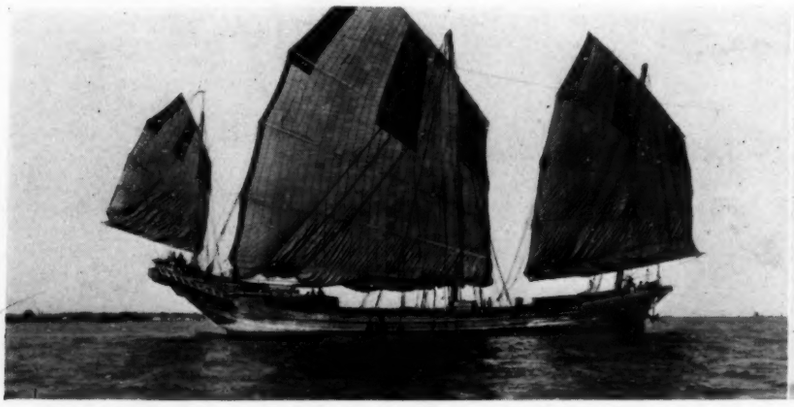
The vessel shown here was in the hands of the Tukangs (workmen), being refitted with new masts, cabins, deck gear, and also sails and rigging. All the hands employed were Hylams, and right good carpenters they are. I sat and watched them with the interest of one who always finds something fresh to learn in the art of shipbuilding.

My interpreter was the Cookie, who could speak Malay, and when the Hylams understood that I was making plans of their vessel for a book, I was snowed under with chalk lines, plank bobs and battens, and my rough sketches and notes were examined from every angle. Seemingly, they gave most satisfaction when bottom upwards.

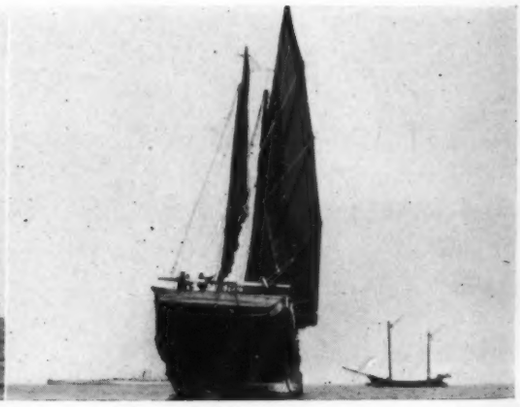
In commission, the junk would have a captain and a crew of about twenty, as the enormous mat sails take lots of handling. All hands are berthed aft under the poop in cabins each side of the watertight trunk, which houses the rudder, the side galleries being used as lavatories. The hold is completely open from end to end of the vessel, and the mast tabernacles are supported by immense strong beams.

The boats are double-ended scows propelled by a scull over the stem, one being hoisted astern and the other lashed on deck. Water is carried in wooden butts, fitted with lids and securely lashed to the bulwarks, whilst the cooking galley is a wooden structure lined with brick-

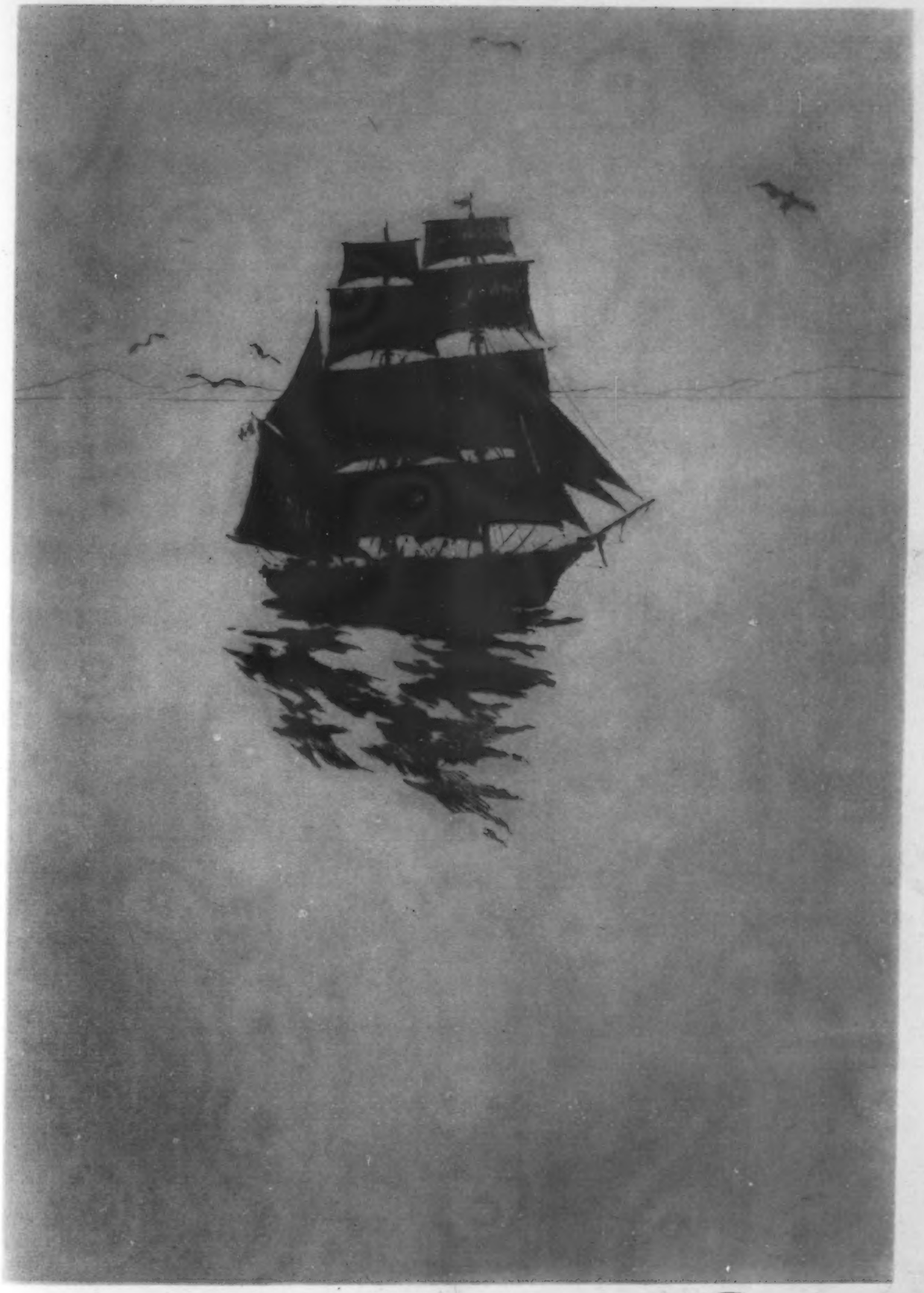
(*Continued on page 94*)



Hylam Junk, under way.

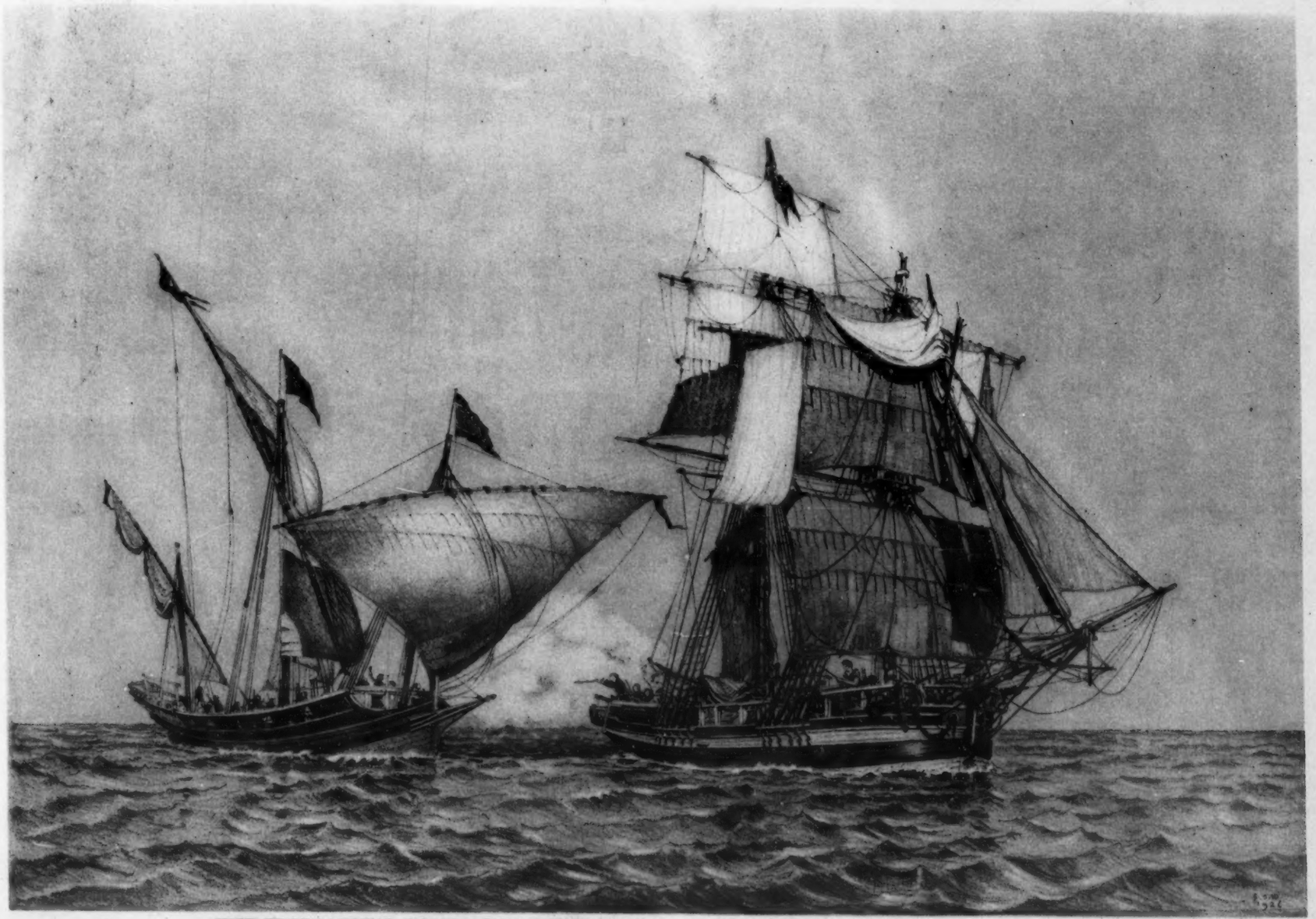


Stern view, showing high poop.



SILHOUETTE

From a rare etching by Philip Kappel.



THE BRIGANTINE *POLLY*, OF NEWBURYPORT, CAPTURED BY ALGERINE PIRATES, 1793.

From a series of lithographs of American Ships, by George C. Wales.

(Courtesy Charles E. Goodspeed & Co., Boston)

Chicago Yachtsmen Set for Busy Season

MEMORIAL DAY marked the official opening of the yachting season in Chicago when the fleets of all four yacht clubs swung into action. The Chicago, Columbia, Jackson Park and Sheridan Shore clubs held regattas and, while a light and fluky wind prevented the boats from breaking any records, competition was keen and surprises quite a few.

A good deal of interest centered in the "R" and Eagle Class races at Belmont Harbor. Numerous changes in rigging and the advent of Sam Dauchy's new "R" *Varya* made the Class R racing a feature of the day's regatta. Mal Vail's *Ariel* stepped out in the light air with her new and higher rig and stayed in the lead throughout the 12-mile course to win handily. *Fantome* was second, with *Mitzi* and *Varya* and *Nancy* finishing in the order named. *Jonnie* (ex-*Ardelle*), the Giaver-Masee boat, was unfortunate in fouling *Varya*, rounding a turn, and was disqualified.

Photos by J. F., Chicago Y. C.

Malcolm Vail's 20-rater *Ariel*, leading *Fantome* and the rest of the class in the opening race of the season at the Chicago Yacht Club, Memorial Day.

The second race of the season was a vivid contrast to the Memorial Day drifting match. A howling nor'easter made the waters of old Lake Michigan turbulent and gave the skippers plenty to do. Clark Wright came back to the game long enough to annex first place, skippering Bill Faurot and Fred Spencer's *Fantome* to victory. Doctor Hollis Potter aboard *Calypso* sailed in hard luck in this event. He and his crew worked hard to get her rigged in time for the race, and she was out in front by a good margin, but in rounding a buoy he came about too close to the marker and his sail just brushed the buoy sufficiently to disqualify him.

The Eagles are at present led by Doc Davis and his *Orn*, but the season is young and both Bob Haynie on *Falcon*, and Doc Metz on *Altair* will supply stiff competition. These races are held each Saturday on the Club course.

The historic race to Mackinac, sailed first in 1898 and placed regularly on the C. Y. C. race schedule in 1904, has always dominated the season's racing on Lake Michigan. The twenty-second annual sailing of this event will start this year on Saturday, July 20th. Two cups go with the race, one for the cruising division and one for the racing division. Unusual interest will center in the racing division, as the Milwaukee Yacht Club has been bidding for this race for years, and is getting better with each attempt. This year the club pins its hopes on Lyman Dwight's *Dorello* and Eddie Purtell's *Vagabond* (ex-*Josephine*). Chicago Yacht Club members are placing their faith in such boats as *Siren*, which has won the racing division cup the last two years. *Joyant* has always been a contender, and this year is in excellent shape. *Patsey*, of the Columbia Yacht Club, will be up there somewhere and might prove the upset. The cruising division will draw a large entry list, with *Comet*, last year's winner, a sure starter. The Mackinac Civic Association has made elaborate plans to welcome the sailors on their arrival and have donated a cup to be awarded to the first boat across the line.

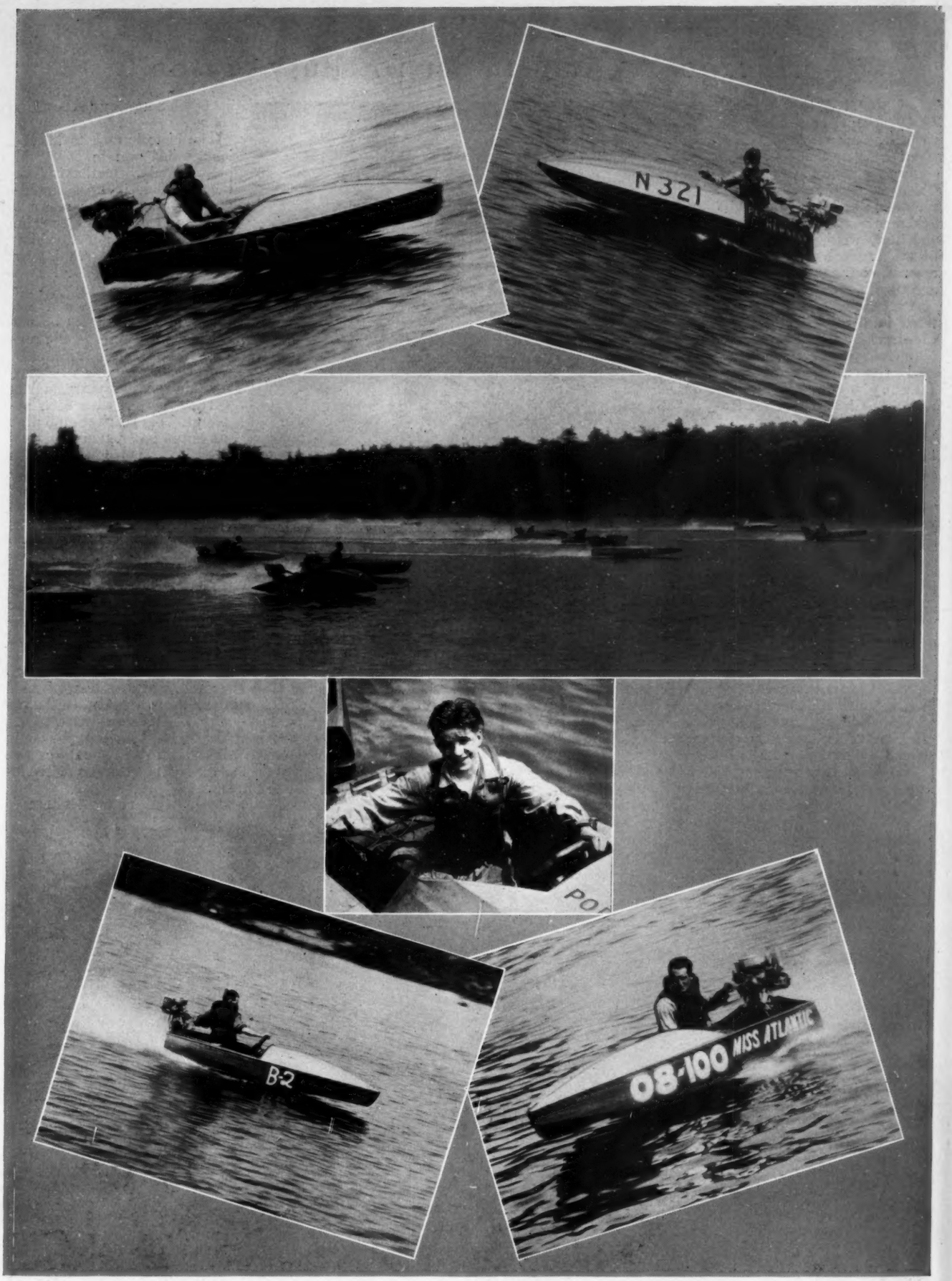
The Bayview Yacht Club's annual race from Port Huron to Mackinac starts at the same time and, with the fleets of these yacht clubs riding at anchor in the harbor, Mackinac Island should be even more picturesque than is its usual wont.

The Bayview fleet has been steadily and rapidly growing in size. Last year the Detroit sailors started 19 yachts in this 240-mile event. This year it looks as if the previous record for number of starters will be broken.

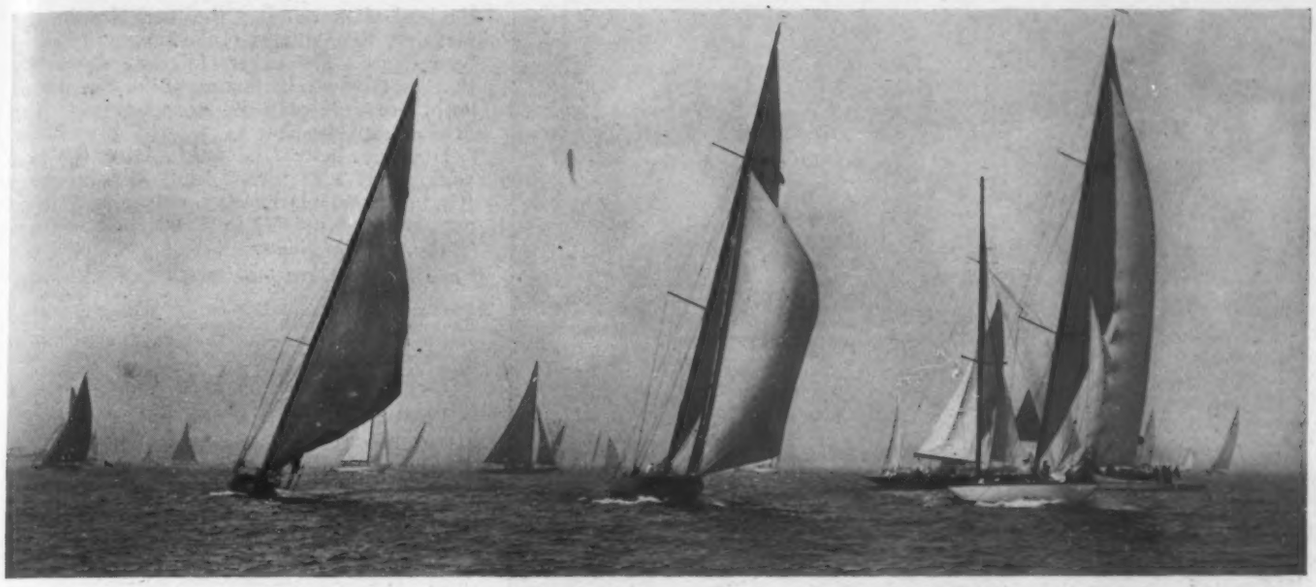
STEVE HEALEY.

Schooner *Fortune*, owned by George D. Orr, Commodore of the Lake Michigan Yachting Ass'n, will be seen in the Mackinac Race this month.

Varya, Samuel Dauchy's new Class R sloop, and the latest addition to the Chicago Yacht Club's fleet of 20-raters. She was designed by Burgess & Morgan.



Some of the winners and record breakers at the Worcester Regatta for Outboards. Top (left), Julius Herbst, who hung up a record of 44.54 m.p.h. in the mile trials, Class D, Div. II; (right) Kenneth Jarrett in *Peggy Herself*, winner, mile trials, Class B, Div. I, speed, 37.08 m.p.h. Center, a start in Class B; Kenneth Jarrett, young in years, but a clever driver. Bottom (left), A. E. Sutherland in a Herbst boat, winner, Class A, Div. II; (right) J. E. Wilkinson, winner, time trials, Class C, Div. II, with 38.7 m.p.h.



The racing season opens! Start of Class M in the first championship race of the season, May 30th, Harlem Y. C. With four new yachts, interest in the class is high. Floyd L. Carlisle's *Avatar* (center) was the winner, and has been going well in the early season.

The Month in Yachting

Outboard Records Fall at Worcester

PERFECT weather graced the two-day regatta of the New England Outboard Motor Boat Association held on May 29th and 30th on Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass., with the result that the big turnout of spectators was treated to some of the fastest and most spectacular races ever held anywhere. Outboards of every size, shape and description, driven by big motors and small motors, and handled by amateurs and professionals, turned in some record breaking performances.

In the mile trials, held the first day, Julius Herbst created a new record when he clicked off six one-mile sprints over the measured course at an average of 44.54 miles an hour with a Class D Motor, while J. E. Wilkinson knocked out 38.70 miles an hour with a Class C engine.

In the free-for-all race of 15 miles, both the endurance and speed of the outboards was proven when Jake Dunnell, the winner of the recent Albany-New York marathon, crossed the finish line a winner at the remarkable rate of 40.32 m.p.h.

Mile Trials

Class A, Division II — A. Sutherland. Lockwood Ace, Herbst boat. Speeds for each of six runs, 26.59; 26.45; 26.41; 26.03; 26.50; 25.86. Average speed, 26.31 m.p.h.

Class B, Division I — K. Jarrett. Johnson motor, Porteus boat. Speeds for each of six runs, 37.00; 36.25; 37.42; 36.81; 37.05; 37.15. Average speed, 37.08 m.p.h.

Class B, Division II — B. Warner. Johnson motor, Cute Craft boat. Speeds for each of six runs, 37.07; 37.66; 37.94; 37.90; 38.01; 37.90. Average speed, 37.75 m.p.h.

Class C, Division I — G. Mabbett. Evinrude motor, William S. DuPuis boat. Speeds for each of six runs, 36.03; 36.36; 36.18; 36.47; 36.07; 36.44. Average speed, 36.26 m.p.h.

Class C, Division II — J. E. Wilkinson. Evinrude motor, Herbst boat. Speeds for each of six runs, 37.04; 38.01; 39.22; 39.09; 39.52; 39.30. Average speed, 38.70 m.p.h.

Class D, Division II — J. Herbst. Johnson motor, Herbst boat. Speeds for each of six runs, 44.12; 44.44; 44.78; 44.44; 44.83; 44.61. Average speed, 44.54 m.p.h.

5-Mile Races

Class A, Division II — A. E. Sutherland, Lockwood motor Herbst boat, speed 25.49 m.p.h.

Class B, Division I — Betty Wallace, Johnson motor, Baby Whale boat, speed 33.29 m.p.h.

Class B, Division II — Carl V. Mason, Lockwood motor, Porteus boat, speed 34.38 m.p.h.

Class C, Division I — M. F. McKinzie, Evinrude motor, McKinzie boat, speed 35.19 m.p.h.

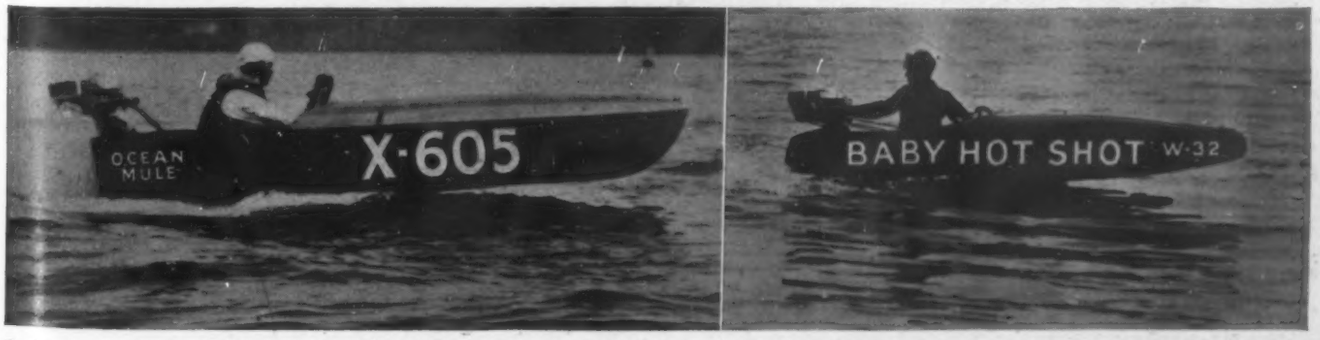
Class C, Division II — H. R. Maddocks, Evinrude motor, Baby Whale boat, speed 35.73 m.p.h.

Class D, Division II — Russ Stearns, Johnson motor, Kelley boat, speed 40.15 m.p.h.

Class E, Division II — Jake Dunnell, Johnson Motor, Ludington boat, speed 40.29 m.p.h.

Free-for-All — 15 Miles

Jake Dunnell, Johnson motor, Ludington boat, 40.32 m.p.h.



Outboard racers must live up to restrictions. The controlling outboard associations say that the lettering on the side or deck of a boat shall be limited to a space within three feet of the stern. Left, right way; right, wrong way.

Miss Helen G. Bell at the wheel of the 40-footer *Shawara*, which she has been sailing with remarkable skill in the early races on the Sound.

Yale Wins Intercollegiate Yacht Race

By A. Osborne Willauer

IN the Second Annual Intercollegiate Race held off the Seawanaka Corinthian Yacht Club on June 12th and 13th, the two crews of the Yale Yacht Club proved themselves superior to Princeton and Cornell by winning every first place, and thereby capturing the series.

The three races were held in Class S sloops, Yale finishing with a total of 27 points to Princeton's 20 and Cornell's 15. This year's victory by Yale ties them up with Princeton, giving each a leg on the Oliver May H-Y-P Cup.

Due to a mix-up in dates, Harvard was unfortunately unable to compete, but Cornell, a newcomer in the series, sent two crews, as did Yale and Princeton, making a total of 18 men competing in this newest of intercollegiate sports. Yale had Jack King as skipper for her first boat, with Rushmore Mariner and Seth Milliken, Jr., as crew. Yale's second boat was manned by Oliver May, Briggs Cunningham, and Bennet Fisher. Princeton's first boat had Robert Garland at the helm, with A. Osborne Willauer and Herbert J. Potts as crew; second boat, Rufus Smith, Robert Bryant and Robert Johnstone. Cornell sent on Carl Weagant, J. Gordon Hoffman and Dudley N. Shoales, with Rod Stephens, Carl Hoffman and Robert McCollom in their second boat.

We all reported Monday morning, drew lots for our boats, and went aboard. Until lunch time, we played tag with the committee boat as we all joined in a futile search for enough breeze to start us. After lunch, Sherman Hoyt pulled a breeze out of some hidden corner and we soon had our rails awash with a fine southwester to take us around the three-and-one-half-mile course. Starting at Lloyd's Neck bell, we went to the Middle Ground buoy, twice around, giving us a nice windward and leeward brush. It was a pretty start with everyone off almost on the gun. Commodore Garland (P) in *Notus* was over the starting line first, closely followed by May (Y) in *Kotick*. On his heels were Stephens (C) in *Surinam*, Weagant (C) in *Pandora*, King (Y) in *Felicity* and Smith (P) in *Dilemma*. Smith (P) and Weagant (C) tacked to the westward towards Center Island, the others electing to hold the starboard tack for some distance. Though Center Island seemed a better place to go, King (Y) managed to keep the lead after rounding the mark despite the fact that his spinnaker broke loose and had to be rerigged. The others followed so closely that as they straightened out for the second leg, there were only 39 seconds between the first and the last boat.

However, before the finish, King (Y) had worked out a 23 second lead, with Stephens (C) in second place. With only a margin of one second, May (Y) in *Kotick* just held off Garland (P) in *Notus*.

Boat	*College and Skipper*	*Finish* H. M. S.
Felicity	Yale, J. L. King	4:45:32
Surinam	Cornell, R. Stephens, Jr.	4:45:55
Dilemma	Princeton, R. G. Smith	4:46:30
Kotick	Yale, Oliver May	4:46:39
Notus	Princeton, R. L. Garland	4:46:41
Pandora	Cornell, C. L. Weagant	4:47:58

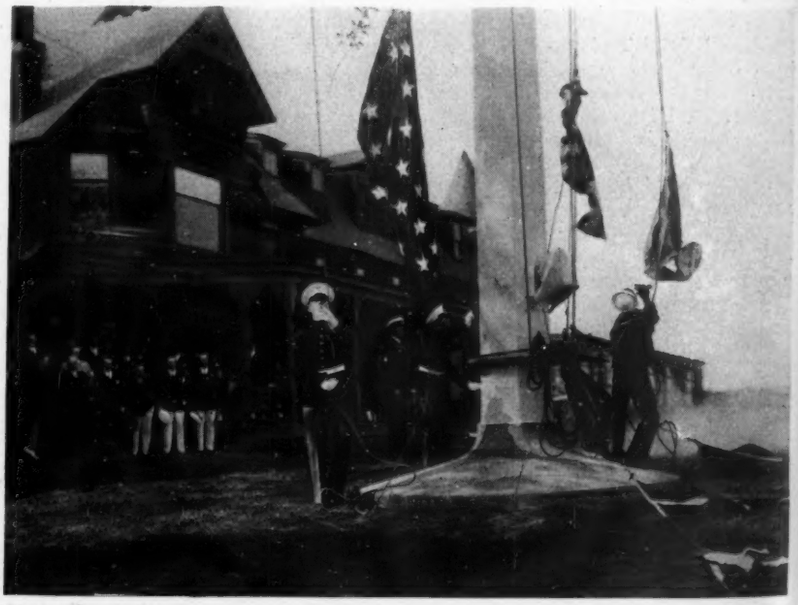
Points: Yale, 9; Princeton, 6; Cornell, 6.

For the second race Tuesday morning, we had a fine southwest day, and now that the crews had literally learned the ropes, the competition promised to be keen. Jack King (Y), who has had most of his experience in six-metres at Chicago, once more led at the finish, with Princeton in second and third places. The course was a seven-and-one-half-mile triangle, from Middle Ground buoy inside Oyster Bay to Lloyd's Neck bell, topped off with a three-and-one-half-mile beat back to the finish. Again there had been a close start with Smith (P) over first. But Weagant (C) managed, after a battle, to get his spinnaker working as a ballooner by sheeting it to the end of the main boom, to walk through the whole fleet. Garland (P), King (Y), and Smith (P) stood well into Lloyd's Neck after the turn and got the benefit of smooth water and a back eddy. This proved to be the right dope. Garland (P) and Weagant (C) did not hug the shore close enough, and King (Y) and Smith (P) slipped through.

Boat	*College and Skipper*	*Finish* H. M. S.
Surinam	Yale, J. L. King	12:15:43
Felicity	Princeton, R. G. Smith	12:17:22
Kotick	Princeton, R. L. Garland	12:17:30
Pandora	Yale, Oliver May	12:17:45
Notus	Cornell, Carl Weagant	12:17:55
Dilemma	Cornell, R. Stephens, Jr.	12:17:57

Points now stood Yale, 18; Princeton, 15, and Cornell, 9.

In the afternoon, it was still blowing fresh for the third race. A half-dozen power boats had come out to form a cheering section for the final event, which was held over a nine-mile



The colors being mastheaded at the Larchmont Yacht Club for the opening of the season on May 25th.

leeward and windward course from Oyster Bay bell to Lloyd's Neck bell, twice around. Bud Smith (P), running for the marker end of the starting line, hesitated a second too long and tipped the marker. He promptly withdrew, leaving Garland (P) to carry on. Sailing *Surinam* this time, the Princeton Commodore rounded the bell first with King (Y) hot on his trail. Garland (P) kept his lead until the second round, when he lost out by standing too far off Lloyd's Neck, thus letting May (Y) take advantage of a good slant to slip through. May (Y) crossed the finish first, followed by Garland (P), Stephens (C), King (Y), and Weagant (C), in the order named, giving Yale a substantial margin of victory for the series.

Boat	*College and Skipper*	*Finish* H. M. S.
Notus	Yale, Oliver May	5:02:40
Surinam	Princeton, R. L. Garland	5:02:52
Kotick	Cornell, R. Stephens, Jr.	5:03:33
Dilemma	Yale, J. L. King	5:06:29
Felicity	Cornell, Carl Weagant	5:08:19
Pandora	Princeton, R. G. Smith	Dis.

Point score: Yale, 9; Princeton, 5; Cornell, 6.
Final point score: Yale, 27; Princeton, 20; Cornell, 15.

The new open Eight-Metre Class in its first race of the season off the Seawanhaka Yacht Club. In the foreground (left to right) are *Priscilla III*, *Thisbie*, and *Gypsy*.

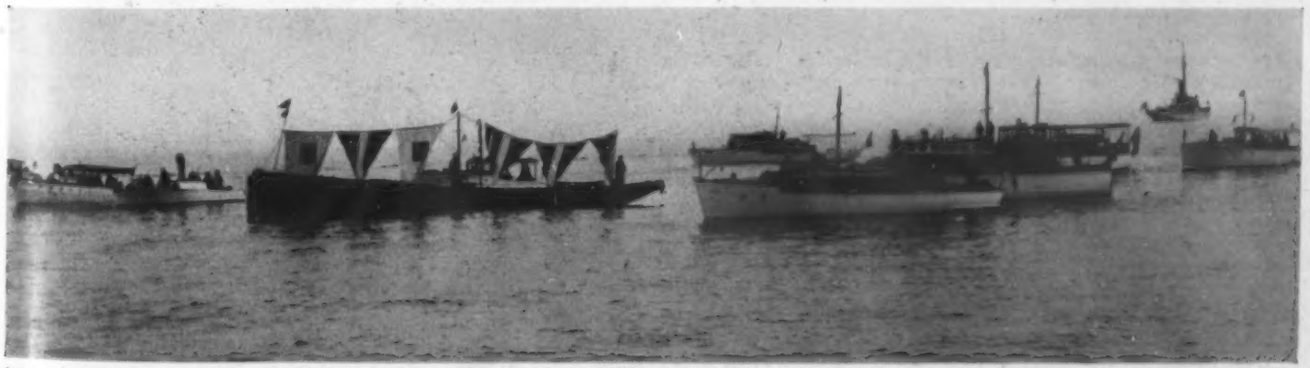
A Six-Metre Class at Havana

THE growing popularity of the Six-Metre Class is further attested by the fact that Cuban yachtsmen have recently established the class at the Havana Yacht Club. The club now has a fleet of seven "Sixes," three of them being new boats which have recently been delivered to the Cuban capital. Two of these are Norwegian built, one from designs by Anker and the other by Aas, while the third boat is from the French designer, Camatte. These three boats, together with the *Aloha*, the *Windy* and the *Louise*, delivered earlier in the year, and one older Six-Metre, purchased from the United States, make a fine fleet of "Sixes" in which excellent sport will be had.

The Havana Yacht Club is planning some international regattas for next season. Undoubtedly, some European "Sixes" will be sent out for the racing at Havana, and it is likely, also, that some American yachtsmen will take their "Sixes" to Havana for winter racing.

The *Vanitie*, under cutter rig again. Owned now by Gerard B. Lambert, she seems to be taking *Resolute's* measure in the early races. These two old cup yachts may have a chance to match speed next summer with new defenders for the America's Cup.

Most of the population of City Island was required to move the new hollow mast for *Vanitie*, 157 feet long and 26 inches diameter.



The end of a former defender of the America's Cup, the sloop *Mischief*, which in 1881 beat the Canadian challenger *Atlanta*. She was built of iron, from designs by A. Cary Smith. On May 26th she was sunk off Boston, with appropriate ceremonies, just a few days after the receipt of a new challenge for the cup she so bravely defended.

A 26-foot Hacker Dolphin, driven by Floyd Brady, which won in her class at the Memorial Day regatta, Red Bank, N. J., against a high-class fleet. Powered with a 200 h.p. Kermath.

Yachting Activity on Barnegat Bay

WITH the elapse of nearly a year since the Barnegat Bay fleet obtained its charter in the I. S. C. Y. R. A., it is now possible for the first time to state that the Stars have taken hold in these waters with unqualified success. Two months of informal weekly races have served to prove beyond any doubt that there is plenty of water for the craft and while the Stars cannot quite match paces with the Class E scows in speed, other characteristics are causing more comment in Jersey waters than any class of the past decade.

American runabouts are making a record for speed in European waters. On Lake Templin, Germany, Herr Richard Busse, in the Hacker 26-footer *Buzzard III* (shown above) finished second to Sir Henry Segrave's *Miss Alacrity* in the unlimited class. On June 9th *Buzzard III* took first prize in the National Regatta, beating a large fleet. Powered with 200 h.p. Kermath.

Eliminations to choose the Barnegat challenger for the 1929 Internationals for the 1930 Havana Midwinter Series started on June 29th and are to consist of six contests on as many consecutive Sundays, five races to qualify. Other outstanding events of the Star seasonal schedule are the first race for the new Commodore Grover Perpetual Trophy, which is a sterling silver model of a Star boat; the 30-mile Seaside Park-Waretown contest on August 18th for prizes donated by Ex-Commodore Harry Cross of the Seaside Park Yacht Club; and, finally, the Bamberger Trophy Regatta on September 1st which will be an open race and which it is hoped Stars from many of the neighboring fleets will attend. Western Long Island Sound, Gravesend Bay, Elk River and Delaware River at this writing seem assured of representation.

Star racing on Barnegat will be held off Seaside Park every Saturday and Sunday until after Labor Day. The new fleet has already challenged for the 1929 Internationals at New Orleans. In the series thus far Dr. G. H. Thacher, of Philadelphia, in *Curlew*, has had what edge may have existed, but racing has been close, extremely so.

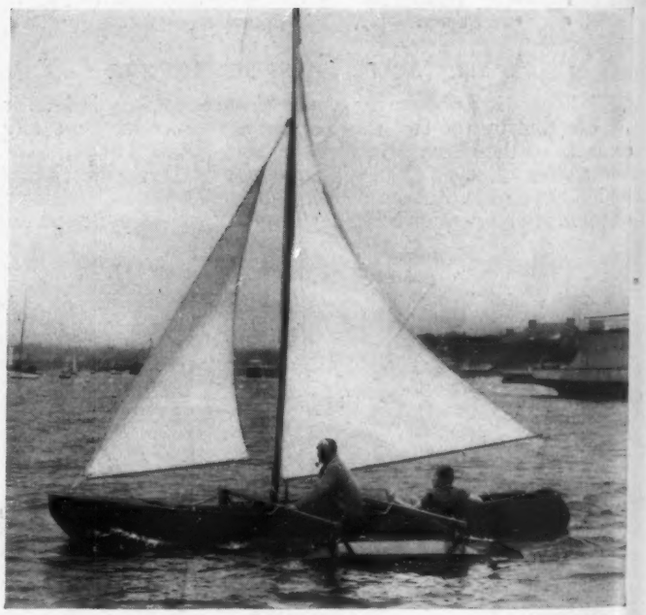
CHARLES E. LUCKE, JR.

A Novel Craft

A SAILING canoe that resembles a type of craft seen in many places east of Suez and in the Islands of the Pacific, but strange to this part of the world, has been developed by Sail Sleds, Inc., Rochelle Park, N. J.

The boat, known as the "Sail Sled," and built by the Old Town Canoe Company, is 19 feet long, has a beam of 3 feet, 3 inches, and is a clipper bow canoe. As shown in the accompanying illustration, it is rigged as a Marconi sloop, and carries a total sail area of 150 square feet, which can be reefed down to 75 feet. The hull is of air-tight construction, has a double keel and is steered by a rudder. Two 15-foot (over all) outriggers carry a metal pontoon on each side. These are rustless and assure non-capsizing features.

The boat can be readily dismantled and an 11-foot awning set up. Then, with an outboard motor clamped on to a special bracket, it becomes an ideal boat for river use. The Sail Sled carries four persons, and has proved very fast.

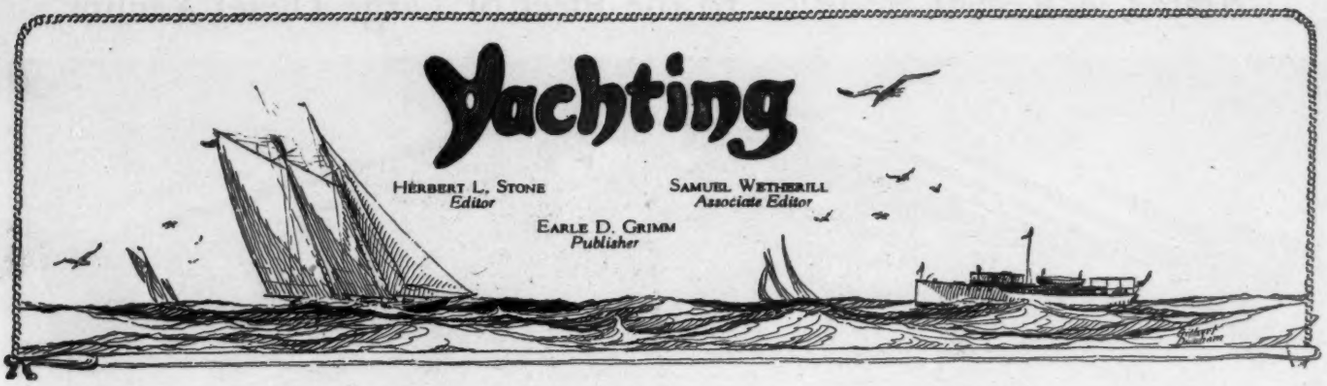


Something new in canoes. A "Sail Sled" seen recently on Long Island Sound.

Amida, A Recent Addition to the Fleet of Large Diesel Yachts

Photos by M. Rosenfeld

In *Amida,* a new 195-foot Diesel yacht which is now on a European cruise, Ernst R. Behrend has a handsome cruiser which proved her seagoing qualities on her maiden voyage from Germany during April. Designed by Cox & Stevens, the reproductions show (at top) the library, with its well-stocked shelves, and the main saloon, both in the deckhouse, and (below) one of the well-appointed guest staterooms and the spacious after deck.



Editorial

Challenge for America's Cup Accepted

JUST as we go to press comes an announcement from the special Cup Committee appointed by the New York Yacht Club that the challenge of Sir Thomas Lipton for the America's Cup has been accepted, and all conditions agreed upon for a series of races in 1930. The match will be sailed in sloops of 76-foot rating (Class J) under the New York Yacht Club rules, and will consist of the best three out of five races, the first to be sailed September 13th. The course agreed upon is off Newport, where the Club has a station, and off which most of the important N. Y. Y. C. races are now sailed. Thus everything is set, apparently to the satisfaction of both sides. What now remains for us is to provide a suitable defender.

This announcement of the acceptance of the challenge comes after more than a month of negotiation between the New York and the Royal Ulster Yacht Clubs, wherein the terms were made "by mutual consent," as provided for under the deed of gift. In consenting to meet the challenger in a regular rating class, where the yachts will be built to a measurement rating rather than to a given water line length, and to sail without time allowance, the defending club has displayed a much more liberal attitude than it ever assumed in past matches for the Cup. This suggestion, we understand, came from the New York Yacht Club, and either Class J, 76-foot rating, or Class K, 65-foot rating, was indicated as acceptable. The challenger chose the larger size, which will mean a yacht of about 80 feet water line length, of cutter rig. Thus, all the challenger will have to do is to build a yacht somewhere near the top rating of the class selected, and sail, even up, against a yacht of approximately the same rating. As both countries now have the same scantling restrictions, neither would have any advantage in the matter of light construction, as Lloyd's rules for a yacht of this size imply sufficient strength for the making of an ocean passage. Fair enough!

The other change agreed upon is the course over which the races will be sailed. The New York Yacht Club suggested that the time-honored Sandy Hook course be abandoned in favor of the Club's regular course off Newport. In the interests of a fair race this change was much to be desired. The Sandy Hook course is no longer a good one for yacht racing. The traffic is very heavy, the winds are mostly "light and baffling," and a large excursion fleet makes it very difficult to keep a clear course. Another argument in favor of abandoning the Sandy Hook course is that with the tall masts of the modern sloop rig, the competing yachts cannot pass under the bridges of the East River. This not only makes the course inaccessible to the contestants but places them out of reach of the yards which such yachts usually use for fitting out and repairs. In case of accident during the series it might mean a long trip to City Island, Greenport, or Narragansett Bay. Better and steadier breezes are more common off Newport, and the change, therefore, is desirable. The spectators who count on viewing the races from the excursion fleet will be the only sufferers. While these may be fewer in number, those who go to Newport for the series will see a better match.

As to possible defenders, it would not be surprising to see four, or possibly five yachts built here. The N. Y. Y. C. undoubtedly will have one, and possibly two syndicate boats, and two or three prominent yachtsmen are counted upon to build "on their own." If such a fleet is built it will provide a fine season's racing and will be the making of a large sloop class that should prove popular. Outside of the last two Cup yachts, *Resolute* and *Vanitie*, we have had no large racing class for many years. The sport can well afford one at the present time.

The Challenger's Chances

THIS lack of large yacht racing in this country gives a challenger from Great Britain, at this time, an advantage not hitherto enjoyed. Nicholson, who, it is said, will design the Lipton yacht, has turned out several large yachts of about the size of the challenger, 75 to 80 feet water line, which have been very successful. And there are other British naval architects with considerable experience in large cutters. Designing a challenger under the International Rule, and rating her under the N. Y. Y. C. (Universal) Rule will not place them at a disadvantage, and from what we have seen recently, it looks as if the International Rule type has a slight edge in the matter of speed. At any rate, we must face the fact that we are probably up against the fight of our lives. The outstanding disadvantage to a challenger is that he must pin his faith to one boat, named in advance, while here we shall probably, as before stated, have the pick of four or five boats, tested out by a season's racing. This condition cannot be altered, unless an individual challenger should see fit to build two yachts to the same rating and choose the faster to send here for the match.

In the World of Yachting

HENRY B. PLANT

FOR nearly fifteen years Henry B. Plant, Vice-Commodore of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, has been racing and sailing yachts on Long Island Sound, with several excursions to foreign waters in six-metre boats on the side, by way of an international flavor, until he is, today, one of the best known small yacht sailors on the Atlantic Coast. If there is anything in inheriting a love of the sea, Henry Plant came by his flair for yachting honestly, for his father, Morton F. Plant, was prominent in yacht racing circles a generation ago, when in his schooners "Ingomar" and "Elena," both of which he built, he raced hard on both sides of the Atlantic, being one of the few American yachtsmen to sail a large yacht in German waters.

First appearing on the racing lists in 1916 with the N. Y. Y. C. 40-Foot Class "Maisie," Henry Plant has always had one or more yachts in commission every year since then, and while these have differed widely in size, his preference is for small craft. For several years he owned and raced the "Fifty" "Spartan," but with the promotion in 1921 of international racing in the Six-Metre Class by the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, Plant has been a prominent figure in that class, and has built and owned many "Sixes," and has been a member of a number of the international teams that represented the United States both here and abroad. Among the "Sixes" he has sailed are "Clytie," "Ingomar," "Natka," "Clytie" (the second of that name) and "Saleema." In the latter he raced in Sweden last year for the Scandinavian Gold Cup, while in 1927 his "Clytie" was the unsuccessful defender of the Seawanhaka Cup against the Norwegians. In 1928 he sailed "Clytie" with an East Coast team of "Sixes" on the Pacific, off Los Angeles.

In addition to racing, Henry Plant does a lot of cruising, in recent years in the large power cruiser "Thelma," originally built for his father in 1911. He is always interested in any movement looking towards the welfare of the sport of yachting, and generous in his support. Besides being a flag officer of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, he is a member of the New York, Larchmont, Eastern, Indian Harbor and Nassau Yacht Clubs, and the Ocean Racing Club of England.

Direction on a trial spin early in June.

An Adventurous Cruise — And the Boat Which Will Make It

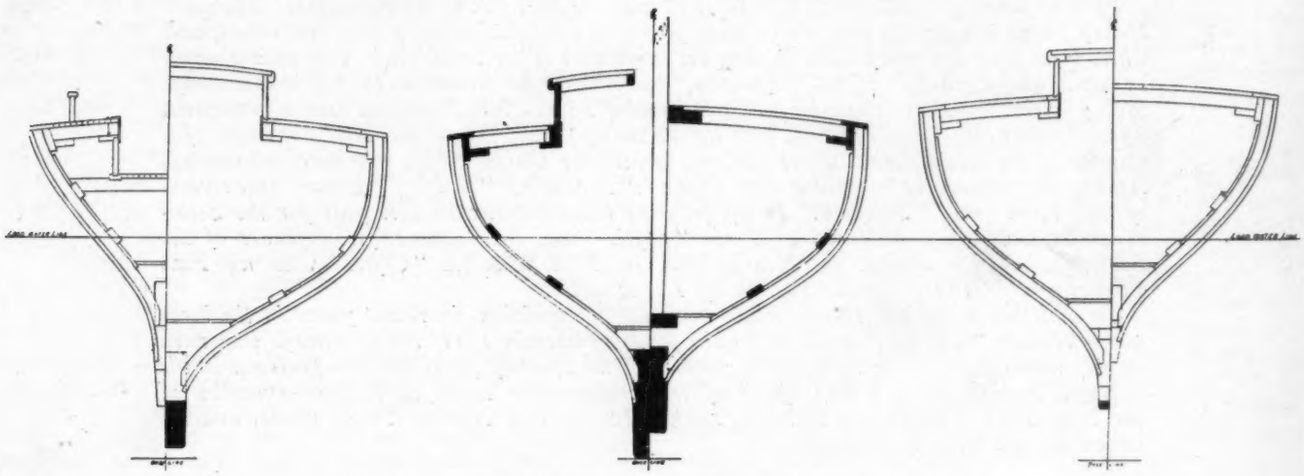
By Lucius Beebe

ROCKWELL KENT, well known as an author and an artist, is also an adventurer. At various times in an eventful career he has crossed the Atlantic in a ketch with only two companions; he has spent an ice-bound winter in Alaska in search of artistic and literary material, and has courted adventure in the distant, uncharted seas of Tierra del Fuego in a condemned lifeboat, refitted and strengthened for ocean sailing.

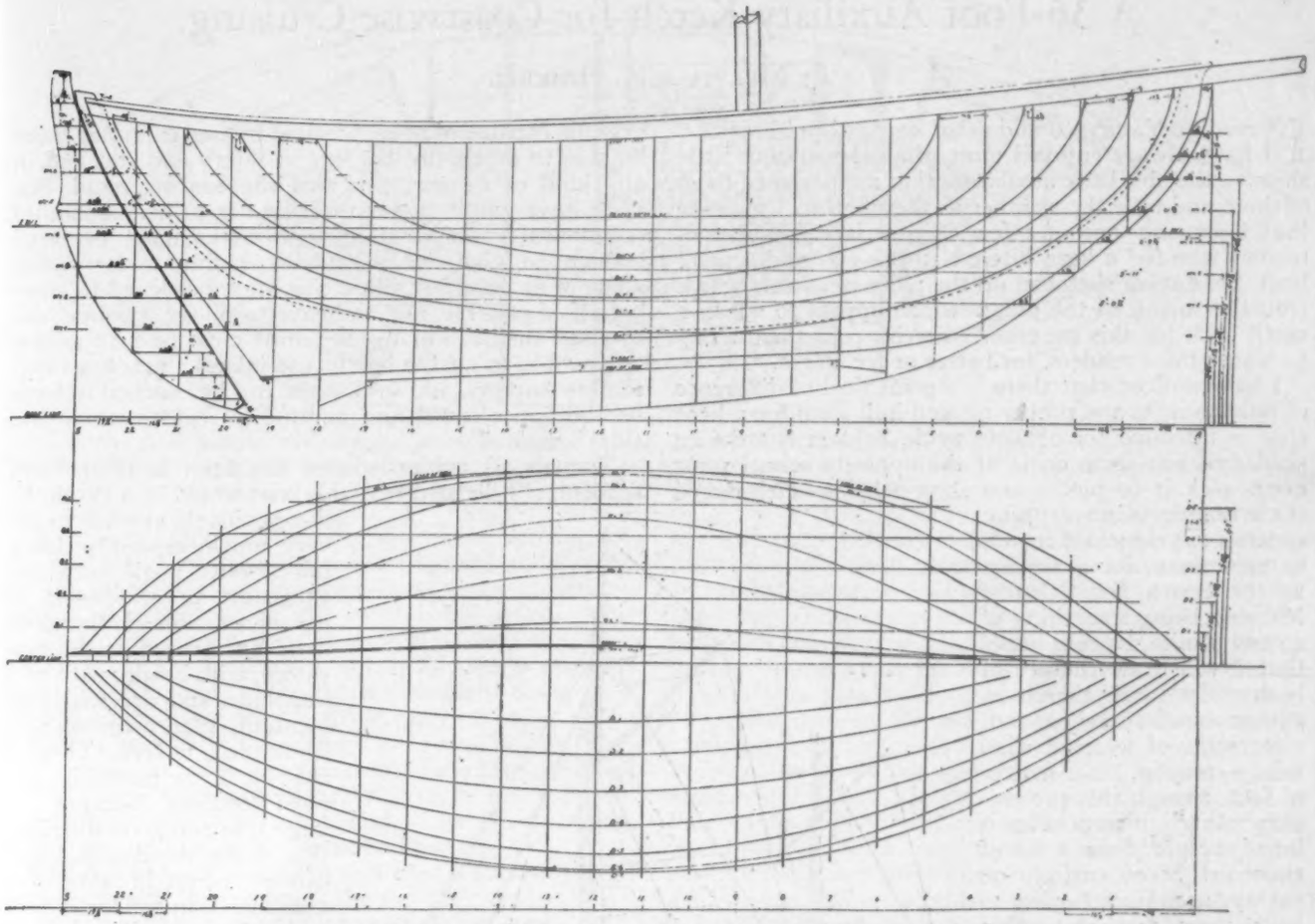
Now the urge to wander has come upon him again. From his studio high in the Adirondacks he metaphorically sniffs the salt tang of the North Atlantic, and June will find him setting sail for Baddeck, Cape Breton, in quest of the shores of far-off Greenland.

The crew will consist of himself, Arthur S. Allen, Jr., the captain, a student of naval architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Lucian Cary, Jr., of Winsted, Connecticut, whose father is the well-known short story writer. Like Kent, both Allen and Cary are experienced sailors, so that, as in the song, no wind that blows will dismay the crew or trouble the captain's mind.

A boat exactly suited to their needs was found on the ways at Miller's Shipyard, at Nyack, New York. She had been designed originally for a cruise in the South Seas, but circumstances forced her first owner to abandon his project and the *Direction* was purchased by Allen's father, Arthur S. Allen, of New York City, who completely rebuilt and outfitted her for sailing in northern waters. The *Direction* is an adaptation by M. H. Miner of Colin Archer's original design for a 47-foot Norwegian lifeboat. A double ender, cutter-rigged cabin boat, 33 feet long, she is built throughout of the finest selected white oak, and her construction is practically double the strength of that required for safety in a boat her size. She has no motor, both because of a prejudice against such modernities on the part of the twentieth-century Argonauts who are to navigate her, and because it was felt that too much speed might



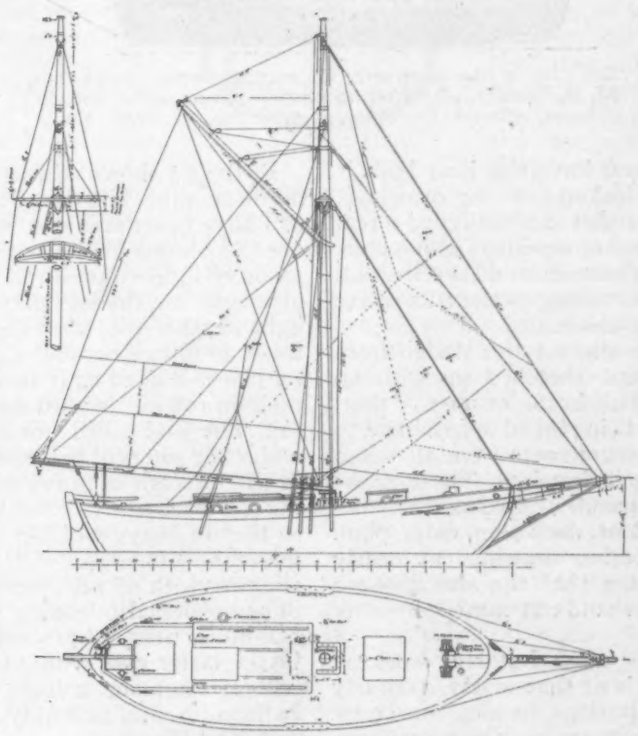
The sections give a good idea of the body plan of *Direction*.



Buttocks, waterlines and diagonals are typical of the Archer-type double ender.

drive her upon unseen floating ice. She can accommodate three passengers in comfort, although four or even more could be handled in a pinch, and her cruising capacity, limited only by her facilities for the storage of food and water, is, to all intents and purposes, unlimited. She is particularly adapted to cruising in ice-infested waters, and is considered one of the safest of all types of boats for heavy weather.

Because of the abbreviated summer vacations of the college men, the trip from New York to Cape Breton will be made some time previous to the cruise proper, which is scheduled to begin promptly the first week in June. From Baddeck the *Direction* will sail north through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Straits of Belle Isle, up the Labrador coast, and over the open sea to Greenland, the ultimate objective of the voyage being the vicinity of Godhavn, or even further north. The open water voyage, according to the route now under consideration, is something over 600 miles, although the entire trip will require something over 5,000 miles, and it is expected that the eastward passage will take five to six weeks, the trip home consuming a longer period because of the less favorable prevailing winds. Sufficient stores will be taken aboard for a voyage far longer than that anticipated, and no delays will cause the adventurers any uneasiness on this account.



Sail and deck plan of *Direction*.

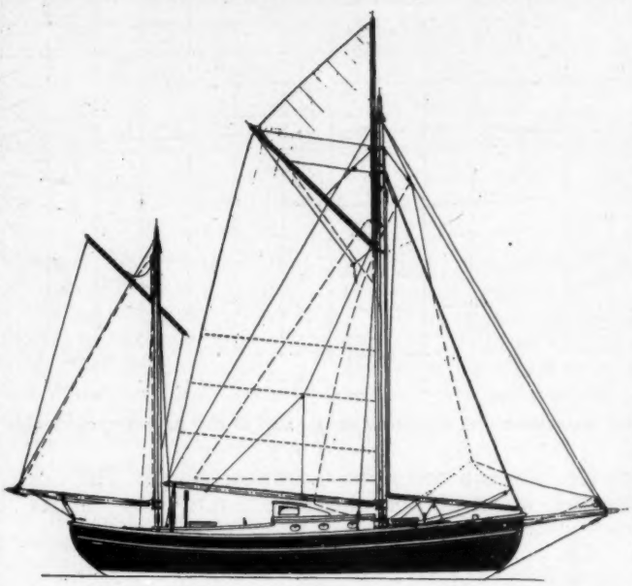
The cruise, it is planned, will take about three months, unless, as Kent says, almost wistfully, it should be prolonged by adverse winds or bad weather. There is no scientific purpose behind the trip and no precise destination. "To invent a purpose, other than the quest of literary and artistic material," says Kent, "would be sheerest rationalization."

A 36-Foot Auxiliary Ketch for Coastwise Cruising

By MELVILLE H. HASKELL

IN reading YACHTING and other nautical publications, I have always enjoyed most of all the tales of little ships — the able little auxiliaries that are designed to go offshore and take the weather as they find it. I am sure that I am only one of a few of your large number of readers who feel a keen interest in this size and type of boat. So, having sketched up the plans of a craft which embodies many of the points which appeal to me in a small craft for this purpose, I hereby pass them along to YACHTING'S readers, for better or for worse.

I have noticed that there is a great deal of difference of opinion as to the proper rig and hull form for a boat that is intended for offshore work. Seldom is a design published but some critic of the opposite school must needs pick it to pieces and show why a ketch-rigged centerboarder is in every way superior to a deep keel cutter, or vice versa, for a voyage to the South Sea Islands. My ship being something of a compromise, I am in hopes that I will draw the fire of both sides and therefrom gather much excellent advice, some of which I shall take — maybe. As a matter of fact, though this preliminary sketch incorporates a lot of my pet ideas, some of them are based entirely on theory, and I am hoping to hear some arguments that will enable me to decide whether to leave the doubtful ones in or take them out of the finished design.



Sail plan of the 36-ft. over all auxiliary ketch designed by M. H. Haskell, whose other dimensions are: water line, 30′; beam, extreme, 11′; beam, at water line, 10′; draft, 4′ 6″.

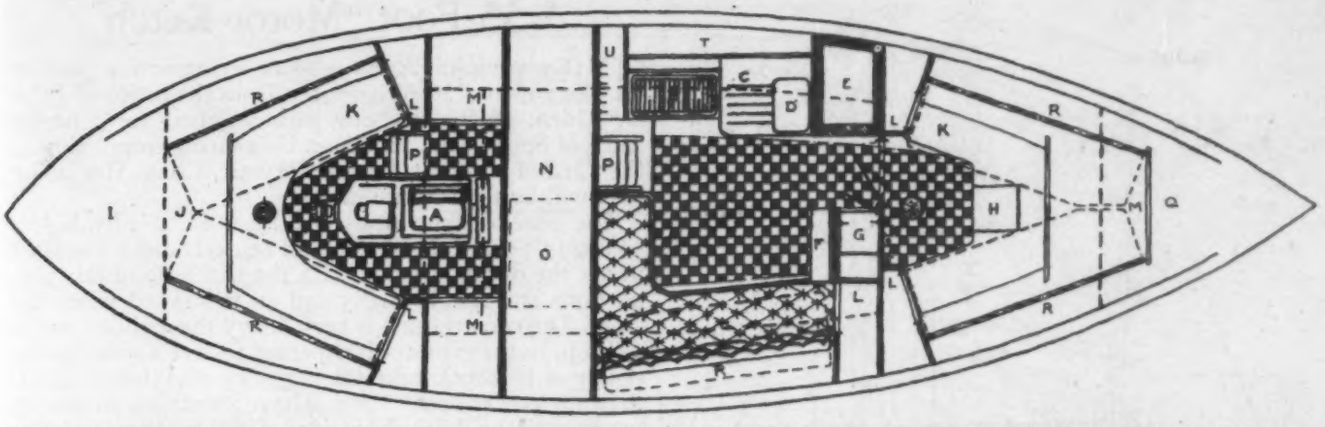
Now to build up my alibi as a designer. I am a very humble student in the field of naval architecture and do not entertain any wild ideas of my ability to turn out a Bermuda Race winner. If I ever have this boat built it will be after John Alden has looked over my drawings, thrown them into the waste basket, and designed a real boat that incorporates as many of my ideas as possible. I have built four boats in this manner and they were all most successful. I pass this hint along as the true secret of successful amateur naval architecture.

However, lest some readers dismiss this design from consideration as a pipe dream, sketched up with no regard for the limitations of hull form, let me say that, though this drawing is rough, being inked in free hand to a rather small scale, the measurements were all taken from a set of large-scale pencil drawings. These drawings include a set of lines, carefully faired and not departing radically from precedent, deck plan, cabin plan, sail plan and detailed X-section drawings at nearly every station. I am quite sure that the alterations a naval architect would make would not materially alter the plan.

The goal I was striving for when I started work on this design was to turn out a boat that would, as nearly as possible within certain limitations, be ideal for a crew of four on an extended *coastwise* cruise. She must, however, be capable of being handled by one man. She must be able to make offshore legs in safety and stay out in any kind of weather provided she has sea room. She must have ample power to drive her to her maximum economical speed, and her fuel tanks must be large enough to give her a cruising radius under power alone of at least 500 miles. She must be rigged to steer herself, if possible, and to heave-to or set a riding sail to a sea anchor. Finally, her draft must be kept as low as possible to enable her to use inland waterways and shallow harbors, and so that she can be beached to have her bottom cleaned and painted in regions where the tides are small.

Though all my experience has been in sloops and schooners, I decided that this boat would be a ketch. In theory this rig appeals to me very much, especially for a full-powered auxiliary where efficiency to windward is not paramount. I therefore drew up three rigs; the one shown, a jib-header with two headsails, and one with one headsail, gaff mainsail and jib-headed mizzen. Though the latter is probably the most efficient because of large area and good distribution in the three sails, I discarded it first in favor of a mainmast stepped farther aft and two headsails which I believe will make a better sea rig. The jib-header was discarded because of the small area obtainable on the length of spars to which I limited myself; only 650 square feet as against about 800 maximum in the rig shown when the gaff topsail is included.

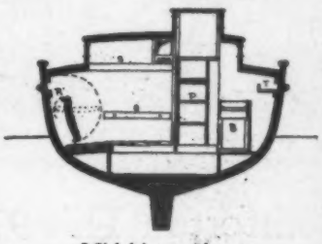
In the rig shown, the lug mizzen is the only sail that needs an alibi. The use of this sail is pure theory for me, as I have never seen one, much less been shipmates with one. As shown in the sail plan, it is a loose-footed sail made of light canvas and bent on to a light yard. My idea is to use the lug mizzen, like the gaff topsail, for a light weather sail; when the weather gets at all dirty it is taken in altogether and a jib-headed mizzen bent on in its place. Rigged as it is, it will be no more trouble to take in, roll on its yard and lash on deck, than the topsail. The jib-headed mizzen will be laced to the mast, and, once set, will probably be the last sail to come in. It will be made of heavy canvas and will be an ideal riding sail when a sea anchor is used. The ketch is balanced so that in heavy weather the jib can come in when the mizzens are changed, with the result that we have a very snug rig with all sails inboard and all future shortening of sail confined to reefing the mainsail. The gaff topsail can be set over either a single or double reefed mainsail, in the latter case without the yard. As extra sails, she will carry main trysail, combination spinnaker and balloon jib, and probably a squaresail rigged according to Claud Worth.



In the above cabin plan; A, motor; B, gas stove; C, dresser; D, sink; E, ice box; F, folding table; G, hanging locker; H, toilet; I, steerer and shelves; J, sail locker; K, seat (locker under); L, locker; M, stowage; N, tanks; O, chart drawer; P, steps; Q, chain locker; R, pipe berth; S, shelf for compass; T, dish lockers; U, oilskin locker.

Now as to hull form: The idea of a centerboard had to be abandoned, as there is a chance that she will be built on the Pacific for use down the West Coast of Mexico, and I feared worms in the centerboard trunk. After studying a number of shoal draft keel boats, I drew up a set of lines. The result is a hull of moderate displacement that has many of the characteristics of the modern centerboarder, but with a little more deadrise and a long, not very deep, keel. There is no reverse curve forward of the midship section, but aft she is planked down to the keel. Alden would probably give her some reverse in the midship section and, if he draws up the final lines, he may go as far as he likes.

The position of the mizzen indicated a cockpit placed amidships, and this, added to the fact that the freeboard had to be high to give sitting headroom under the deck, led to the canoe stern, which I consider better looking and abler than any other for a boat of this type. The sections aft are nicely balanced with the bow sections and are more "V" shape than is usual in this type of stern. The canoe stern is not very common in this country, but before criticizing it too much consider *Dragoon* and the English cutter *Tiercel*.



Midship section.

In my opinion, some of the little ships with amputated sterns and outboard rudders that have been given much space in yachting magazines lately would be much better looking if their tails had not been docked but allowed to grow to their natural shape, which would not have differed so very much from my ship's stern.

The deck plan is a little out of the ordinary, though by no means original. Forward there is a sunken deck with 12″ rail for convenience in handling headsails and ground tackle. In the stern is a similar though smaller sunken deck with about a 10″ rail, while between, the deck is raised up to about 2″ under the rail cap. The cockpit is just abaft amidships and has a bridge deck forming a seat across the after end. The well is 3′ fore and aft, by 7′ athwartships, with a folding slat seat on each side. The wheel is 6″ off center to starboard and is direct connected to an Edson screw steerer by means of universal joints and shafting running just under the carlins. The compass will be inside the cabin but easily seen through a square port. The raised companionway hatch will have fixed ports of Triplex glass and will be a welcome shelter to the helmsman in bad weather. When sitting on the top step, which opens out into a comfortable seat, he will still be within reach of the wheel. A heavy gallows frame will keep the boom clear of the hatch.

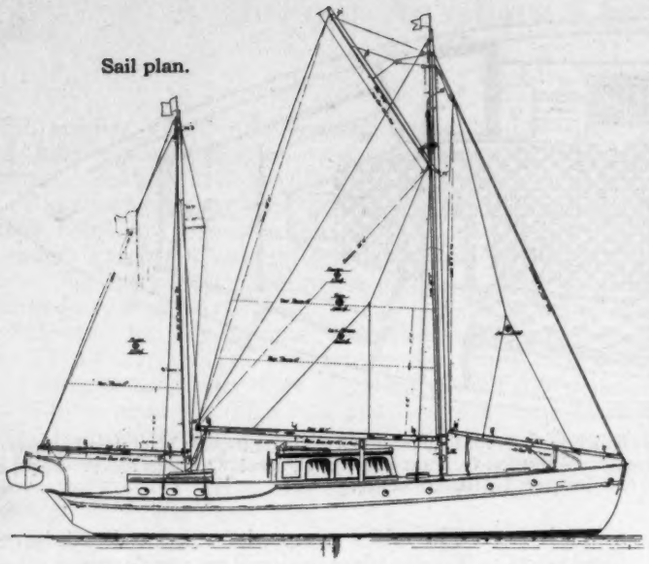
The cabin plan more or less explains itself. There is 6⅓′ headroom in the main cabin where headroom is needed, and sitting headroom in the two sleeping cabins. Forward we have chain and rope lockers, followed by the forecastle in which are two pipe berths, lockers, and a toilet under a seat. Next comes the main cabin and galley combined, with comfortable transom, where two guests can be accommodated in a pinch, ample locker and stowage space, gas stove, sink, ice box, etc. A table, 4′ by 2′, folds up against the forward bulkhead, while charts are kept in a drawer that slides back under the cockpit floor. The space under the cockpit is taken up by fuel and water tanks, there being provision for 150 gallons of each. This weight is low and near the C.B. so that the trim will not be materially altered as the tanks are emptied. In the after cabin, which is bulkheaded from the tanks and the forward part of the ship, is the motor and two more pipe berths, besides plenty of lockers and stowage space for tools and sails. One of the greatest advantages of this plan is that it leaves the main cabin clear at all times for the use of the cook and navigator.

I believe the hull capable of being driven up to six knots under power alone with a fair degree of economy. For use on the East Coast I would install a Scripps F-4, but in the Pacific where distances are greater and a longer cruising radius an important factor, I would use a two-cylinder Cummins Diesel as shown.

With almost all her ballast on her keel, she will probably be rather uncomfortably lively in a sea, but almost totally incapable of shipping solid water. I intend to use extra heavy construction to distribute the weights and minimize this fault as much as possible.

I feel that she is as good looking as most boats of this size and has better accommodations than the average. She should be easy to handle under almost any conditions, and her cabin plan should prove most livable.

A 55-Foot "Motor Ketch"

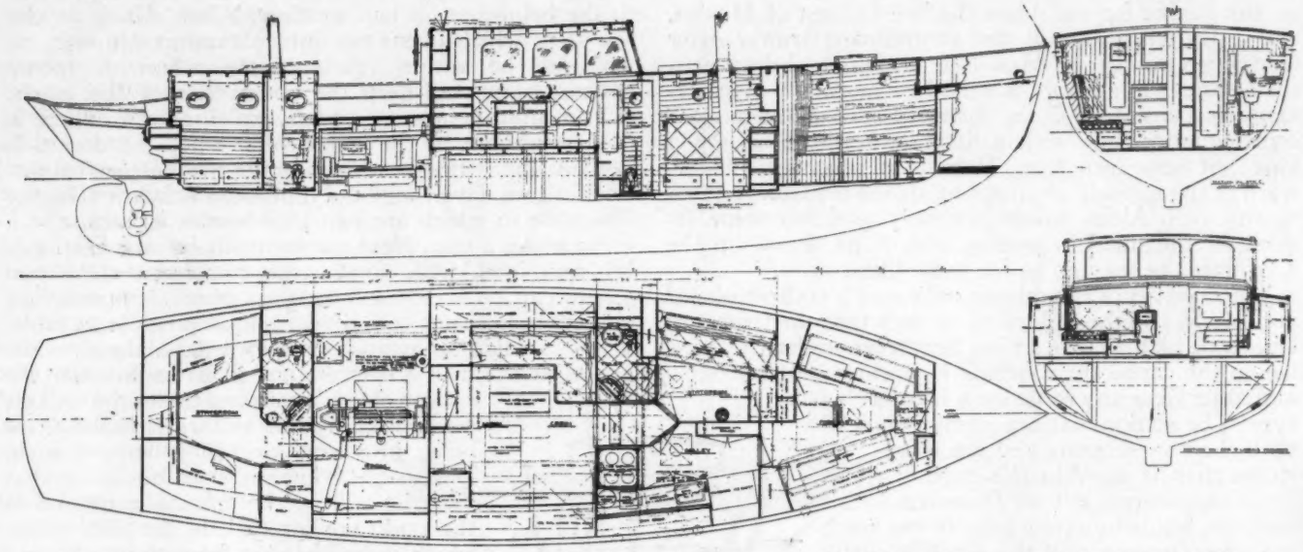


Sail plan.

THE accompanying plans show an attractive "motor ketch," or "50–50" cruiser, from the board of John G. Alden, of Boston. She was designed for Charles Tifft, of Springfield, Mass., and is nearing completion at the yard of Franklin Post, of Mystic, Conn. Her home port will be Padanaram, Mass.

The general dimensions are: l.o.a. 55′ 6″; l.w.l. 48′; beam, 14′; draft, 4′ 6″. A small centerboard is installed under the deckhouse and with the ketch rig of fair proportions she should really sail to windward when desired. The construction is very heavy throughout, and a 125 h.p. Lathrop motor is expected to give a speed under power of 10 knots. Like the majority of Alden-designed seagoing power boats, she will have a sizable iron shoe on her keel, with additional inside ballast, insuring stability and steadiness in a seaway.

The plans show the fine accommodations below deck.



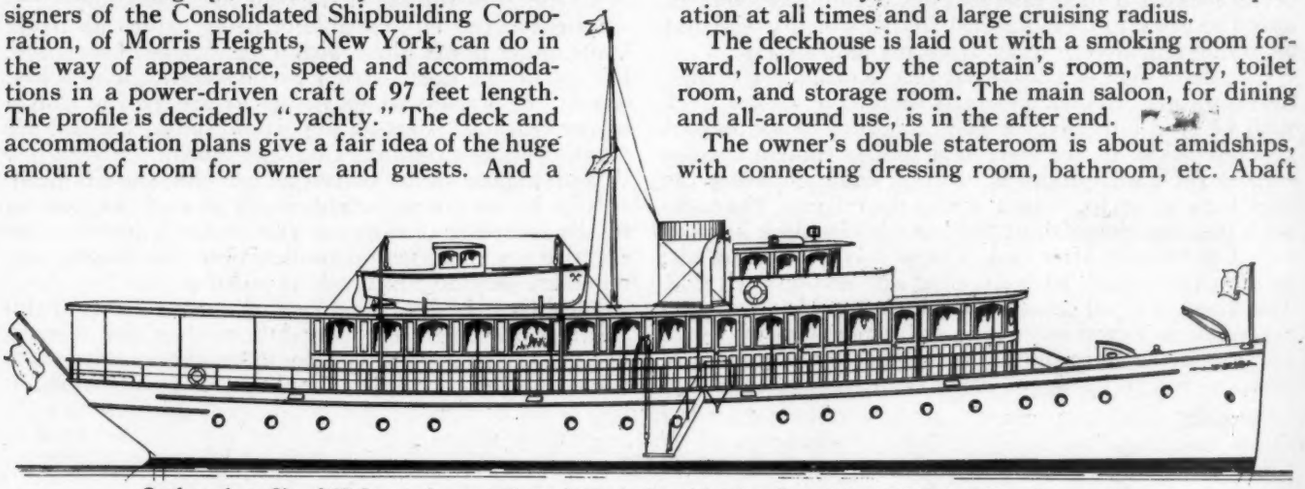
Inboard profile and interior accommodation plan of the 55-foot "motor ketch" designed by John G. Alden for Charles Tifft.

Appearance, Speed and Comfort in This 97-Footer by Consolidated

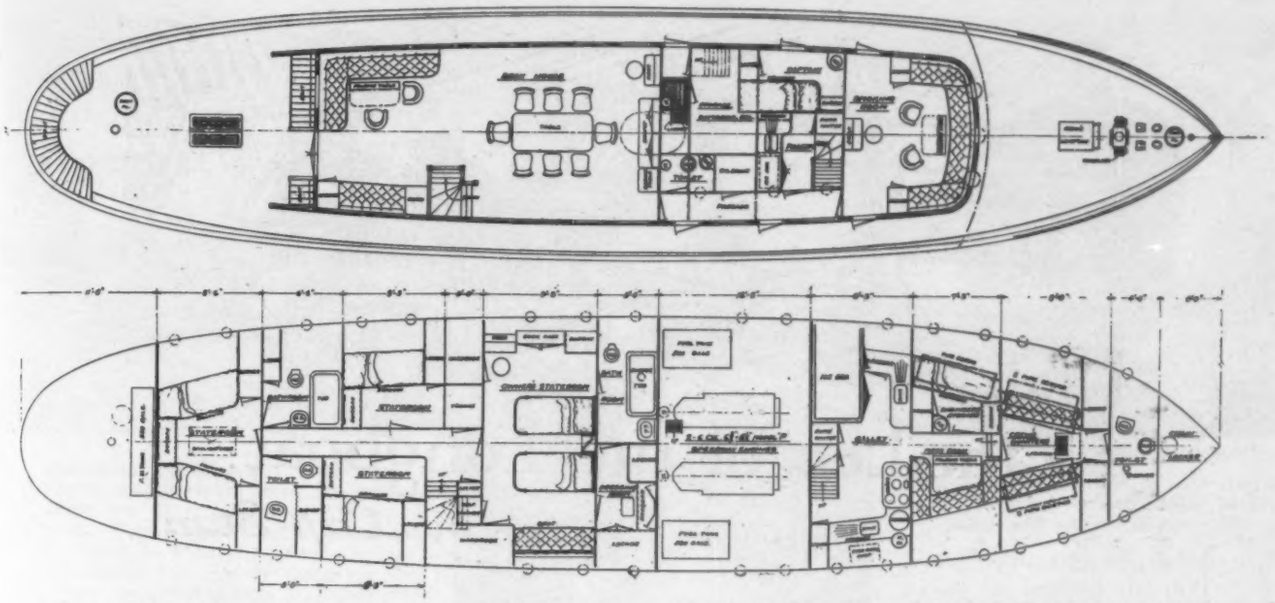
THE plans on this and the following page show in a graphic manner just what the designers of the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation, of Morris Heights, New York, can do in the way of appearance, speed and accommodations in a power-driven craft of 97 feet length. The profile is decidedly "yachty." The deck and accommodation plans give a fair idea of the huge amount of room for owner and guests. And a pair of 6-cylinder Speedway motors assure a fine performance in any fleet, combined with reliable operation at all times and a large cruising radius.

The deckhouse is laid out with a smoking room forward, followed by the captain's room, pantry, toilet room, and storage room. The main saloon, for dining and all-around use, is in the after end.

The owner's double stateroom is about amidships, with connecting dressing room, bathroom, etc. Abaft



Outboard profile of 97-foot twin screw houseboat designed by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation.



Deck and accommodation plans of the 97-foot houseboat described on this and the preceding page.

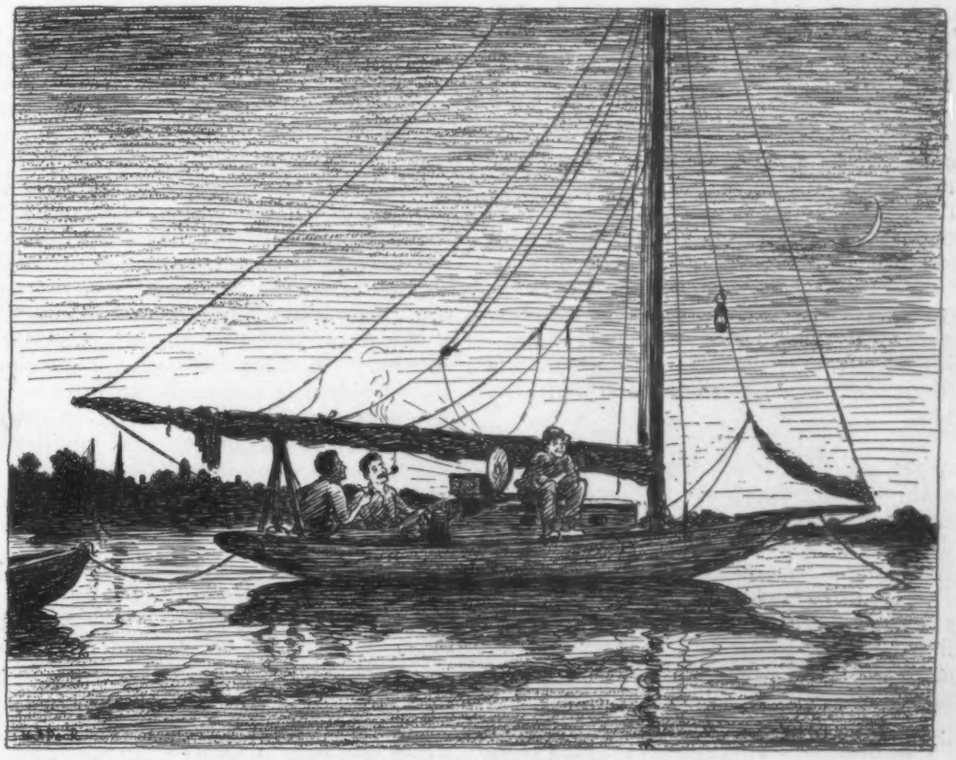
this come the guests' quarters, with a double and two single staterooms, and two bathrooms, etc. The ample galley and crew's quarters are located forward.

Cruiser Championship Set For July 27th

The Handicap Cruiser Championship of America, to be run by the joint race committees of the New York Athletic Club and the Colonial Yacht Club, is scheduled for July 27th. The race will be a double one.

In addition to the contest to determine the cruiser championship of America, under the rules of the American Power Boat Association, for which the championship trophy is the prize, the Hunt Trophy of the Colonial Yacht Club is to be offered, under past performance handicap rules.

This year challenges have been received for both trophies and a good sized fleet of power cruisers will be at the line for the two events. The first two challenges for the cruiser championship were made in proper time by Commodore John F. Bullard, of the Sheepshead Bay Yacht Club with his *Evader* and by Peter J. Downey, Jr., of the Brooklyn Power Squadron, with *Paducah*. The course for the contest will be approximately 75 miles in length, on Long Island Sound, and will end at Lloyd's Harbor.



"L-a-a-arboard watch — a-hoy!"

Under the Lee of the Longboat.

by Cap Stan

WILLIAM U. SWAN, the nautical scribe from Boston who would rather wear a red necktie than eat beans, is always brimming over with ideas and schemes for the betterment of yachting. Right now Bill is a bit peeved. The following epistle from him will explain why:

> Is it not a reflection on the nautical knowledge of the racing skippers of Long Island Sound and Marblehead, when regatta committees feel obliged to include in their racing instructions descriptions of what certain international code signals look like? Yet the circulars issued by the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, through the different clubs, and by the Eastern and Corinthian Yacht Clubs for their championship races, call attention to the fact that the code signal "G" is a yellow and blue pennant, with similar delineations of other signals used to convey intelligence at a distance. The New York Yacht Club goes farther by printing in colors the signals used in the Astor and King's Cup races.
>
> Why not extend this system of spreading information of what should be obvious facts by adopting Secretary Daniels' war-time measure and instruct all hands that "starboard" meant "right" and that "port" is "left"?
>
> Give the racing skipper credit for some intelligence, and if he has failed to memorize the 26 code flags, let him suffer. Ignorance of the law is no defense.

I shall leave it to the racing skippers to answer Brother Swan, merely remarking, in case his scheme goes through, that the ranks of the cruisers will be swelled enormously over night. And further, Bill, though I hold no brief for Secretary Daniels or his methods of handling the Navy, the terms "right" and "left" were never used to designate the port or starboard sides of a vessel, but only in the case of "right rudder" and "left rudder," which is a far simpler and better way to give commands to a helmsman than was the old method. "Larboard the hellum, you lubber!"

* * *

Don't fail to get your copy of August YACHTING, which will have the full details of what promises to be the most interesting long distance race ever run — the Gibson Island Race, which, at this writing, a week before the start, has no less than 46 genuine entrants, including *Niña*, *Pinta* and *Mohawk*, the three contestants in last year's Transatlantic Race for the Queen of Spain's Cup, which will do battle with such well-known craft as *Sachem*, *Malabar VIII*, *Teal*, *Malabar VII*, *Malay*, and others; a host of fine craft in Class B, to say nothing of Ten-Metres, N. Y. Thirties, a Class P boat, Fisher's Island sloop, and a lot of others. It certainly is going to be a whale of a race. To pick a winner is a bit beyond my limited powers. So good luck to all, and may all hands survive the reception which Gibson Island is planning.

* * *

Without a doubt, one of the most interesting series of articles to appear in YACHTING for many a moon is the story of Howard Blackburn. How Blackburn could accomplish what he did, minus his fingers and with pedal extremities none too good, is almost beyond comprehension. He surely ranks close to the top of the ranks of the single-handers, if he doesn't outclass them all. Blackburn is getting pretty well along in years, but right now is planning to build another boat, to spend his remaining years afloat, "So I won't have to walk around as much as I do on shore, as my feet are pretty bad now." There's no downing a man like that.

* * *

When two or more people start discussing the *pros* and *cons* of Diesel motors for small and moderate-sized craft, they invariably stumble and fumble when it comes to the question of cost. One man dilates upon the greatly reduced operating cost over gasoline motors, and the other promptly comes back at him and points out the higher first cost of the Diesel, and claims it more than offsets the lower operating cost. Yet neither man can quote definite figures to back up his claim, so the argument is left unsettled. Now, if you are in a similar dilemma, just get your June copy of YACHTING and turn to the article by R. W. Crowly, entitled "Choosing Between Gas Engines and Diesels." The problem is solved in an interesting, concise, and conclusive manner. Just apply Crowly's formula to your individual problem, and you'll get an immediate answer as to whether or not it will pay you to install a Diesel motor in your boat — or stick to gasoline.

* * *

As was expected, Sir Thomas's amended challenge for the America's Cup has been accepted by the New York Yacht Club, so the races will be held, in boats rating in Class J, off Newport instead of Sandy Hook. Which means that the boats will approach 85 feet on the water line, and have Marconi masts over 180 feet in length, provided such spars can be made and rigged to stand up in a breeze of over 10 knots — an interesting problem, which will tax the capabilities of our designers to the utmost.

The launching of *Migrant*, the largest American auxiliary yacht, from the Lawley yard, Neponset. Owned by Carll Tucker, of New York, *Migrant* is 223 feet in length and will be rigged as a three-masted schooner. Henry J. Gielow, Inc., are the designers, and a 950 h.p. Bessemer Diesel furnishes the power. The yacht, when completed, will be used for long ocean cruises.

Photos by M. Rosenfeld

Bow view of *Migrant* as she started down the ways. At left, Miss Marcia Tucker, who christened the yacht.

Two English Entries for Harmsworth Race

Miss Marion B. Carstairs, English challenger for the Harmsworth Trophy, now held in Detroit, will not be the sole British representative when she races in this country early in September. Scott Payne, president of the Imperial Airways, and a British sportsman are entering another boat with the hope of defeating the American defender. It is said that Mr. Payne will have the assistance and advice of Sir Henry Segrave in the construction of his entrant.

Rumor has it that Miss Carstairs' boat is as revolutionary as *Estelle II*, the challenger she brought to this country a year ago. The new hydroplane will be approximately 39 feet long and will carry three 1000-h.p. Napier-Lion engines, the greatest power ever put into a speed boat.

Gar Wood, in turn, will meet the issue with a new craft, details of which he has not yet divulged. It is expected, however, that he will defend with a boat far beyond the potentialities of his *Miss America VII*.

The Harmsworth Trophy races will be run at Detroit, August 31st and September 2nd.

While the Harmsworth trophy races are being discussed, plans are being made for the 1930 event in an effort to attract Italy, France, Germany, England and America to the course where the contest will be held.

Western Boat to Invade Eastern Waters

THE eyes of western yachtsmen will be focused on the results of the races during Larchmont Race Week and Marblehead Race Week this year. For Commodore O. K. Hunsaker, of the California Yacht Club, has completed plans for the shipment of his well-known Class R sloop *Pirate* to the eastern seaboard, where she will do battle with the best the East can produce.

Pirate will be handled by Matt J. Walsh, assisted by Commodore Hunsaker, Tommy Webster and Fox Case.

The entry of *Pirate* in eastern races marks the first time that a Western-designed and built yacht, sailed by western yachtsmen, has raced on the Atlantic Coast.

An ocean racer may be all right on the Atlantic, but she looks small when she is carried on the deck of an ocean liner. This is *Mohawk*, sailed by Dudley F. Wolfe in the race to Spain last year, being lifted aboard an Atlantic Transport liner to be shipped back to the United States. She is now owned by A. Thornton Baker, Jr., and is entered in the Gibson Island Race this year.

Mabe III, a Luders 49-fcot express cruiser owned by Dr. Norman P. Geis, of Riverside, Conn. Powered with two 6-cylinder Sterling Chevrons, she steps along at 25 m.p.h., or better.

Of Interest to the Skipper

Red Wing's Latest

KNOWN as the Warrior 30–50 h.p., the newest engine of the Red Wing Motor Co. is a ruggedly built six-cylinder machine of 3⅛-inch bore and 5-inch stroke, with a piston displacement of 230 cubic inches. It develops 30 h.p. at about 1,000 r.p.m., and up to 50 h.p. at 2,600 r.p.m. It is 55 inches length over all; the width between bolt holes is 16¼ inches; the bottom of crankcase is 5¾ inches below center line of shaft, and the height from shaft line is 17½ inches. With gray iron base and full equipment, including electric starting system, the weight is 700 lbs.; with aluminum base, 600.

The Warrior is an "L" head type, with cylinders and crankcase cast *en bloc* and with detachable heads. Crankshaft is a drop forging, 2 inches in diameter, heat treated and ground. Bearings are babbitted and extra large. Camshaft, also drop forged, is 1⅛ inches diameter and is hardened and ground. Long plain bearings support it at center and rear, and a double row, self-aligning ball bearings at the forward end. Pistons are cast from high-grade gray iron and are light weight; they are annealed and ground to close limits. Four rings are fitted. Connecting rods are "I" beam drop forgings of substantial size. On the exhaust side, special alloy steel valves are used, and 3½-inch nickel steel valves are fitted on the inlet side. Lifters have screw adjustment and are easily removable with their brackets without disturbing the camshaft.

The oil pan is of the unit base extension type and, with the reverse gear cover, may be had in either gray iron in the regular model or in salt water resisting aluminum alloy at a slightly increased cost. Exhaust manifold is water-cooled and is designed with large free passages. Lubrication is pressure feed, in addition to the circulating splash. Oil pump is of the submerged Red Wing type and Red Wing gear water pump is used. It is individually mounted, easily removed and easily packed. Regular ignition system is timer, distributor and coil. Timing gears are helical. Bosch high-tension magneto with impulse coupling may be had at a slightly increased cost, or double ignition with two sets of spark plugs.

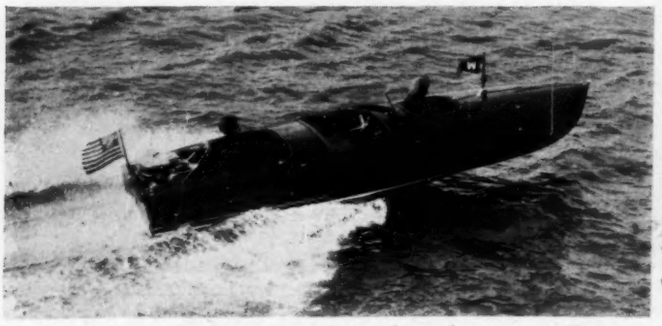
The new Warrior engine is designed for service in runabouts, medium-sized cruisers, workboats and auxiliaries. It is manufactured by a company which has had 28 years' experience in the marine field. First quantity deliveries were made in June and, with the Red Wing company's production, prompt deliveries are assured.

Ditch Crawling

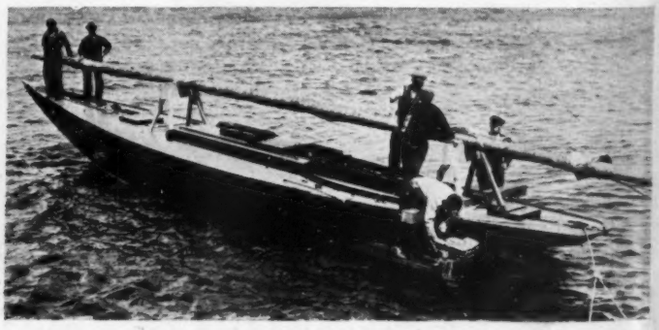
It's quite a trick to get a racing yacht from salt water to the Great Lakes in a short time. Her masts have to be unstepped, as there is only some 15' 6" headroom under the fixed bridges, and towing is expensive. When Lawrence P. Fisher of Detroit wanted to take his racer from New York to Detroit, he laid the spars on horses on deck, secured a couple of heavy timbers athwartships aft, one on deck and one under the counter, and hung a Johnson Sea Horse motor on the lower timber on each side. These shoved the yacht along at a good pace, up the Hudson and through the Barge Canal to Buffalo, whence the remainder of the voyage was to be made under sail.

The "Wason 18"

An extra foot or so in the length of a boat may make considerable difference in the comfort of the passengers; there is, apparently, a lot more room for all on board than the additional inches the dimensions show. One of the largest of the new outboard runabouts is the "Wason 18," a V-bottom boat that is 18 feet over all, 63 inches beam and 12 inches draft. She was designed by one of the foremost naval architects, and



The Wason 18-foot V-bottom outboard runabout, a snappy little craft.



The 8-metre sloop *Margaret F. IV* on her way to Detroit, powered by two Johnson Sea Horse motors.

The *Curlew*, a 35-foot deluxe runabout designed and built for Horace Gallatin, New York, by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corp. Two 170 h.p. Speedways give 26 m.p.h.

is built by the J. G. Brill Co. in its Springfield, Mass., plant. Distribution is cared for by a.c.f., either from New York, Detroit or San Francisco.

Topsides, deck, seats and transom are of African mahogany, and fittings and furnishings are of the best. The "Wason 18" has a forward cockpit for one, and two other cockpits which seat three each. The deep well aft takes any standard motor up to those of the largest power. Top speed is from 25 to 30 m.p.h., depending upon the power plant installed.

Going Some!

Shipment has just been made by Gar Wood, Inc., from Algonac, Mich., of what

A 28-foot single-step hydroplane built by Gar Wood, Inc., for a Spanish sportsman. Speed, 65 miles.

is one of the fastest pleasure boats ever built in this country. She was built for Señor Don Carlos de Beistegui, a wealthy Spanish sportsman residing in Paris, who has entered her in the international races to be held at Venice this summer. She is a 28-foot single-step hydroplane, powered with a 425-h.p. Gar Wood marine engine. In her time trials, it is stated, she attained a speed of better than 65 miles an hour. She carries six passengers in comfort. There are two cockpits, one aft for the driver and mechanic, and the other, which seats four, just forward of amidships.

For Quick Heat

There are plenty of times when the yachtsman wants hot water or wishes to make a cup of coffee for a quick "mug up," or to mix some solution and does not want to go to the trouble of lighting the stove in the galley. Or it may be that he is making a night run and does not wish to disturb the watch below by going forward into the galley. What a convenient thing it would be to have a little portable stove, one that folds up into practically nothing at all, and have it handy alongside of the chart table. Then, in the dismal hours of the mid-watch, one man can slip below and heat coffee for the watch on deck. Just tuck a Sterno folding stove and a few cans of Sterno "Canned Heat" aboard and see how handy they are!

Ready for the Rush

Last fall, after its new engines had been thoroughly tested in service, Caille Motor Co. made its plans to meet the great demand for its motors that has been felt this spring. The factory worked long and hard and built up a stock of engines, so that prompt shipments could be made when the rush buying season began. The wisdom of this course has been proved, as every order is being filled immediately.

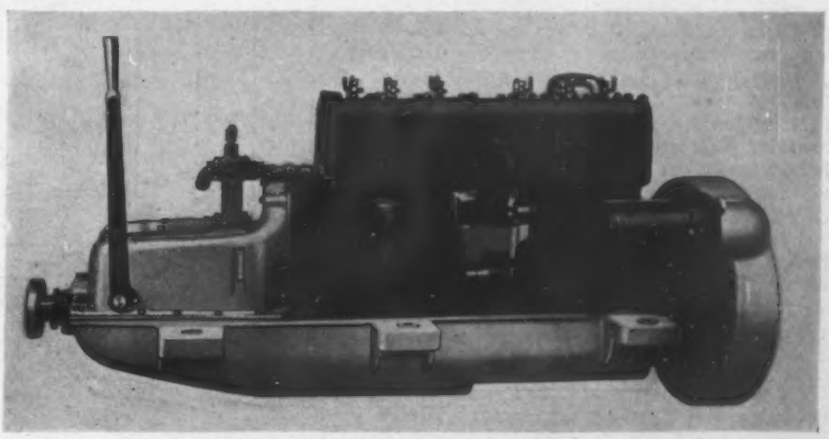
Caille models "32" and "42" are now provided with underwater exhaust as optional equipment, without extra charge. These up-to-date machines have many other features that will appeal to the yachtsman.

Service for Boatmen

At 153rd Street and the Hudson River, New York City, there has been established a combined showroom and service station which is said to be the only one on Manhattan Island. There the Fleetwing Yacht Shipbuilding Corporation is located in a main building, with 6,500 square feet of floor space. Boats ranging from the Dee Wite outboard to a 75-foot Diesel yacht are exhibited. The yard has two marine railways and storage space for winter lay-up. The corporation, of which Frank V. Borick is president and Theodore W. Brigham vice-president, designs and builds the Fleetwing fleet. The yard is accessible for motor cars via 158th Street and for pedestrians via the foot bridges at 151st or 156th Street.

Penn Yan's Latest

Boatmen want larger boats, at least that seems to be the trend among the users of outboards this year. To meet the demand for a larger boat of the runabout type, the Penn Yan Boat Co. has brought out the Goliath, a 17′ 6″ boat of 60″ beam, designed to take motors of classes C, D and E. The boat will plane well and make good speed with eight aboard.



The new Red Wing Warrior 6-cylinder, 30-50 h.p. motor.

Comment From Our Readers

An Efficient Shoal Draft Boat Without a Board

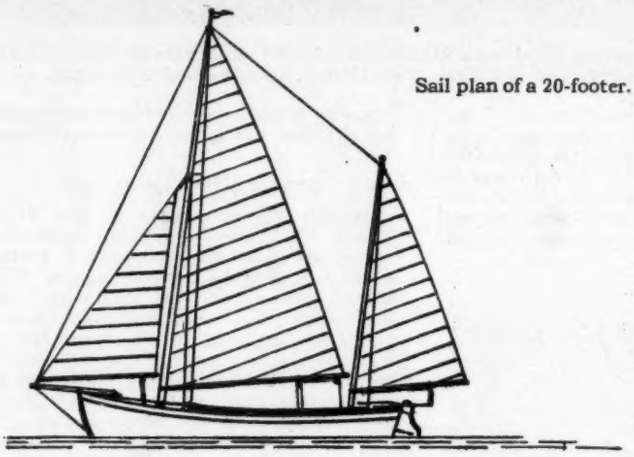
Editor, YACHTING:

I AM an old reader of YACHTING, and see in a recent number that you are at the head of a committee to find a suitable centerboard boat rule. Now there is only one way to make a good centerboard trunk, and that is to make a very careful job without too much play and well braced. Well done, this is a very expensive job.

Now, in several parts of the world I have seen fairly shallow boats that go to windward like a charm without centerboard. As far as I know they have never been used in yachting. I enclose a little sketch of such a boat, set down after some study of the subject. I think such a boat would be worth trying and I proceed to enumerate the advantages of this construction.

In this boat it does not matter much where the center of effort of sail is located; as long as it falls *inside* the l.w.l. length the boat will sail and have a weather helm. Therefore, in a blow you can take in any of the sails and the boat will balance.

The lateral resistance is produced by two planes, one of them the deep rudder, the other the deep bow and keel. The bow



Sail plan of a 20-footer.

being shaped like a wedge, including keel which tapers from section 5 to section 1, makes a very good lateral resistance which *increases* as the boat goes faster, while the resistance of a centerboard rather decreases as the water gets rougher. The 20-foot boat in the sketch draws 2 feet forward, and the rudder 3 feet 4 inches. This latter could be decreased, although, of course, the deeper the better. A boat like this, if well designed, is likely to be faster than a cat, especially in choppy waters. She will turn head to wind in an emergency, and stay there. If caught on a sandbank, the ballast is moved aft, when she floats in little more than one foot of water. The rudder, of course, can be lifted out.

Naturally, some care must be taken in setting up the keel, and it must be well fastened with through bolts. Also, the rudder pintles and hinges must be very strong. Otherwise this boat is very easy to build, as you can best judge by looking at the diagonals. And as I have already stated, there is none as handy for experimenting with different rigs, as it does not matter where the center of effort falls.

I should like very much to see this kind of boat built. It would probably be worth while trying, and in some localities it may be just what is needed. At least, that is my idea, and the more I study the subject, the more enthusiastic I feel. P. M. ANKER.

Palmdale, Cal.

YACHTING readers will remember Frederic Fenger's Dhow type of hull published some months ago. As this boat had some points of similarity with this one of Anker's, Fenger's remarks concerning the latter should prove of interest.

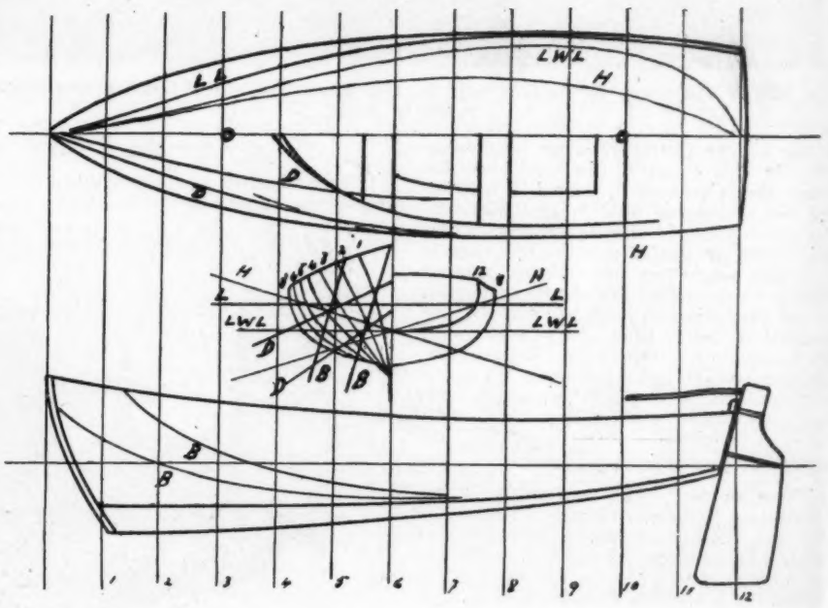
"Mr. Anker's hull is very like in form to that of the well-known coble, the rudder being somewhat exaggerated in area and perhaps in depth. Personally, of course, I know nothing of the coble. But I have heard something of it, from various sources, and it is always said to be fast and able and especially good to windward. There was an article, within the last year or so, on this type in the *Yachting Monthly*, and the lines of two local types were shown.

"I am quite convinced that Anker's boat will do everything that he claims for her. The only possible 'out' would be that she might horse at her mooring, though this probably would be obviated, in whole or in part, by keeping the rudder shipped and becketing the tiller.

"When Mr. Anker says that the wedge-shaped bow, including the keel, whose greatest area lies between section 1 and 5, makes a very good lateral resistance which *increases* as the boat goes faster, he has made a statement which should provoke considerable study among our yacht designers. I believe I made a similar statement in my 'Dhow' article. And, by the way, we have learned that the Dutchmen, in sailing their leeboard craft, haul up the leeboard, bit by bit, as the wind breezes up, thus reducing the area of lateral resistance while *retaining* its effectiveness. In this respect, the leeboard, which is canted outward below the water, differs in action from the centerboard. Also, toward its lower extremity, it probably moves in less disturbed water, and so is comparable, in a measure, to the deep forefoot effect of the coble and my 'Dhow' type.

"The resemblance between my 'Dhow' type, and the true dhow, also the coble and Mr. Anker's hull, stops with the outline of the lateral plane. I have gone a step further in that I have also moved my center of buoyancy forward. In fact, this was the first step, and the resultant deep forefooted outline followed as a natural consequence. I regret that I have not been able to conclude my experiments with this type sooner, but the delay has been beyond my control. In windward work, I believe that I have reduced what I call 'the conflict of centers' from a normal lead of three per cent for the corresponding type of offshore hull, to one per cent. But I want to make a careful check on this before I go further."

Lines of 20-foot shoal draft hull designed to sail without a centerboard, lateral resistance being obtained from the deep forefoot and the rudder.

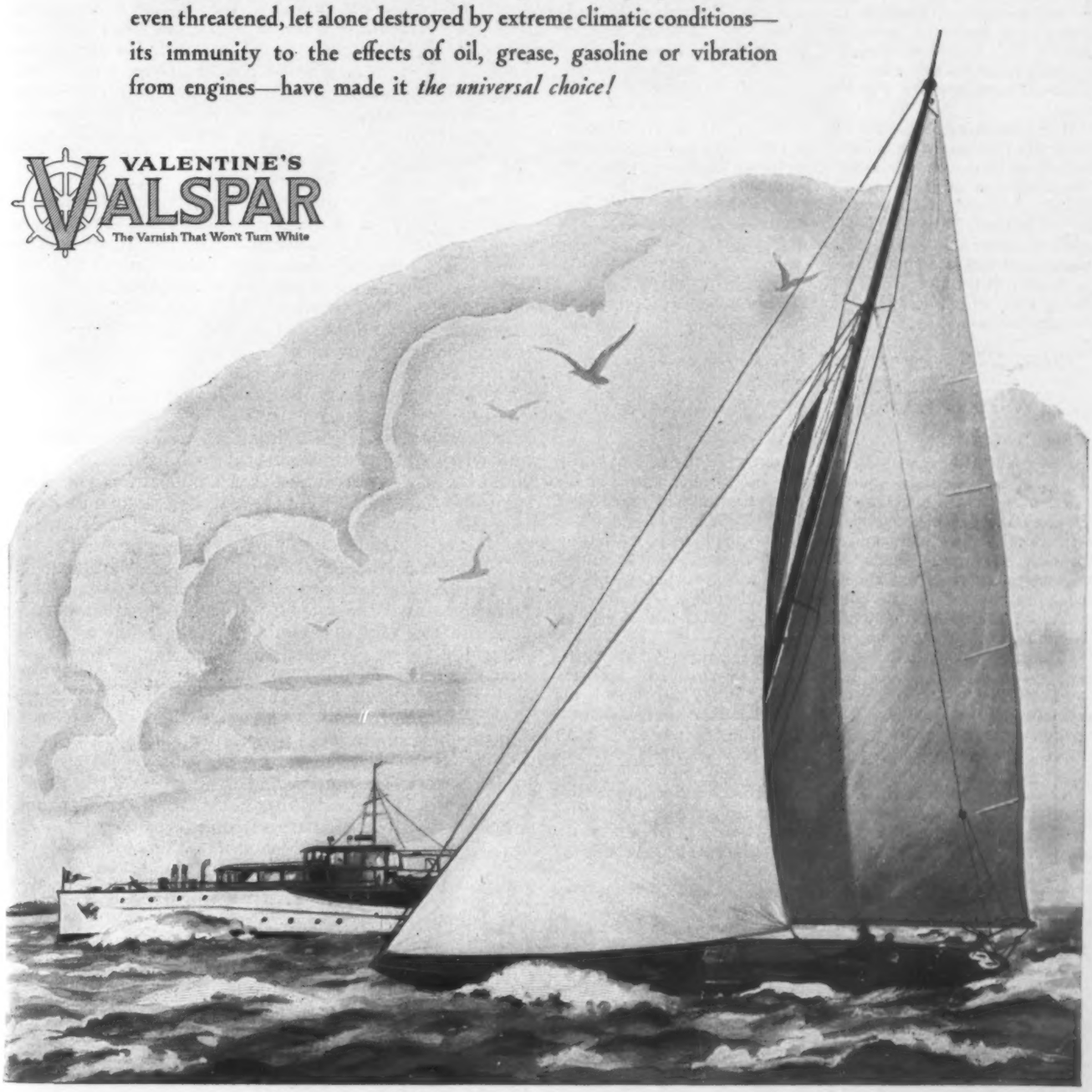


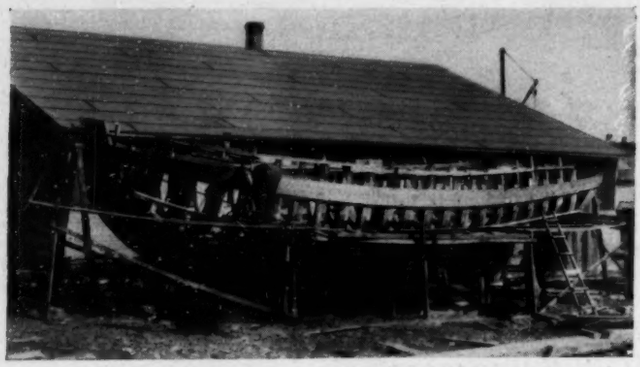
With *a bone in her teeth!*

Neptune's Horses prance across her deck. She shakes them off, only to expose her surface to a blistering summer sun. Again and again she bites into the white caps. And again and again she smiles her defiance at Old Sol. For these two scuttlers of ordinary finishes can not mar *her* beauty. *She is* VALSPARRED.

Yachtsmen and builders of fine craft all over the world know that a Valspar Finish needs no water wings nor sun glasses. They are convinced that Valspar is there—active, participating, *essential!* Valspar's smooth, lustrous beauty—its protective properties never even threatened, let alone destroyed by extreme climatic conditions—its immunity to the effects of oil, grease, gasoline or vibration from engines—have made it *the universal choice!*

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White





A new *Spray*, following the original lines, building at Oxford, Md., for R. M. Culler, M.D.

Another *Spray* Building

To the Editor

DEAR SIR:

IN connection with the subject contained in a letter from Victor Slocum published in YACHTING for December, 1928, I wish to announce that a replica of the *Spray* is being built at Oxford, Md., from lines drawn by Victor Slocum himself, taken not only from *Sailing Alone Around the World*, but from actual personal knowledge of the boat probably possessed by him alone.

If the ketch-rigged power boat built for Mr. A. H. Shaw in Australia can justly be called "the ghost of the *Spray*," then indeed our boat is the veritable *Spray* arisen again out of the sea. The deck and accommodation plans were made by my son, Robert D. Culler, and the construction plan by Alonzo R. Conley, of Oxford, Md., who is also the builder. Construction was started about October 1, 1928, and the boat is now completely in frame, and will be planked by summer. So far the construction is entirely of the best white oak and is very heavy and strong, being a fine example of the builder's habit of constructing stout wooden ships.

R. M. CULLER, M.D.

Oxford, Md.

Why Do They Never Come Back?

Editor, YACHTING:

MONTH after month I read YACHTING from cover to cover — every article — every story — every advertisement — particularly the advertisements. I have purchased everything from a Barnegat Sneakbox to the *Aloha*, including a hermaphrodite motor sailer — and equipped them with Diesels, feathering propellers, binnacle heads, bilge syphons and monogrammed cigarettes. I have sailed the seven seas with your hairy-chested contributors and now I want to ask a question.

Why do all these blue water sailors go places and so seldom return?

Take the last Transatlantic Race, for example. All the newspapers covered the race in detail. YACHTING had splendid stories about it. Then what happened? When did these boats return, if ever? And how? Who ever read of any navigating experiences of the yachts coming *back* from Bermuda? Doesn't anything ever happen of sailing interest on a return trip? The Brothers Cooke of Branford fame — are they still in England? Did they skuttle the *Bells*, or ship her back parcel post? How many times we have been from Nantucket Light to the Lizard — but we can't recall of ever coming home. Isn't it the truth?

HOWARD C. WILSON.

Cruising in a Nineteen-foot Catboat

(*Continued from page 40*)

something and our bow came around into the wind, and the next moment we were afloat in deep water — just like that. We started up the engine and went over to the dock, making fast to a Portuguese boat named the *Good Jesus*.

"Ain't no use tryin' to hold on in that eel-grass," we were told; "should a come over here last night."

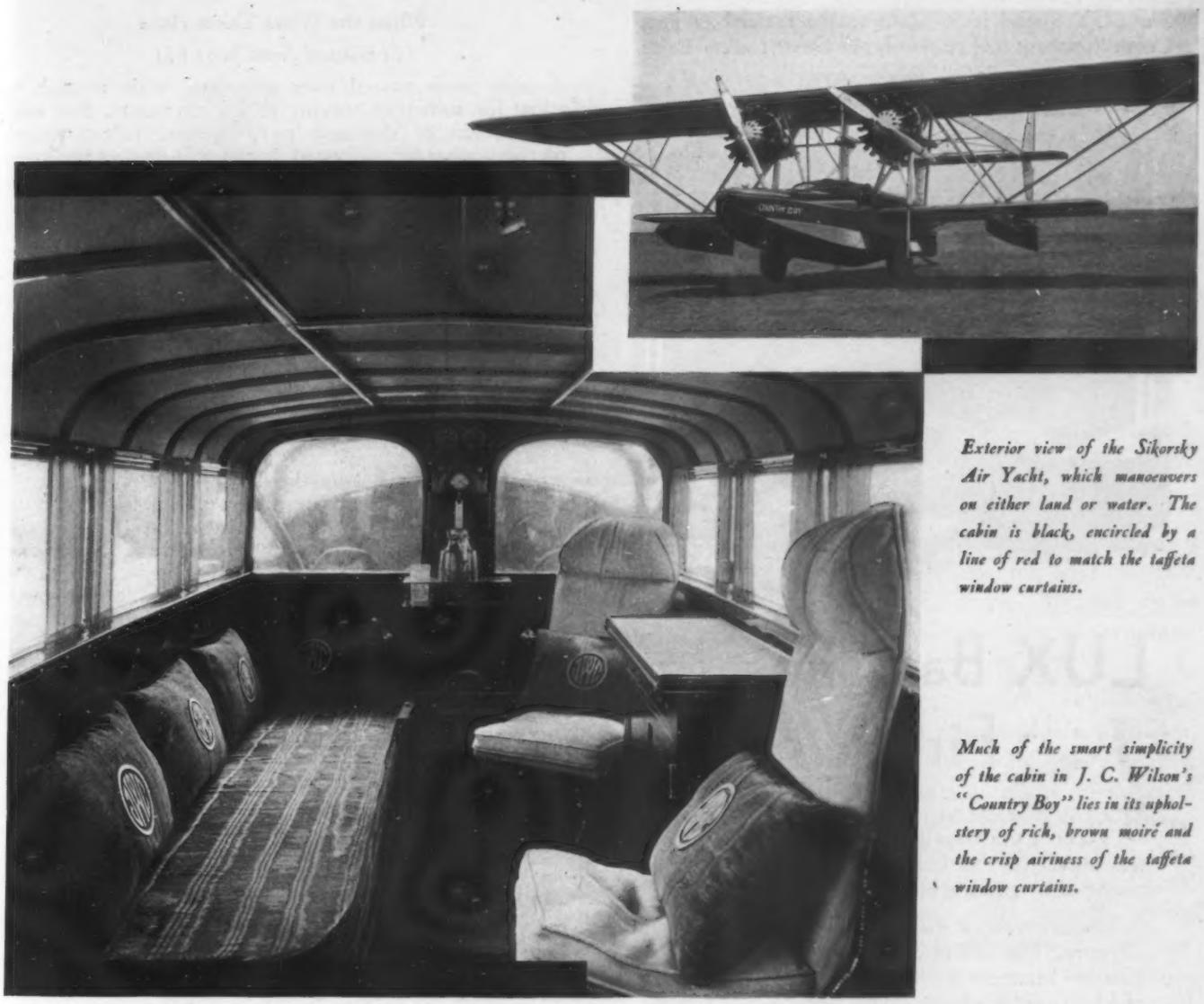
We turned in again, and didn't we sleep! In my dreams we were sailing to leeward of Rikers Island, that spot in the East River where they burn garbage, day and night. Gradually I became conscious. "Smells like rubber insulation on a hot exhaust pipe" was my subconscious thought. I leaped out and made a dash for the fire extinguisher, only to perceive our friend Roger peering down the hatch, with his pipe in his mouth.

Roger was very attentive that day. He told us just why it was that everything we did was wrong, and that if we followed his suggestion it would be all right. He thought it advisable to take the mast out of the boat and install a much larger engine. "Ain't no use pokin' along under sail nowadays when you can get there twice as fast with a good power plant," he said. He also introduced some new cuss-word combinations and blends that were exceedingly rhythmical and musical if one was not too shocked by them. His swearing was not vulgar profanity — more an easy-flowing dialect with ascending cadences, indicating the superlatives.

As usual when the wind eased a bit, the fog started to roll in. So it was not till our fifth day in Cuttyhunk that we began to think of getting underway. Even then, as we started out under power at 5 A.M., it was so thick we could not see 50 feet ahead, but we felt sure the rising sun would soon burn it off. We lost sight of land when we were 50 feet off the jetty and proceeded on a compass course for the spar buoys marking the westerly entrance. Presently my heart leaped to my throat as I saw high in the air to starboard a most peculiar dark greenish cloud. It is only that which lies in the realm of the unknown that can give one such a sensation. I was racking my brain and straining my eyes trying to make out what this most unnatural looking floating mass could be. It was not smoke, it was almost too solid looking to be a cloud, and yet there it was at such an elevation that I had to duck my head under the boom to see the top of it. It began to look strangely familiar.

"There's a stone wall on it," said the shipmate. All my fancies were brought to earth. It was Penekese Island showing above the low-lying fog. Looking to port we saw the top of Cuttyhunk emerging from its mystic shroud of vapor, revealing the Coast Guard shack and a house perched on a seemingly floating island. What a sight! At sea level the visibility was about 30 feet or less, while ten feet up the crisp clearness of early morning sunshine made these two fantasies stand out in sharp reality. The bright greens and yellows, dotted with patches of white daisies and striped with the gray of stone walls, made a striking contrast to the soft indefiniteness of our immediate surroundings.

(*To be continued*)



Exterior view of the Sikorsky Air Yacht, which manoeuvers on either land or water. The cabin is black, encircled by a line of red to match the taffeta window curtains.

Much of the smart simplicity of the cabin in J. C. Wilson's "Country Boy" lies in its upholstery of rich, brown moiré and the crisp airiness of the taffeta window curtains.

SMART FABRICS
answer the call of the air

UPWARD! In a plane of your own . . . swift as the wind —free as a bird in its flight. Today there are hundreds of these private planes with cabins as luxurious as a yacht's. Many of them smartly decorated throughout with Schumacher fabrics.

Here we show "Country Boy," J. C. Wilson's Sikorsky Air Yacht—decorated with Schumacher fabrics. The ceiling is soft, mouse colored Du Pont Fabrikoid. The couch and pillows, rich brown moiré bearing the owner's monogram which adds a personal touch to the ensemble. Window curtains of rouge indien taffeta introduce a colorful note. The top of the cabin is covered with plain, heavy grain Fabrikoid.

Schumacher presents a wide selection of fabrics especially suitable and practical for airplane interiors. Smartly simple in design, and of a superb quality that fits them for intensive service.

Once again—they illustrate the stimulating variety to be found in Schumacher collections which include fabrics for every decorative purpose. Modern designs by the best contemporary artists side by side with reproductions and adaptations from the past.

F. Schumacher & Co., Dept. S-7, 60 West 40th Street, New York, Importers, Manufacturers and Distributors to the trade only. Offices also in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Grand Rapids and Detroit.

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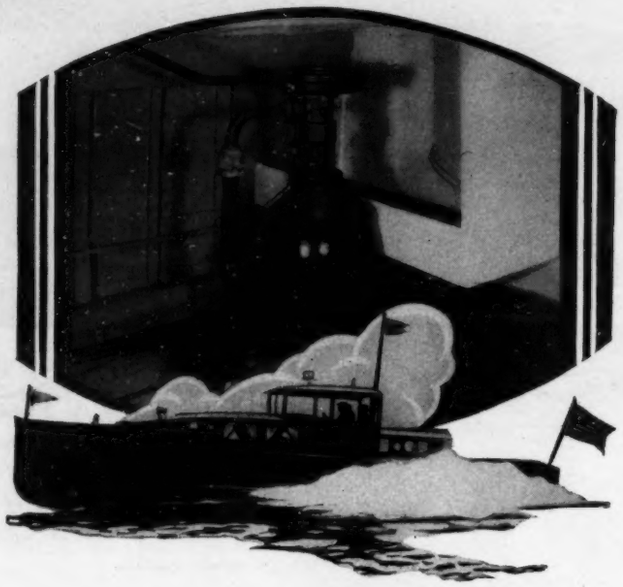
The LUX System is Standard on the Luders' 42 Foot Cabin Runabout and on nearly All Other Luders' Boats.



LUX Banishes Fire Worries

THERE is really no need to spoil the pleasure of yachting with thoughts of fire. For a LUX System, installed in your boat, extinguishes even the most raging oil or gasoline blaze in a few seconds.

The principle of the LUX System is simple and effective. The pull of a handle in the control box instantly smothers the fire with a blanketing cloud of LUX gas. Anybody—even a child—can operate it. And because it discharges through fixed outlets, LUX is effective against all fires, small or large, even after an explosion.

LUX has *proved* its effectiveness. It is now used on over 900 yachts and has extinguished more than 110 fires at sea.

LUX Systems for yachts may be had for as little as $55.

For further information simply clip the bottom of this advertisement and mail with your letterhead.

Walter Kidde & Company, Inc.
140 Cedar Street
New York

LUX

Fire Extinguishing System

LABELED BY UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES

When the Wind Takes Hold

(*Continued from page 61*)

shrouds were passed over spreaders wide enough to allow for sufficient staying of the topmasts. But with the advent of the new rigs, our old rule-of-thumb methods went by the board. In many instances the lower shrouds were brought up too high to prevent a very considerable lateral displacement of the mast at this point, while the upper shrouds, rising over too wide spreaders, performed their work so well that the presumably weakest portion of the mast was held comparatively vertical while that portion below it was thrown into an "S" curve.

As we cannot prevent a certain amount of bending, we had best confine it to a single curve. No doubt our simplest method of solution will be to go back to first principles and consider our masts as tapered beams, fixed at one end and having a certain allowable flexure. The relation between the lower and upper shrouds would then be ruled by the flexure allowed in order to keep the mast in a uniform curve. The lower shrouds would then be landed at that point where the deflection can be kept within its allowable limit, by the use of comparatively heavy stuff having only a small amount of stretch and working through a reasonable angle with the mast. The upper shrouds would be landed at some distance below the truck — nothing new in this — and sufficient stretch allowed over the spreaders to permit the upper portion of the mast to follow its prescribed curve. Mr. Liljegren has already discussed this point very ably, and my suggestion is that, for offshore vessels, we may lean a little more in the direction of the unsupported mast having a fair amount of inherent strength.

In conclusion, I wish to say that my purpose has not been to further the merits of the "main trysail" rig, for it will survive or languish on its own, but rather to show in diagrammatic form what may very well happen to all of our fore-and-aft sails, the new sail included, when the wind takes hold. In some future article, when I am prepared to discuss my findings as to the "Dhow" type of hull, I hope to go into the matter of the stresses and proportions of the new rig, as I have been shaking it down during the course of the model trials.

From "Just Sailing" to Racing

(*Continued from page 63*)

Not only was the sailing good at Charlevoix, but Little Travers Bay yachtsmen had a fine season.

One of the most exciting sailing events of the year was the occasion when the Charlevoix yachtsmen accepted the challenge of the Little Travers Bay Yacht Club to bring up a team of "Sixes" to sail against their "R's." The visiting team had grave doubts about its chances for victory, knowing that the home team had learned that racing is a most important part of good sailing many years before Charlevoix had recovered from motor boat phobia. The visitors also knew that Little Travers Bay is as puffy and treacherous a body of water as can be found anywhere. It lived up to its reputation during the race, the wind changing from a good breeze, to a calm, to a gale. The "Sixes," however, proved too much for the "R's." *Firefly*, very prettily sailed, finished first, *Coleen*, of Little Travers, at her heels, *Dauphin*, a boat's length behind, while *Sandpiper* was fourth. By the time the visitors started on their 20-mile trip for home the gale had risen to such a height that after an hour's struggling in the sea with whipping spars and snapping stays, the boats were forced to put back to port under their jibs.

Races of this kind make sailing immortal. Enthusiasm

". . . THAT'S CECIL BARNES IN HIS NEW SIKORSKY"

" . . . Amusing career, Barnes. Married millions. Then lost his wife to that Argentine polo player. Cleaned up in radio and coppers and now he's retired at thirty-three."

" . . . That's a great trip he's on now. Just left Oyster Bay with the Reynolds, they'll stop at Rye for the Cheevers, then fly up the coast to Newport for the races —then on to Bar Harbor, St. Andrews, a week's camping near Five Islands, then over to the Thousand Islands and back here for August.—Fine plane he's flying —nine passenger, two engines, operates from land or water, special fittings. Barnes was lucky to get it. I understand one has to wait for months, now, for delivery on new orders—but I'm told the Sikorsky's about the finest all 'round plane there is . . . "

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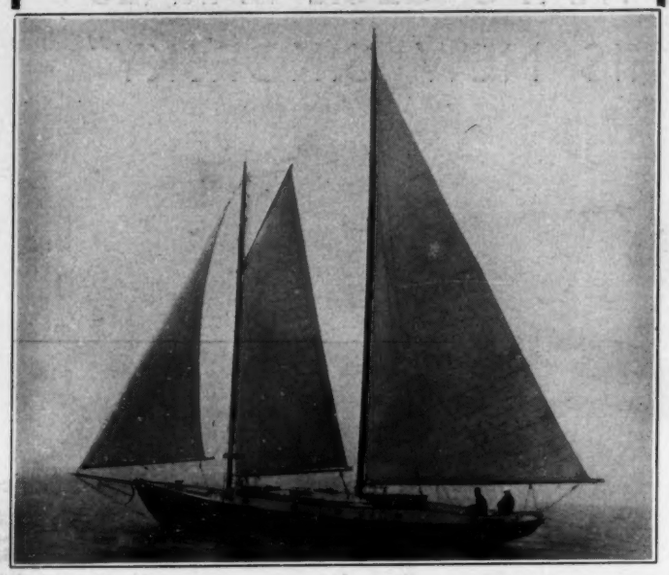
A CENTERBOARD SCHOONER FOR JULY DELIVERY



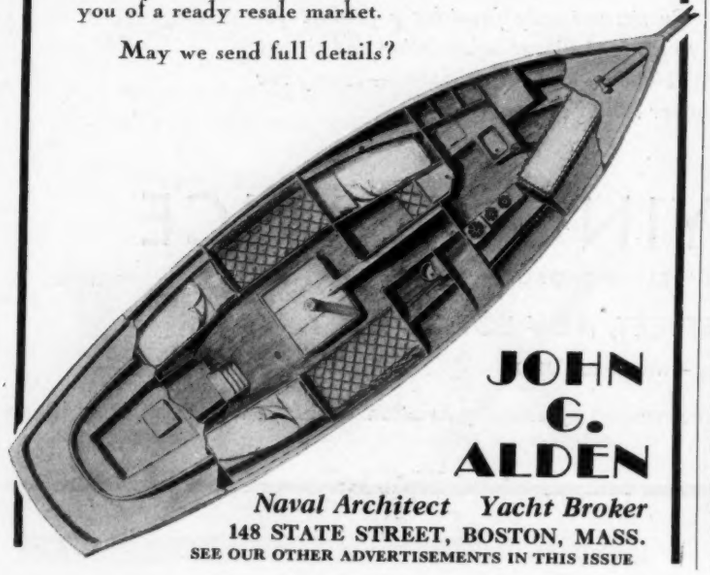
"SHE HAS PROVED TO BE VERY ABLE UNDER ALL CONDITIONS"

We quote above an extract from an enthusiastic owner of one of these 43′ overall Alden-designed centerboard schooners.

Several of these boats have been built and all owners are enthusiastic, and why? Because they have proved as able as a similar-sized keel boat, with the advantage of the shallow draft of 4′ 2″. Because under sail, they can be handled by one man alone, point well, are smart and fast. Because, due to the generous beam of 12′, they are very roomy and comfortable below decks. Because they are an ideal small cruiser for both deep and shallow waters.

We have one now under construction for delivery in July. Its proven qualities will assure you of an attractive yacht investment and the demand will assure you of a ready resale market.

May we send full details?



JOHN G. ALDEN

Naval Architect Yacht Broker

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for it can never die out or even waver when you have skinned your knuckles trying to take up your backstays faster than the other fellow, or have brought your half-swamped ship safely home in the teeth of a gale. The whistle of wind in the rigging is enslaving to real lovers of sailing; but add racing to this, and there is a combination which has an element of permanency. As soon as other Northern Michigan ports realize the necessity of adding racing to "just sailing," in order to produce unflagging zeal, our waters may be able to rival the sail-spotted Sound. With the ice broken by two clubs, the day may soon come when the whole horizon is obscured by sails.

Fastnet Hazards

(*Continued from page 48*)

farther out a breathless immobility watches the waters like a mocking serenity. Weymouth Bay, Lyme Bay, Start Bay, Falmouth Bay, and many others help one to cheat a foul tide in the offing, and sometimes to turn it to one's own purpose.

A true westerly blow demands, perhaps, the most difficult of all decisions, for the large expanses of comparatively sheltered waters under the lee of protecting headlands along the coast are difficult to resist. And decision depends mainly upon the type of boat, and upon various psychological factors every skipper should have at his finger tips. Fair winds, of course, speak for themselves — if they hold. One has only to rule a line from St. Catherine's Point to the Lizard in theory, though sudden hazards have a triumphant way of shattering tranquility of mind.

The passage between Land's End and the Scillies can be difficult in a southwesterly blow. There are one or two shallow spots over which the sea breaks dangerously. In 1927, *Tally Ho* and *La Goleta* — the only two ships that finished — found the passage too dangerous to attempt, and waited — *Tally Ho* anchoring off Newlyn, and *La Goleta* heaving-to. There is no doubt their decision was right. Whether or not it might have been possible to round the Scillies to seaward is an interesting speculation. It adds to the distance, but it is worth keeping in mind as a desperate resort. But in these circumstances only the fittest survive, and there comes a time when the exigencies of the race fade before the needs of an exhausted, gallant crew.

Once in open waters, new anxieties appear. If a southwesterly wind has been blowing for any length of time, there is often a comparatively heavy northerly drift between Land's End and the Fastnet. In last year's race we were set seven miles north of our dead reckoning in ten hours, after allowing for tide and leeway. Bad navigation, perhaps. Granted. But the navigator still swears he had allowed for all the known factors; and he puts it down to an act of God. Surface drift is, however, a truer explanation.

Sometimes westerly winds have a habit of veering in the afternoon and evening, and again a head wind off Land's End will often free you as you make westerly departure. These conflicting phenomena can engender a state of mind that makes confusion worse confounded. And even Plymouth, itself, can lose your precious minutes. Perhaps everything becomes fogged after four or five strenuous days of ocean racing; but at night the harbor looms large in a blaze of bewildering light. The flashes of channel buoys merge, somehow, into an amorphous glare — and are lost. One tears on — half-blinded, and trusting to chance. Drake's Island rises on the port beam; one hauls to the westward, shaves past mooring buoys, continues until high-lying land seems

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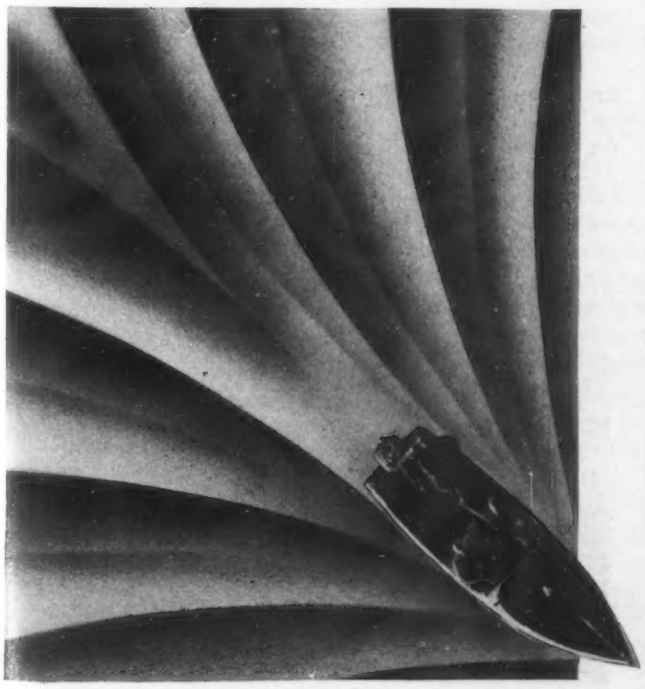
CAST OFF!

A shove and you're away to another world — far from the noises that hum on shore; away from the dust of the road. That's the outboard motor, always there and ready to head out where fancies dream, blue waters ripple by and white clouds drift above. Every turn of the screw is a tribute to aluminum, for it is to aluminum and its strong alloys that the outboard motor owes its existence. Nothing else has produced such an ideal combination of lightness, ruggedness, convenience, power and portability. LYNITE 195 heat-treated aluminum casting alloys are especially popular with engineers and manufacturers because of their unusual toughness and strength coupled with their exceptional resistance to shock and salt water corrosion. If you want a motor that will really stand up under hard usage and high speeds, then make sure that the pistons, forgings and heat-treated castings are made of LYNITE.



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WORLD NEWS STORIES OF THE KOHLER ELECTRIC PLANT— No. 4

"How come the Palace is ALL LIT UP?"

DANBURY wanted to know. The whole city and a dozen other towns in southwestern Connecticut were black as a pocket that night last March when a clinging snow grounded the current and put the electric lines out of action.

Danbury wanted to know how it happened that, with every other business in town hustling for candles in hope of salvaging some crumbs of Saturday night's bustling patronage, the Palace Theatre was blazing with electric light—hanging out the S. R. O. sign—while rivals ground their teeth.

The explanation proved to be a simple one. The Palace had two 10-K.W. Kohler Electric Plants, installed in readiness to "cut in" automatically the moment the city current failed. Ready they were—and all that Saturday night the Palace owned the town.

Light and power for yachts

Incidents like this, reflecting the utter reliability of Kohler Electric Plants, show why these machines are the usual choice of those who want the best electricity, for emergency or everyday service.

Yachtsmen use Kohler Electric Plants to generate "city" electricity—110-volt current, no storage batteries—for light and power for standard motors and appliances. Some models operate battery systems. Others supply 110-volt current direct from the generator and 32-volt current from batteries. Mail the coupon for complete data.

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to overtop the masthead — and one wonders if the ship is entering, perchance, the gates of Avernus. Then the gun fires; the race is over; skill, tenacity, and courage have come into their own, or a far-flung hazard has triumphed or betrayed. It does not much matter. The game has been great, and more than worth the effort. And that, after all, is the main criterion.

A Hylam Junk

(*Continued from page 64*)

work. Two of the anchors were of heavy wood with single flukes, the rest being of iron of the usual Chinese pattern and all worked from the cross beam at the stem

The rudder of a Hylam Junk is a queer and ingenious affair.

head. The standing rigging is wire, set up with deadeyes and lanyards, the rigging gear being of coir rope, as are also the anchor cables.

The rudder is a huge structure, lifted and lowered by a windlass, and kept in a fore and aft position by chains which pass up the trunk and are belayed to bollards on the main deck. The diamond-shaped openings in the blade of the rudder are supposed to increase friction and therefore add to its efficiency. The tiller is controlled by blocks and ropes, and the crew told me the vessel was very sensitive when the rudder was lowered to deep sea level.

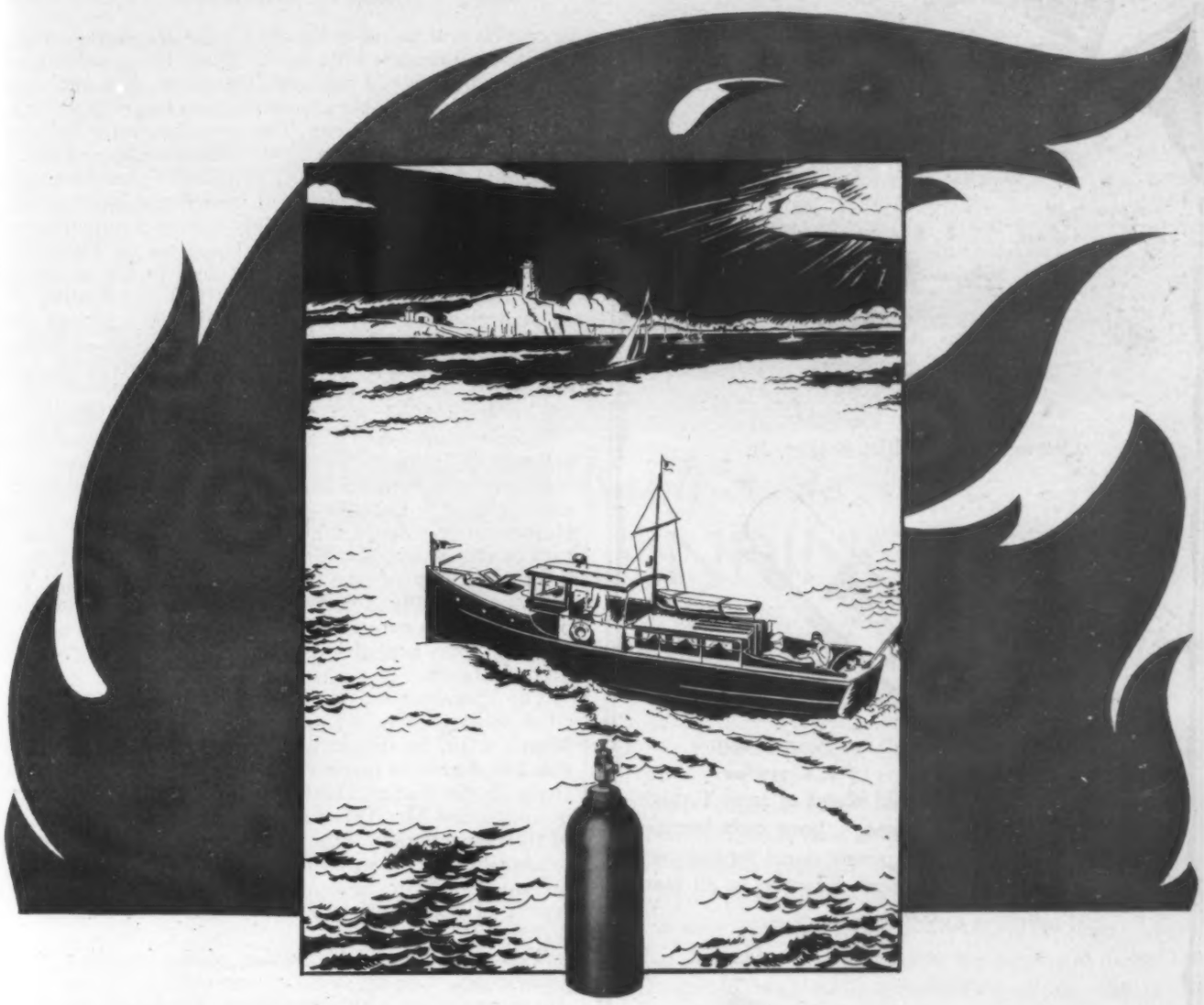
Taking her all round, this junk is another interesting outcome of centuries of experience in working with materials available, and with the waters in which she is navigated.

The sails, when complete with the bamboo battens, are of immense weight, and the dark patches, as shown on the plan and photograph, consist of fishing net sewn on to add strength where most needed.

Many of these junks are fitted with centerboards between the main and fore masts. The board is of wood, well strapped with iron bands, not unlike the lee board of an English barge, and is worked vertically by a wooden windlass.

Deck view, looking aft.

KILL FIRE WHILE IT IS YOUNG



Your boat is safe from fire — when ALFITE stands the watch

Even miles at sea, fire holds no terror when an ALFITE System guards your yacht or motor boat.

One pull on a control lever, located *outside* the fire zone, and it's only a matter of seconds before the worst fire is out. The ALFITE System has had many a battle with fire —and ALFITE has always won.

The ALFITE System stores fire-killing ALFITE Gas in small steel cylinders. These cylinders are connected to danger points where fire may break out by fixed piping. One simple valve seals the gas in the cylinders against leakage—yet assures rapid, complete discharge when the control lever is operated.

ALFITE Gas harms nothing but fire. It leaves no mess to clean up. Ordinary ventilation removes it.

If you are interested in this sure, moderately priced protection for your boat, write for "One Fire is Too Many". This booklet completely describes and illustrates the ALFITE System. American-La France and Foamite Corporation, Engineers and Manufacturers, Dept. T-8, Elmira, N. Y.

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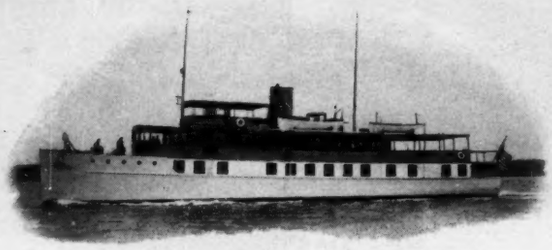
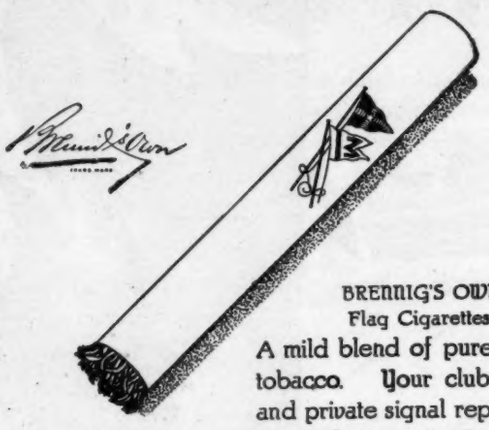


Owner, Mr. John Wanamaker, Jr.



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The U.S.S. *Mayflower*, a Presidential Prerogative

(*Continued from page 44*)

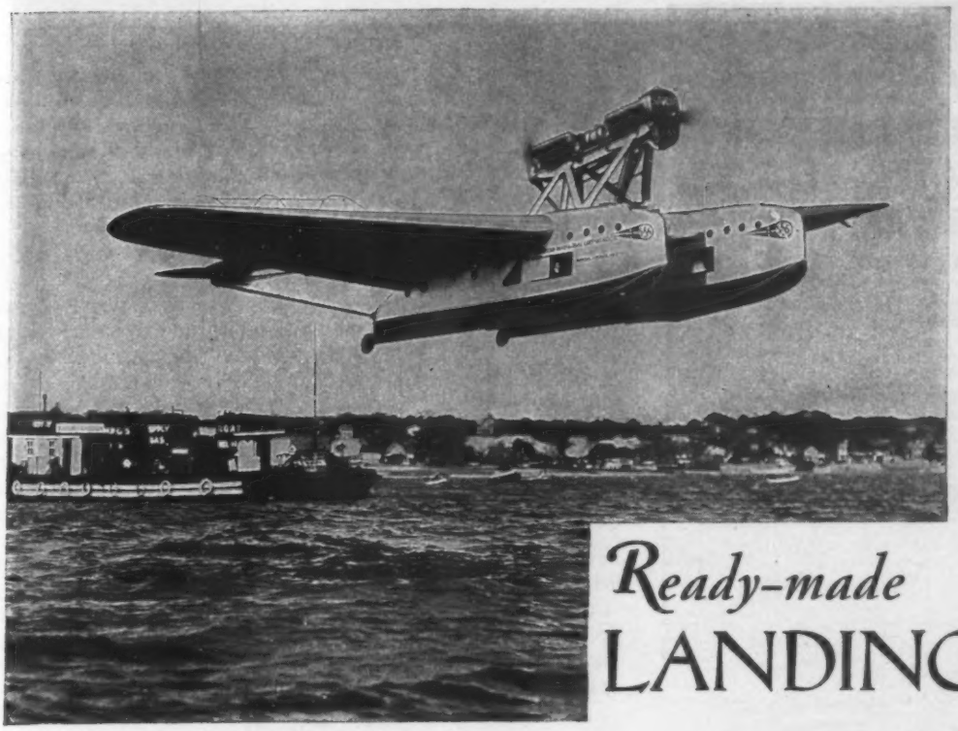
Roosevelt and an official party on the *Mayflower*, which took them down the Potomac to Piney Point where they boarded the U.S.S. *Louisiana*. The yacht then anchored off Annapolis where the crew was given target practice in order to keep them in trim. The *Louisiana* returned with the presidential group on November 26th, after visiting the Canal Zone and Porto Rico. The *Mayflower* met the battleship at Piney Point and ferried the party to the Capitol. The President made only a short comment upon his return, but his message to Congress on December 17th gave his opinions on the Canal in no uncertain terms, reproving the hampering critics and lauding the constructive supporters. He also injected a strong plea for the Navy, which he considered should be expanded and the personnel properly compensated with rank and pay.

The year 1907 was the climax of the strenuous "Roosevelt era" and the presidential yacht played an active rôle in many events. Mr. Roosevelt was very conscious of the duties devolving upon his official family and delegated the *Mayflower*, like any other White House conveyance. In February, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Newberry, used the yacht on an inspection trip of the southern naval stations. The itinerary not only included New Orleans and other Gulf ports, but also extended to Guantanamo and a stop at Nassau. This expedition returned to Washington the first of March.

The President was eager to have the Panama Canal efficiently constructed and pushed to completion. On March 24th, he dispatched Secretary of War Taft on the *Mayflower* to inspect the pits dug for the foundations of the Gatun Dam. An able group of engineers accompanied Mr. Taft to survey the technical features of the construction. The yacht returned with the party on April 22nd by way of Cuba and Porto Rico. Upon arrival, the War Secretary gave only a brief public report of the Canal progress: "They are making the dirt fly."

The tercentenary celebration of the founding of the Jamestown, Virginia, colony was the next scene of the *Mayflower's* activity. President Roosevelt took his family, with a galaxy of Cabinet, Army and Navy officers, on the yacht to the formal opening of the exposition on April 26th. An international armada of foreign battleships sent as compliment to the world's fair was reviewed by the President in Hampton Roads. The *Mayflower* cruised slowly between the lanes of flag-festooned vessels, exchanging salutes, first greeting the visitors and then inspecting our own fleet. It was a gala day and perhaps the most brilliant assemblage of war vessels ever within the Virginia Capes.

Perhaps the greatest political-naval event of the crowded year of 1907 was the departure of a battleship fleet under "Fighting Bob" Evans on a world cruise. This cruise had been carefully planned by the President, but his purpose was not without criticism from the other powers. The Russian press called it a "bold Rooseveltian stroke" to restore balance in the Pacific which had been so disturbed by the Russo-Japanese War. Paris asserted that control of the Pacific was the motive and the London press called it "American bombast." In order to give this new Navy gesture his personal support, the President took Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel with a number of officials on the *Mayflower* to attend the review at Hampton Roads. It was a drizzling, rainy day on December 17th, but Norfolk was crowded with visitors, as the glamour of the twenty-thousand-mile trip had appealed strongly to the nation. The fleet steamed by and presented a wonderful appearance, dressed with the signal



Model "S-55" twinhull, 12-passenger flying boat, powered with two 500 h. p. motors in tandem. This is the model used by Marquis de Pinedo on his memorable 60,000 mile tour of 6 continents in 1927. A Savoia-Marchetti also holds the world's record for long distance flight. Capt. Arturo Ferrarin and Major Carlo del Prete, July 5, 1928, Rome to Natal, Brazil, 4,466 5 miles in 51 hours 59 minutes.

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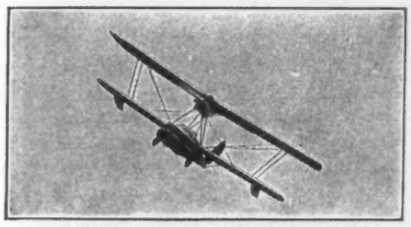
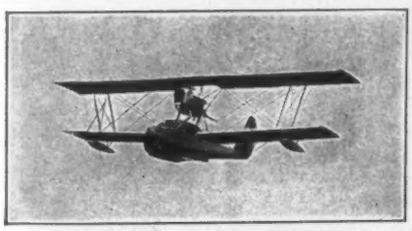


Model "S-56", 110 h. p. 3-seater dual-control Amphibian; ideally safe and versatile for personal use.



Model "S-62", 500 h. p. fast 7-seater flying-boat or Amphibian. Cabin model, adaptable as air-yacht, for mail feeder-lines, passengers and express.

You Yachtsmen know the advantages of the many protected harbors where you have dropped your hooks. That is one very good reason why your choice of an airplane should be a Flying Boat, or an Amphibian.

The small Amphibian will safely land on the waters of any bay, river or lake, and on open stretches, provided the sea is not kicking up too violently. The larger Flying Boats can land in any sea. Everywhere these ideal landing facilities *now* await the SAVOIA-MARCHETTI ships.

The Amphibian has the added convenience of permitting journeys inland with safety. The simple act of lowering the landing wheels, enables the plane to come to rest on the earth as readily as it lands on water.

Proved by 13 years' specialized building and many long-distance record flights, Savoia-Marchetti ships are now made in the United States in 3 models, as illustrated above. Detailed specifications, delivery schedules, prices or franchise terms will be supplied on request.

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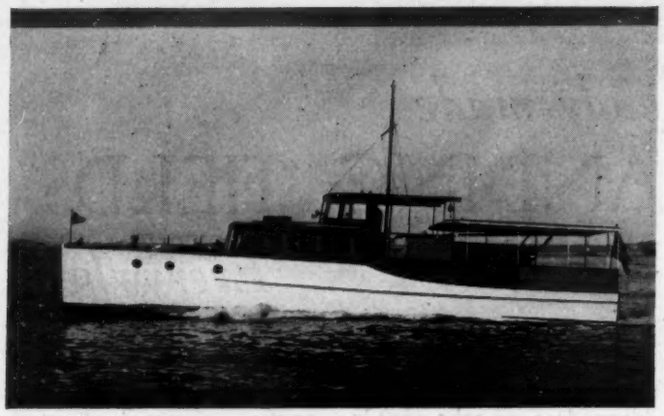
Architect's elevation of Administration Building, American Aeronautical Corporation's Factory, School and Seaplane Air Terminal, now under construction on Manhasset Bay at Port Washington, L. I. (Temporary factory at Whitestone, L. I.)

ABLE AND ROOMY ENOUGH
TO ACCOMMODATE A LARGE
PARTY OF PEOPLE...
IN ALL WEATHERS



THIS LUERSSEN CRUISER is available for immediate delivery. She is a distinctive craft 56′ long, 11′ 6″ beam and 3′ 7″ draft. Her capacious accommodations consist of two fine double state rooms with bath room, lockers, etc., between. The large galley and crew's quarters are forward. The sunken deck house makes a splendid dining saloon and lounge, while the extended bridge deck and after deck will accommodate a large party of people in great comfort, in all weathers. She is modernly and smartly appointed from stem to stern. Her power is optional: 2-110 H. P. Maybach motors—18 m. p. h.—or 2-200 H. P. Sterling Petrels giving a speed of 22 m. p. h. The price, including duty and New York delivery, is unusually reasonable. We will gladly send further particulars.

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flags, the rails manned, the marines saluting and the bands playing.

After the *Mayflower* took her place for the final review, the commanding officers of the battleships came to the quarterdeck of the yacht for a farewell greeting. The formalities of the reception progressed in scheduled time except for one delay — a change in plans which Mr. Roosevelt injected. Rear Admiral "Dick" Wainwright presented the President with a silver cup on behalf of the crew of his ship, the *Louisiana*. It was a token of devotion to the Roosevelts, as they had expressed especial fondness for this vessel when it took the presidential party on the inspection trip to Panama. President Roosevelt accepted the cup, hesitated and then asked Admiral Wainwright if an enlisted man from the tender which had brought him to the yacht could come upon deck. An embarrassed coxswain named Chandler was called before the dignified array of admirals and officials. The President clasped his hand and said, "I want you to take my best regards to the men of the *Louisiana* and give them my Christmas greetings." He then presented the coxswain to Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel. This part of the ceremony was simple and direct but was more important than the fanfare of the formal reception on the yacht. It instilled a spirit and interest which ran through both the enlisted and commissioned personnel of the Navy.

For the first few months of 1908, President Roosevelt was too occupied in the promotion of a legislative program and perhaps too interested in the nominees for the Republican National Convention to use the *Mayflower* on any extended trips. The yacht left the Potomac on March 25th for New Orleans, and proceeded up the Mississippi River. Mrs. Roosevelt, with her children and a small party of friends, boarded the ship on March 28th at Vicksburg, Mississippi, and were transported down the river to New Orleans. It was only a short trip, but it was a nice compliment to the South to have the President's family sojourning there, especially on the official yacht. On April 8th, the *Mayflower* departed for Guantanamo, having left the Roosevelt party to return to Washington by train. The ship was engaged in purely naval service at the Cuban base with target practice as the major duty, together with a brief trip to Media Luna and another trip to Cape Cruz. The *Mayflower* returned to her berth at Washington in the middle of May but was not employed until June 12th, when the Secretary of the Navy took a group of officials and ordnance experts to Hampton Roads. For two days, the yacht served these observers at the tests of torpedoes which had new explosive qualities.

The *Mayflower* was the logical means of transportation when the President attended a conference at the Navy War College in Newport, Rhode Island, on July 22nd. The members of the General Board of the Navy and other officers, whose counsel seemed desirable, had been called together to consider designs for some new battleships. Mr. Roosevelt opened the conference with his characteristic enthusiasm for the Navy as the "most effective guaranty of peace any country could have." On the trip to Newport, the yacht collided with a small schooner named the *Menawa*. The wooden vessel sank shortly after the impact but the crew, fortunately, was saved, taken aboard the yacht and given fare to the home port. The *Mayflower* sustained a damaged bowsprit and several dented plates which required repairs at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

About this time press reports gave a hint that the President's yacht would be sent to Haiti. The Caribbean was seething with trouble: Venezuela was defiant; Honduras had a rebellion afoot that had been instigated by the Nicaraguan President and involved Costa Rica

(*Continued on page 102*)

KEYSTONE-LOENING AMPHIBIAN "AIR YACHT"

Riding gracefully at the yacht club anchorage, this Keystone-Loening AIR YACHT is ready at a moment's notice to soar into the sky and whisk its owner away to an inland destination. The roster of individuals who own and use the Air Yacht reads like Who's Who in the world of sport, finance, aviation — of outstanding accomplishment in every line. Such men unhesitatingly choose the Air Yacht for its ability to alight on both land and water, its capacious luxury, its notable safety, proven in millions of miles of flight.

As a further endorsement of its unusual capabilities, the Air Yacht has been adopted as a standard unit on de luxe transport lines where the comfort and safety of passengers is the primary consideration.

1929 model Keystone-Loening Amphibian Air Yacht—interior to suit taste, accommodating four to eight persons—525 h. p. Wright Cyclone —cruising speed 100 m. p. h. Price $27,900, fully equipped.

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"We have found your windlasses to be thoroughly reliable"

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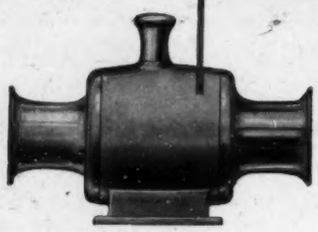
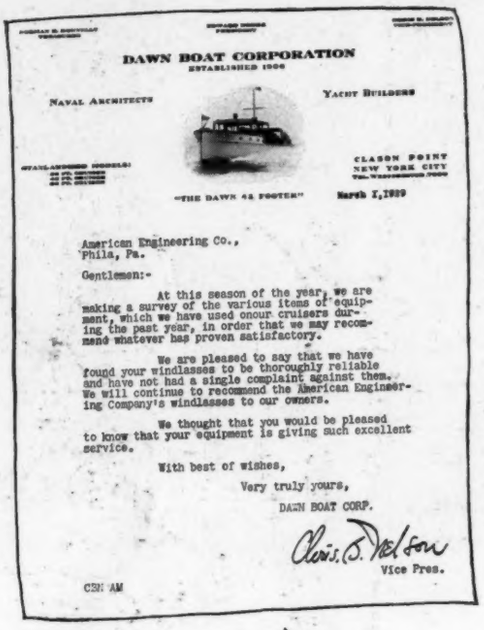


A-E-CO Hand Windlass, Type "J," No. O, Double Acting



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NAVAL ARCHITECTS — YACHT BUILDERS

CLASON POINT
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"THE DAWN 45 FOOTER" March 1, 1929

American Engineering Co.,
Phila, Pa.

Gentlemen:-

At this season of the year, we are making a survey of the various items of equipment, which we have used onour cruisers during the past year, in order that we may recommend whatever has proven satisfactory.

We are pleased to say that we have found your windlasses to be thoroughly reliable and have not had a single complaint against them. We will continue to recommend the American Engineering Company's windlasses to our owners.

We thought that you would be pleased to know that your equipment is giving such excellent service.

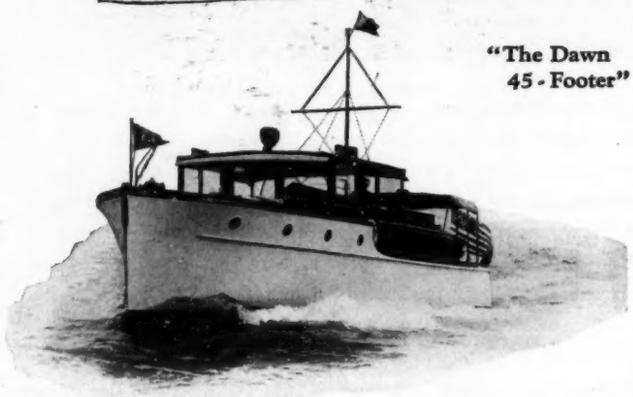
With best of wishes,

Very truly yours,

DAWN BOAT CORP.

Vice Pres.

CEH:AM



"The Dawn 45-Footer"

SWIFT . . powerful . . double acting . . with no increased effort, this A-E-CO windlass enables you to weigh anchor twice as fast as the ordinary hand windlass . . It works on both strokes of the lever.

Send for complete catalogue of Yacht Auxiliaries

AMERICAN ENGINEERING COMPANY

2432 Aramingo Avenue Philadelphia

The U.S.S. *Mayflower*, a Presidential Prerogative

(*Continued from page 98*)

and Guatemala. The Haitian troubles were a cross-current of intrigue for control of the government. The anticipated duty of the *Mayflower* materialized when the ship was sent to Guantanamo on August 2nd to hover near the disturbed areas. On August 9th, Assistant Secretary of State Bacon boarded the yacht and was conveyed from Cuba to San Juan, Porto Rico, on official business. The *Mayflower* returned to Guantanamo with Mr. Bacon on August 21st and was immediately ordered to Puerto Cortez, Honduras. The duty of protecting the American interests at the Honduran port lasted until September 6th, when the ship sailed for New York.

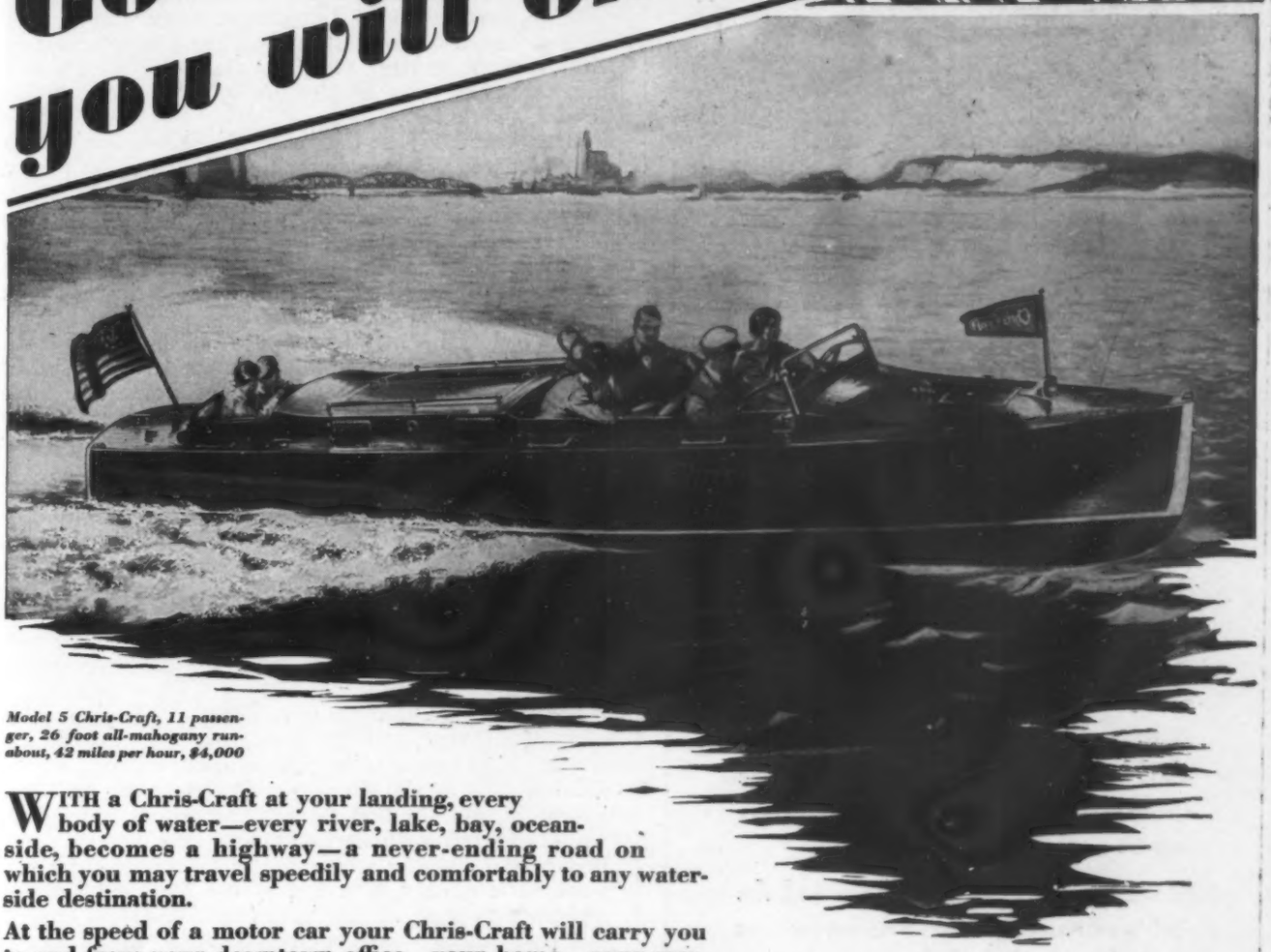
The two short months of 1909 before relinquishing the Presidency were busy days for Mr. Roosevelt. The yacht was employed by the Secretary of the Navy on a trip to Hampton Roads, but none of the White House occupants used her until February 21st. The last service of the *Mayflower* to President Roosevelt was the appropriate finale for his seven-and-a-half years of strenuous administration. The fleet was due to return after its cruise around the world and it had fulfilled every expectation Mr. Roosevelt had voiced. On February 22nd, the *Mayflower* steamed slowly down the Chesapeake to Hampton Roads with the President, his family, the Cabinet and high ranking officers aboard. Following the presidential yacht were the *Yankton*, with Secretary of State Bacon and $800,000 to pay the fleet personnel, and then the *Dolphin* with official delegations of the Senate and House Committees on Naval Affairs. On all sides were river boats with welcoming sight-seers and, despite a gray, rainy day, the fervor of the spectators was running high, even to the keen anticipation of the Commander-in-Chief. The battleships steamed in a single column, about three hundred yards apart — a formidable looking procession in gray paint. The *Mayflower's* immaculate white coating was conspicuous and the colorful flags strung from stem to stern made the official welcome effective.

On the halliards of the yacht, the flags of the International Code spelled "Welcome Home," and Mr. Roosevelt remained on the bridge with his eyes fixed on every detail of the pageant. The customary Presidential honors of 21 gun salutes were fired by each passing ship, the bands played the National Anthem, and the crews were at attention. It was a serious and magnificent hour.

Through all this varied service rendered to the Chief Executive, the U.S.S. *Mayflower* became an integral part of the Roosevelt Administration. It is significant that the President did not regard the yacht as a personal prerogative, however, but as an official attribute and he referred to the ship in his autobiography as "the Government yacht." Undoubtedly, the signal use of the yacht during Mr. Roosevelt's custodianship was its dovetailing with the Navy. The vigorous President consistently prosecuted his case for our national defense and commercial expansion at sea, and he warned that "we can not sit huddled within our own borders and avow ourselves merely an assemblage of well-to-do hucksters who care nothing for what happens beyond."

The nation-wide consciousness of maritime adjuncts to aid and protect our trade is now awakened, which to a definite degree may be ascribed to the Roosevelt impetus. The *Mayflower* was the symbol that President Roosevelt utilized to convey the approval of his office to the development of the Navy and the stimulus of its morale. The patent results of Mr. Roosevelt's efforts have been memorialized by designating the anniversary of his birth (October 27, 1856) as Navy Day. The *Mayflower* played a stellar rôle in creating this desired stamina and accumulated a unique personality with well-earned traditions.

Go--where you will on the water



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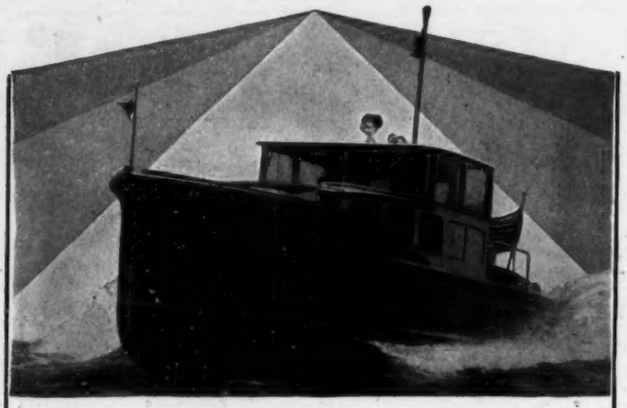

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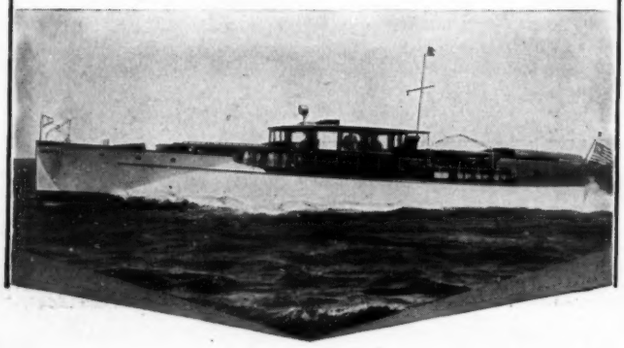


Postscript's Winter Cruise

(*Continued from page 56*)

But there was no feeling of instability, no impression that on the next wave we might trip and suffer a real knockdown. Our draft was too shoal for anything like that, and we were always in motion before a wave struck us. Sometimes we could hear the top of a sea roaring in the distance, then nearer and nearer until it seemed ready to crash down upon us, but always there was a quick lift and heave to our hull and oftentimes we escaped with no water on deck at all. At the worst there was a mild shock and then the pleasant sound of the scuppers clearing the deck.

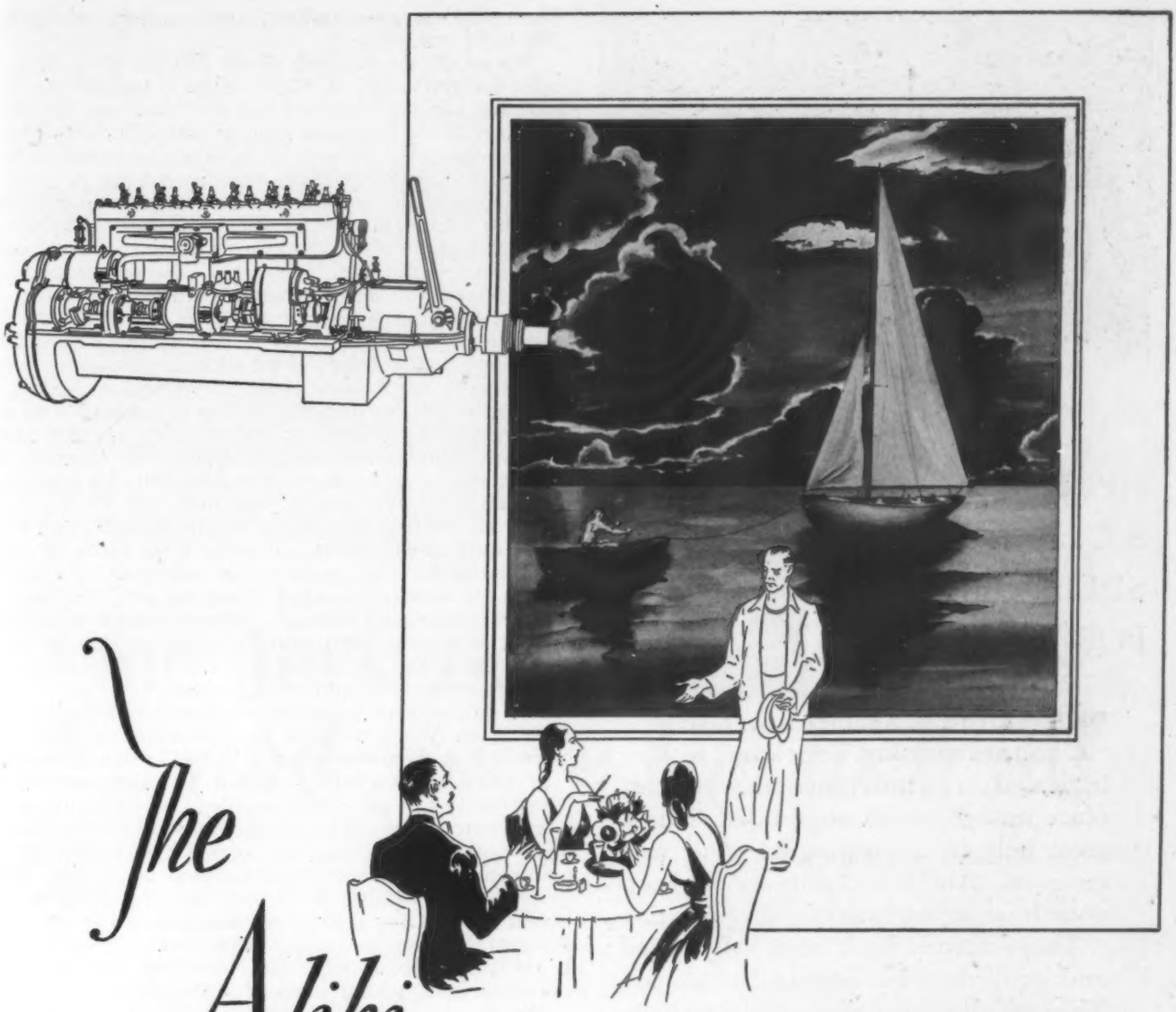
After 36 hours of drifting under the little riding sail we got under way one morning with the northeaster pretty well blown out. The barometer was still up, about 30.48, and during the day the wind worked into the southeast and made us think the weather was clearing. But Hatteras was just taking a deep breath and getting ready to treat us to something even more interesting than the breeze we had just gone through.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, May 9th, on our tenth day out of Havana, the wind dropped off to almost nothing and then, after a period of hesitancy, came blasting out of the northeast with more fury than any squall we had previously encountered. The weather seemed to be getting worse and worse, and Hatteras was proving to be our stumbling block after all.

We had been carrying full sail since morning and as usual held on until the very last minute, but, fortunately, when we did get into action everything came down in a hurry and except for a brief minute or two when the sail got away from us while we were trying to tie it up, we had no real difficulty. By 6 o'clock we were all furled up and snugged down for whatever might come.

We had hoped that we were going to escape another siege of weather, but by that time the outlook was anything but encouraging, and with our position wholly unknown we set the sea anchor to reduce our drift to a minimum. For the first time in the cruise we felt that we were faced with a real danger. We had run into unexpected situations before, and I suppose there was some little danger in sailing ashore on Cape Charles, and perhaps again at the time of our landfall in Inagua, but this time we were confronted with the menace of the worst cape along the coast and its outlying shoals, and having had no noon observation for two days we were not in a happy frame of mind.

We had sailed only nine hours of the previous 48, and although during those nine hours we had held a northeasterly course, just as a matter of precaution, we had no assurance that we had gained much sea room. We *thought* we were probably about 25 miles north of Diamond Shoals Lightship, and perhaps about 20 miles off the beach. That meant that a prolonged northeaster would be setting us down on the shoals inside the lightship, and nothing that we could do could gain us any offing once the storm reached its height. There seemed to be but two alternatives: either to run off at once under a patch of sail, such as the storm jib, and try to hold as close as we could; or else heave-to under the sea anchor and check our drift as much as possible. With the wind holding in the northeast we could not expect to make much better than south, if we ran off before it, and even then we knew it would mean a long, wet night, with spray coming aboard steadily and occasional seas sweeping over the quarter. Moreover, and herein lay our argument for abandoning the idea of running off, if we happened to be actually closer inshore than we believed, then, if we could make no higher than south, we would not clear the lightship at all, and would very



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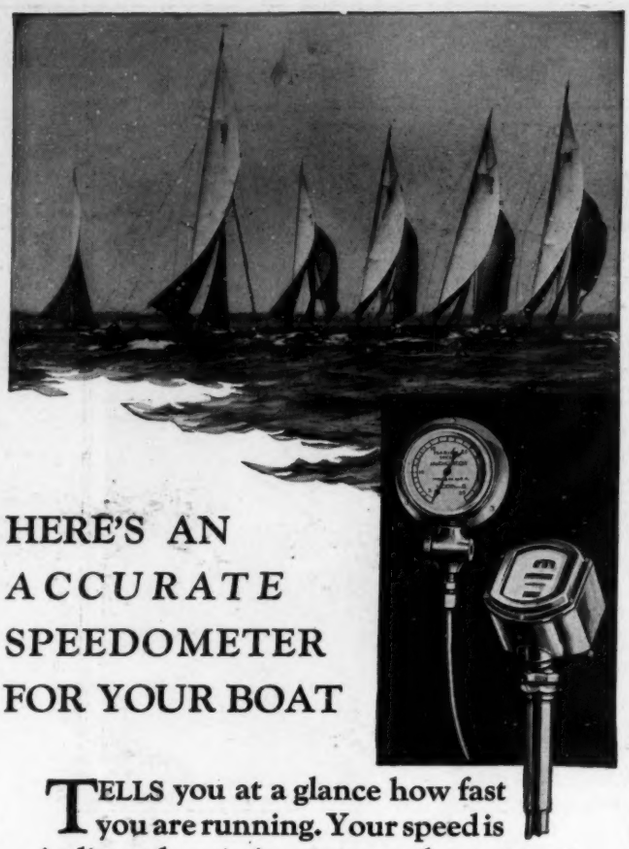

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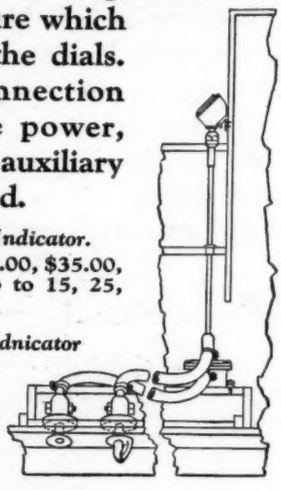

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likely find ourselves running down on the shoals before the night was over.

We set the drogue with all our 220 feet of cable, and with a short length of chain on the inboard end. This checked our drift but did not hold the bow up. The windage of the mast and rigging kept us inching ahead all the time, but with too little headway to enable the rudder to take effect; the sea anchor led out to a point considerably abaft the beam. The wind had continued to gain velocity since 4 o'clock and by the time the sea anchor was out it was howling in earnest. The steamer *El Almirante* reported the wind at 7 P.M. as force 6, and at Hatteras the weather bureau recorded a velocity of about 45 miles an hour at 8 o'clock. By 10 o'clock we were ready to call it 60 miles an hour, but it probably never approached that figure except, perhaps, in short gusts. It is very easy to overestimate wind velocity.

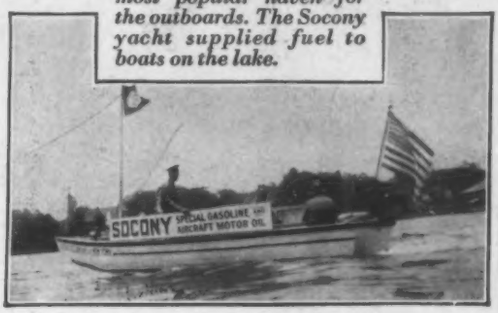
But before the wind reached its full strength we set the storm jib as a riding sail, in addition to the sea anchor, thinking that with its added effect we might be able to shift over to the other tack and thus keep offshore a trifle more. We were growing more and more uneasy over our position. But the sail had little effect other than to steady us somewhat and to force the stern off sufficiently so that the sea anchor led almost at right angles from our bowsprit instead of leading aft. This was an improvement, and although our experience was too brief to draw general conclusions, it did seem that we were lying safely and comfortably enough for wind of almost any strength. Our headway was checked and our motion was not violent, considering what was going on all about us. When we took hurried peeps out the companionway, between waves, it looked as though we were in the middle of a boiling caldron. The waves were rushing madly in every direction, their tops blowing off in horizontal sheets. The phosphorescence of the broken water was bewildering, and we had only to look in any direction to see lighthouses warning us off and ships' range-lights bearing down upon us. Oh, it was a wild and exhilarating night, and one that *Postscript* can't forget. She trembled under the vibration of the rigging; and waves occasionally filled the cockpit, only to be half drained and half dumped as she lurched in the seas. We did not venture on deck without a line around our waists, but after the jib was set there was nothing more to be done outside and we stayed in our bunks.

We spent a restless night. While it was daylight and nothing but water could be seen on the horizon we felt secure enough, but as soon as darkness settled over us we began to have misgivings, and to imagine that we were getting close to the beach. We remarked confidently just at dusk that we would be all right until daylight, anyway, for with nothing in sight we felt sure we had sea room enough for ten or twelve hours of drifting. But half an hour after darkness had enveloped us we grew uneasy, and for the first time we were really worried. I confess I slept but little; those shoals were too close, and I could visualize the seas breaking over them, and the surf pounding up on the beach. Tragedies came about in just this way, I told myself, and no amount of effort could clear my mind of vivid pictures of a little green boat being tossed shoreward through the breakers. Over and over again I went through every detail of the procedure we might follow if we were driven on the beach. And I had to confess to myself that I didn't know how to undertake it to insure success. If the seas were towering over us and piling up in toppling pinnacles offshore, what would they be like in shoal water where they curled over and became full-fledged breakers?

Oh, for the assurance of ample sea room! The storm itself was nothing, and we scarcely gave it a serious thought. Our experience two days before had hardened us, and we had nothing to fear from roaring seas. Some-

See them go! The "flying bugs" churning the water just before the starting gun is fired. Warming up the motor until it throbs with perfect rhythm is an essential part of the race.

The wharf displaying the Socony banners was the most popular haven for the outboards. The Socony yacht supplied fuel to boats on the lake.



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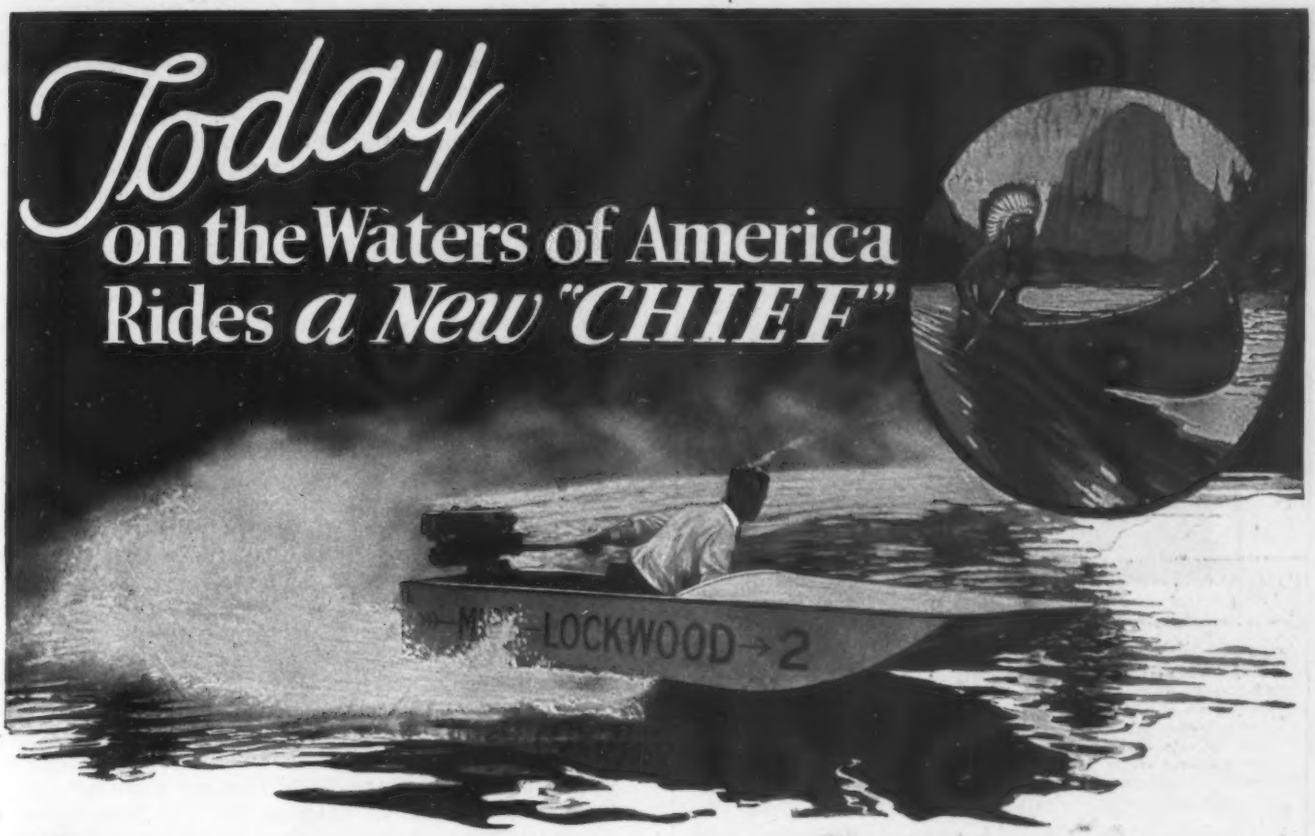
times water came over us rather completely, but never with sufficient volume to cause any concern; never enough to do any damage. The little dink was still resting peacefully on the cabin top. The sea anchor was doing its work, and although we were hove-to in a manner violating all tradition, we felt secure. The wind was greater than anything we had ever experienced offshore, but the boat was not lurching as violently as she had two nights before when we were lying under the riding sail without the sea anchor. We were still broadside-to, but when a sea struck us there was now a tendency for the stern to fall off faster than the bow, with the result that we moved just as quickly with the first impact of the sea but did not carry as far with it. Instead of burying our lee deck and part of the cabin top when we lurched, we now eased out of the seas, due to the bow's being checked by the sea anchor, and our head turned ever so slightly into the wind as each sea struck.

I really believe we rode out that storm with more comfort than a 50-foot boat might have done. I should like to have tried heaving-to in the customary manner, four or five points off the wind, to see how our boat would have behaved, but there was no way of getting her around. Probably a larger boat would have been very uncomfortable lying in the position we were, but our boat is so short that she takes each sea separately and doesn't begin to get thrown around out of position. If she were riding more nearly bow-on I think she might have taken less water on deck, but I think she would occasionally have been thrown from one tack to the other, and while she was recovering from one sea she might easily have been caught unawares by another. Broadside-to she seemed to be in a sort of stable equilibrium, with a great tendency to return to that position of her own accord after each sea; she seemed to know how to manage affairs with the equipment at her disposal, and in all that furor we had little ambition to do more than let well enough alone. In watching her behavior it was hard to visualize how different details of design could have had any very great effect upon her. It seemed more a case of over all length and general size and ballasting, and displacement, rather than a matter of flare or forefoot, drag of keel or other fine points. I dare say any generally similar boat would have behaved in like manner, regardless of her exact lines. *Postscript* has a generous forefoot, yet it was not sufficient to overcome the windage of the mast and rigging and hold her up in the wind. She had a 28-inch diameter sea anchor holding her bow, too, and if that was not enough to bring her around then it would have taken a lot more forefoot to do it. A bigger riding sail aft might have brought her up, but there is a limit to the amount of canvas which you may feel like setting in severe conditions, and I am not sure that we could have handled much more than was in our little jib. So all things considered, it seems to me that *Postscript* is meant to heave-to in the trough of the seas, and until a hurricane comes along I think she will stay there safely.

I feel likewise certain, however, that if she were of considerably deeper draft than her three feet, eight inches, it would be an entirely different matter, and I would think twice before attempting to ride out much of a gale in a beam-to position. With five and a half feet draft and outside ballast, she would probably fall all over herself if left broadside-to, and it would probably be advisable, and perhaps imperative, to bring her up to within three or four points of the wind. But as far as enjoying a feeling of safety is concerned, I much prefer her as she is, for she has ample stability with no tendency to trip. She has an exceptionally heavy mast, too, and her stability would be even greater with a lighter spar.

I suppose this comment, brief as it is, places *Postscript*



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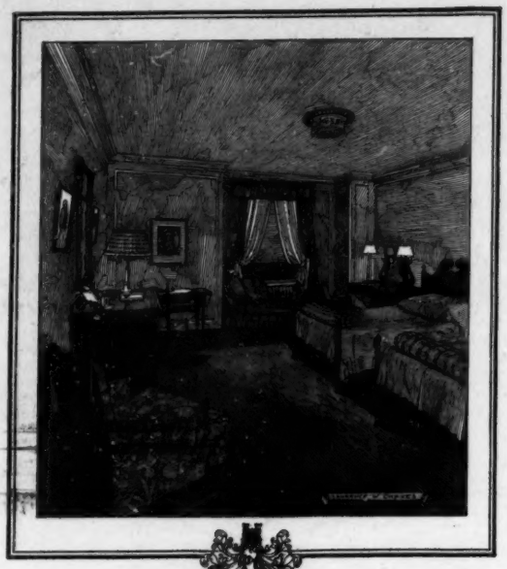

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UNITED HOTELS

in the *keel* vs. *centerboard* discussion, and in that case, being now an enlightened little tabloid, *Postscript* will string along with Commodore Munroe, Edward Crabbe, Henry Howard, and others on the *shoal draft* side. For although a keel boat, *Postscript* is not excessively deep, and knowing the futility of attempting to claw off lee shores in stormy weather — regardless of how deep the keel is — she will ignore that phase of the discussion entirely, and will maintain that the greater comfort, or even safety, of the shoal draft boat is enough to recommend it. But perhaps, after all, *Postscript* is straddling the issue, because she does depend on her keel for her stability.

We were glad to see morning come and with it good visibility. There were no shoals to leeward; no forbidding beach, either. Nothing but mountainous seas everywhere, although the wind was not as vicious as at midnight. We looked at the chart; we estimated our position; we interspersed our conclusions with *ifs* and *buts* — and thus reached no conclusions at all. If we were outside the 20-fathom curve we could safely drift another ten or twelve hours, so we overhauled a coil of cotton lacing and dropped a 50-pound dumb-bell over the side. Two hundred feet and still going down; there was no bottom there. Had we gone through a night of worry for nothing? Was that nearby shore a myth and those treacherous shoals just a mental picture? Inconceivable, but probably true. Where, then, could we be?

And then came a clearing sky at noon and Pete took a sight and worked out a latitude that we couldn't believe. It put us up 70 miles north of where we thought we were, and east of Cape Henry, nearly a hundred miles from Hatteras and its dangers! We had been trying to reach bottom with two hundred feet of line where it was a mile and a half deep! And we had dreamed all night of washing up on shore! Laugh if you want to; we did ourselves; but we wished we had not lost all that sleep the night before.

It continued to blow all day and most of the night, too, but the next morning, after a peaceful night's sleep, we were off once more on our homeward jaunt. And thanks to the Gulf Stream we had been homeward bound all the time we were hove-to, and at a fair speed as well. Instead of being driven back by the northeaster the current more than made up for our drift, and during the 74 hours that we were hove-to we had been moving to windward at probably more than a half-knot gait. If we drifted through the water at nearly a one-knot speed, this indicates that the current off Cape Hatteras was flowing about one and a half knots.

At noon we got the first good sight since the day we first hove-to, four days earlier, and found that we were actually off Chesapeake Bay entrance. This definite latitude, in conjunction with the fact that we had just sailed out of the Gulf Stream, fixed our position as roughly a hundred miles or so offshore, and made Barnegat bear about due north. So we changed our course accordingly and were soon bowling along with a stiff southerly breeze over the stern. We had set the taffrail log in the morning, in order to be able to work our reckoning backwards when we picked up land and thus see how close we came to guessing our actual position. This was on May 11th, twelve days out of Havana. On May 12th, at noon, we were in the latitude of Delaware Breakwater, and that night when we thought we must be getting pretty close to Barnegat we were caught in a squall just at dusk and had to lower away all sail. We had been looking for land all day and had expected to pick up the lights of Atlantic City after dark. After the squall passed by our free wind disappeared, but we did see a glow of lights in the west and occasionally a shore light stood out distinctly. We felt sure it must be Atlantic City, but Absecon Light was not visible. Neither was the lighthouse near Beach

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More than the mere pride of ownership, more than the thrill of merely being there aboard a well-bred craft with pleasing lines and well-turned hull... a craft that you thrill to call your own... the satisfaction of owning a Consolidated Yacht goes deeper.

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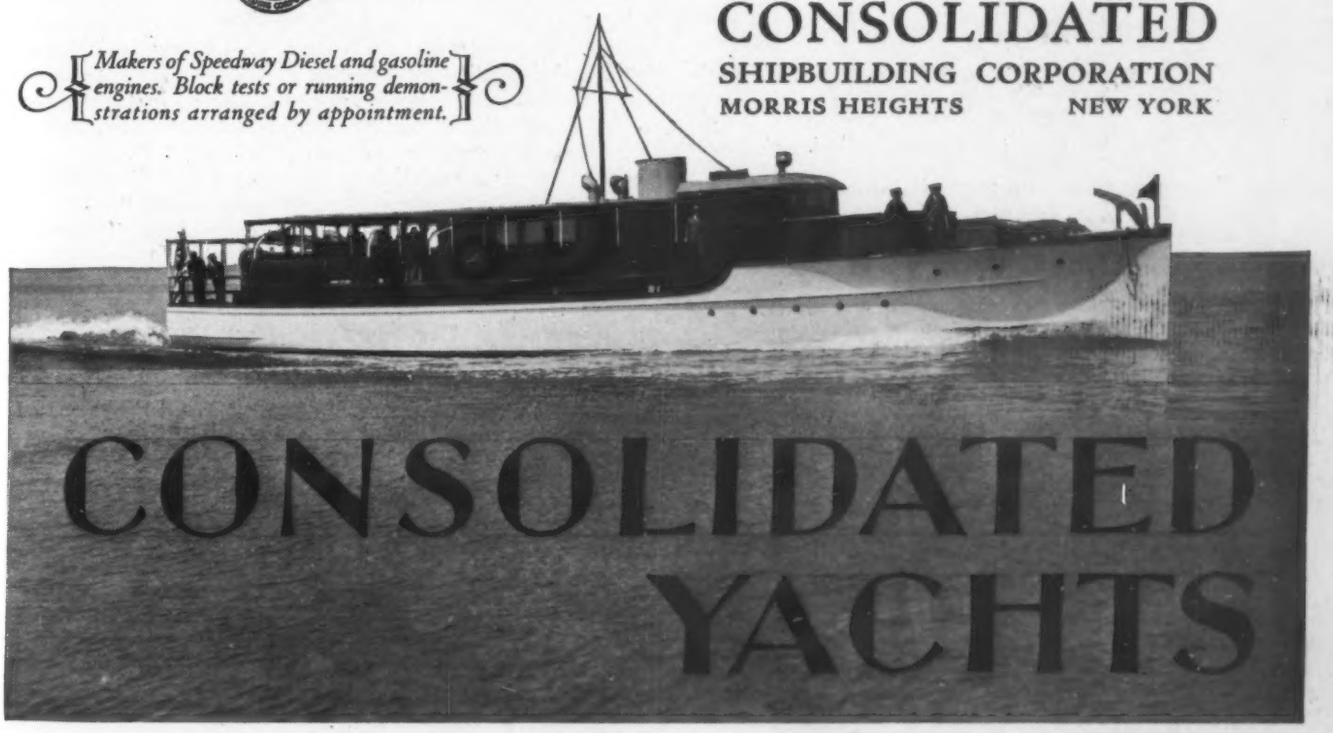

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But for our sportsman modesty we might say this is a Baby Gar year. Certainly there are no owners more enthusiastic than those who skim the sun-dappled waters in these delightful runabouts. And there are more—ever so many more of these Baby Gar skippers than ever before.

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Haven, north of Atlantic City. We sailed slowly westward for a while amidst streams of steamer traffic, bound both north and south. This was a good sign, for they all hug the beach pretty closely between Barnegat and Atlantic City.

We lay becalmed until daylight and then a breeze from the north sprang up. We headed inshore and soon picked up a tall object which we thought might be Barnegat Light. We were already to celebrate a perfect landfall when it showed unmistakable signs of turning into a water tank, and subsequently it proved to be at Surf City, about eight miles south of our objective. Even so, we were close enough to have congratulated ourselves had it not been for the fact that we really had no confidence in our exact whereabouts. You can hardly claim credit for a perfect landfall if at the moment of sighting land you are equally ready to accept it as being Cape May or Sandy Hook!

The wind failed us completely for several hours, and as we drifted idly past some fishermen working on their pound-nets one of them asked where we were going.

"In Barnegat, if we ever get there," we answered.

"Haven't you got any motor?"

"No; just sail."

"Where'd you come out at?" was the next query.

"Havana."

"Where?" This came rather cautiously.

"Havana."

Dead silence for a while. Then:

"Havana . . . Cuba?"

"Yes," we replied, "Havana, Cuba."

As we drifted out of hearing the men resumed work, but a little later we saw one of their boats start up and run toward shore. We didn't know it then, but we learned afterwards that they had gone ashore to advise the Coast Guard at Barnegat to be on the lookout for us in case we needed help in crossing the bar in such a light wind. We were back amongst friends, and best of all, friends who knew something about the water.

But the Coast Guard was already on the job. As we passed the Loveladies Station, three miles below Barnegat Inlet, we put the dink overboard and began towing *Postscript*, just as we had done in the canals on the southbound trip from Norfolk to Beaufort. There was no wind at all, and our only hope of reaching an anchorage lay in towing. We had only a couple of hours until dusk, and the weather was getting ready to come out of the northeast on the morrow.

We had been rowing about half an hour when we saw signs of a light westerly breeze coming up and we looked through the glasses at the Coast Guard station flagpole to see which way the wind was blowing inshore. There on the pole we saw a red and white striped signal pennant. The answering flag! They had seen us endeavoring to reach the inlet and were sending somebody out; that was about all it could mean. So we ceased our labors and before many more minutes had passed we saw the surf-boat bouncing out over the breakers on the bar and in ten minutes we were on the end of a tow-line. We hauled the dink aboard and made the crossing without trouble; it was evident, however, that we could never have done it under sail.

We passed under the foot of the lighthouse and dropped anchor in our home waters, just six months to a day from the November morning when we had set out, and two hours short of fourteen days from Havana. A fast passage to end a splendid cruise.

So that was the way our boat came home; she shook herself a few times off Cedar Creek and washed some of the salt off her decks in Barnegat's headwaters, and her crew began to wonder if they had ever been to the Tropics after all. Everything looked the same as ever; just as it had when we set out. And it was nice to be home.

Edsel Ford's new yacht—designed by Henry J. Gielow, Inc., and building at Lawleys—is powered with a pair of Bessemer Type F. P. Diesel Engines of 325 H. P. each at 500 R. P. M.

WHEN engineering excellence and sheer mechanical merit govern the choice of marine power plants, the selection inevitably falls to Bessemer Diesels. Experienced yachtsmen—men who know engines—are quick to appreciate Bessemer's outstanding features—their smoothness, quietness, strength and reliability. ¶ It is indeed a noteworthy fact that the yacht now building for Mr. Edsel Ford will also be powered with Bessemers.

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DWIGHT LUMBER COMPANY
Boat Division, Dept. 97
RIVER ROUGE · MICHIGAN

Dee Wite
ALL-MAHOGANY PLEASURE CRAFT

The Adventures of Howard Blackburn

(*Continued from page 52*)

true that the little yacht fought her way most valiantly against sea and wind, doing as brave work in getting to windward in a mid-ocean gale as one could hope to see.

But this could not continue indefinitely, for there is a limit to human endurance. Therefore, at the end of 37 hours of wind-jamming of this kind, the jib was hauled down and stowed and the boat was hove to. It was soon seen, however, that the whole of the storm trysail was too much canvas for her to lie comfortably under, but when it was hauled half-way down she lay like a duck.

It was 4:00 P.M. when everything was snugged down, and the crew ready to go below. When at last there was a comparatively fair chance, the companionway was opened quickly and I jumped below, but before I could close the slide again a heavy sea broke over the boat and a lot of water went into the cabin.

All night the boat lay to, with the two white lights on the lookout, while the crew ate a bite of food, and got as much sleep as circumstances permitted. In the meantime, the wind had backed to northeast, but it still continued to blow hard and the sea was as bad as ever.

Just after daylight next morning, the sharp-toned scream of a steamer's whistle aroused me. I got on deck as soon as I could and there lay a big steamship not far off. She was in ballast and was pitching and rolling at a tremendous rate. I waved my hand to the officers on the bridge, who, no doubt, thought my situation was a terrible one, and one from which I would probably be glad to escape, if possible.

The steamer came as near my boat as was safe and an officer shouted down to me from the bridge: "Do you want to be taken off?"

"No, thank you," I replied, funnelling my hands over my mouth to make my words carry better across the wind-swept sea. Still the ship lay by, and possibly her officers thought I might soon change my mind, or they may have felt scarcely justified in leaving a man to what, in their eyes, may have seemed like certain destruction.

This inspired in me a desire to show these steamboat sailors what kind of a boat they had met with. And so, when she still hung by, I swayed up the storm trysail, set the reefed jib and kept off on an east-southeast course. For fully 20 minutes the ship followed along to leeward, and if her officers had curiosity to see what such a cockleshell would do in a wild tumble of a sea, they were doubtless pleasantly surprised. For they finally saluted me with three blasts of their whistle — a tribute well merited by the *Great Republic* — and then swung off to a southwest course.

It was my intention to heave to again as soon as the steamer was out of sight, and my purpose to exhibit the seaworthiness of a small Transatlantic yacht was accomplished. But the boat was making good progress, and as she did not appear to suffer any damage from the seas that broke over her, I determined to keep her going, for I was anxious to get across the Gulf Stream as soon as possible and be free from its squalls and dangerous seas. All day and the following night I stayed on deck and forced the passage despite the gale, and after a few days of hard driving, sometimes with the wind ahead, a position south of the Stream was gained. Altogether it was a tough experience, as is evidenced by the fact that, on June 25th, the record was made in my log that the previous 16 days had been the hardest I ever spent on the ocean.

On July 4th I made the Islands of Flores and Corvo, of the Azores, but the wind was very light, scarcely enough to move the flags hoisted in honor of the occasion, and the islands were not passed until the next morning.

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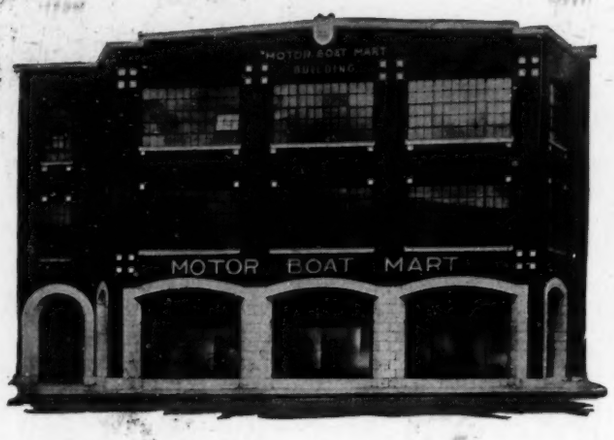

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For several days after passing the Azores the weather was very squally and disagreeable, with sudden changes of wind, which jumped from southwest to northeast two or three times a day. It was necessary, in consequence, to reef or shake out reefs frequently, and the conditions of one hour were no indication of what the wind or weather might be the next. It followed that little sleep was obtained during this time. This was succeeded by a period of dead calm, varied by catspaws and light airs, while the midsummer sun shone brilliantly out of an unclouded sky. It was very hot at times. The opportunity to sleep was improved, however, and more attention was paid to cooking than was possible when all hands were required on deck continuously.

After this long calm spell the weather changed suddenly, the calm being succeeded by a northeast gale that was a severe trial upon the ability and endurance of the little ship and its crew; so much so that not a word was written in the log for five days.

The wind increased so rapidly after it came that the mainsail soon had to be taken in and furled, and the storm trysail was set. From that time until I was within 21 miles of Cape Espechel the gale continued and the *Great Republic* drove along on her passage under reefed jib and trysail. I was taking many chances in running the boat under such conditions, for, aside from the danger due to wind and sea, the nights were as black as the inside of a rubber boot and the sun was not seen for four days. In consequence, no observation could be taken to determine my position and as the boat was drawing in with the land the situation became critical.

I never went below for 62 hours except once, and then only long enough to wind the chronometer, and get a bottle of water and some hard tack. With careful management the boat could live and force a passage despite the gale, and I was resolved to drive her as long as it was practicable for me to keep on deck. Much water went over her during this time; the sails were wet to their tops with flying spray; everything was soaking wet below with the water that drove into the cabin under the companionway slide, and I was drenched with the continuous drive of spray, spoondrift and green seas, despite my oilskins, sou'wester and boots. The brave little yacht was sailing all this time on her edge, with her lee rail under water, and often a large section of her deck immersed when she lurched. But there was no thought of heaving to as long as it was possible to keep her going. For there was a chance to make a quick passage, and the ambition to break records on Transatlantic trips is not confined entirely to the officers who sail on the gigantic ships that constitute the ocean ferries between Europe and America.

The wind began to moderate somewhat on the evening of July 16th, and at 3:30 P.M. next day I made Cape Espechel. I was as glad to see it as a child ever was to see a circus, and consoled myself with the thought that, if the wind held a few hours longer, the passage would be completed. My hopes were realized and the passage from Gloucester to the mouth of the Tagus was finished in 38 days, which was then a record for so small a boat for Transatlantic voyages. At the time I wrote in my log: "How so small a boat could make that distance in 38 days with the chance I have had is a great surprise to me. With such a boat I think I could have beaten any man in the world."

Close in to Cape Espechel I came up with some fishing boats that were working off there. It was then 7:00 P.M., and as the wind was decreasing I knew it was not possible to reach Lisbon that night, especially as the ebb tide would soon be running out the Tagus. Therefore I ran alongside of a boat which carried a crew of three men and two boys, and hailed her. One of the men and a boy

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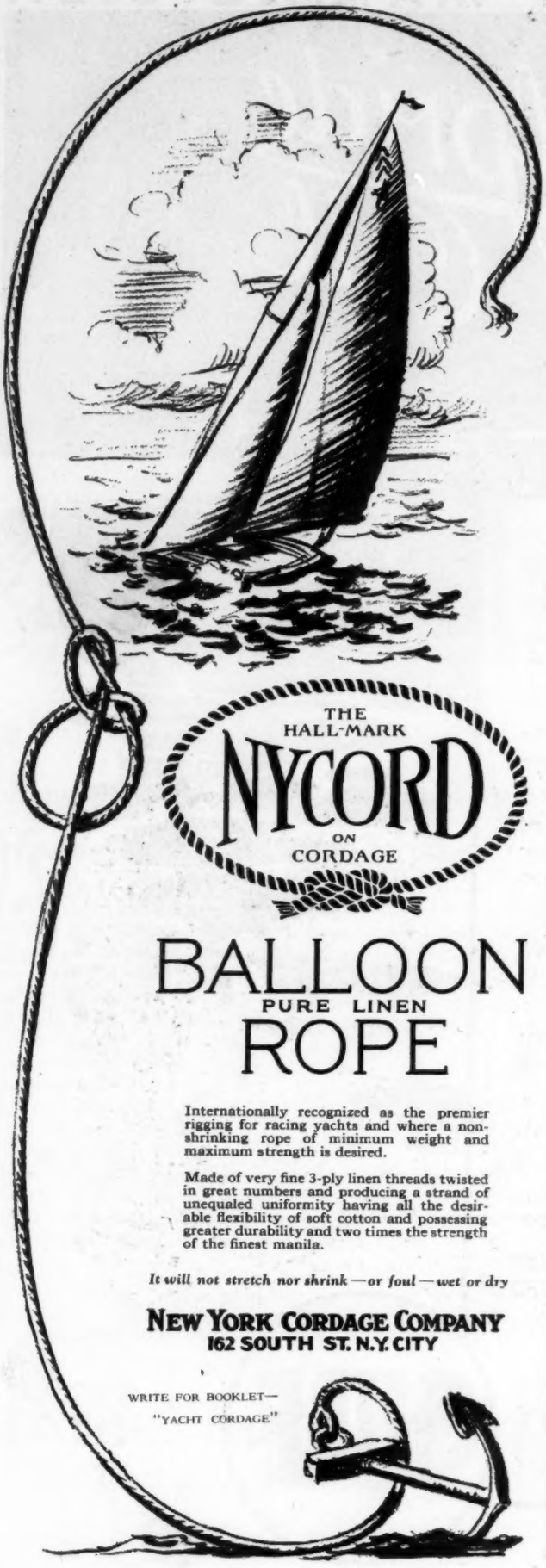
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jumped into their small boat and came on board. I wanted to get one of the fishermen to pilot me to Lisbon and also to look after the boat that night while I slept. But my visitors could not understand one word of English and I had no knowledge of Portuguese. As a starter, I gave them some canned goods, salt pork, hard bread, tobacco and kerosene oil, knowing that "all is fish" that comes to the net of these poor folk whose economic position is quite different from that of our New England fisherman.

With this introduction, my next effort was to make the old man (he was a foxy old fellow) understand that I wanted him to go to Lisbon with me. The sign language worked well.

When the bargain had been concluded the *Great Republic* was filled away and I gave the old pilot the wheel and went into the cabin. But he had never previously steered with a wheel and soon had my boat going all around the compass. He proved awkward, too, for he had not been on board 20 minutes before he jabbed his hand through the glass in the binnacle. This irritated me beyond endurance and it was probably just as well for a while that the old fellow did not understand English. Previous to this, however, I had fixed the wheel so that the boat would steer herself as she had frequently done before. At this time there was only sufficient wind for her to stem the tide, so I went below and turned in for a nap. I was not permitted to sleep long undisturbed, for the wind soon fell away to a calm and my pilot came into the cabin, awoke me, and wanted me to anchor to keep the boat from going farther out to sea with the tide. This request was refused, for there was no windlass and it was evident to my mind that two men could never haul up the anchor and chain in the deep water where we were.

By the time I awoke again the tide had turned and was carrying us in at the rate of three miles an hour. After we entered the River Tagus a fine breeze sprang up, which, with the current, sent us along like a race horse past the tower of Belem, more than 300 years old, and so on for the city. As we entered Lisbon the American flag was seen flying on an old-fashioned war ship, and when we sailed around her stern she proved to be the school ship *St. Mary*, of New York. The sight of the Stars and Stripes in this far away port was certainly welcome to me.

At 2:00 P.M., July 18th, exactly 39 days after leaving home, the *Great Republic* was moored to the dock at Lisbon. I then jumped into a carriage and was driven to a telegraph office, where I sent a cablegram to Commodore Colby, of the East Gloucester Yacht Club, announcing my safe arrival. In considering the length of the passage no allowance for the difference of time between Gloucester and Lisbon is made, hence the passage was actually about five hours less than 39 days.

(To be continued)

The *Great Republic* was a sweet-lined little craft. William Atkin owned her at one time.

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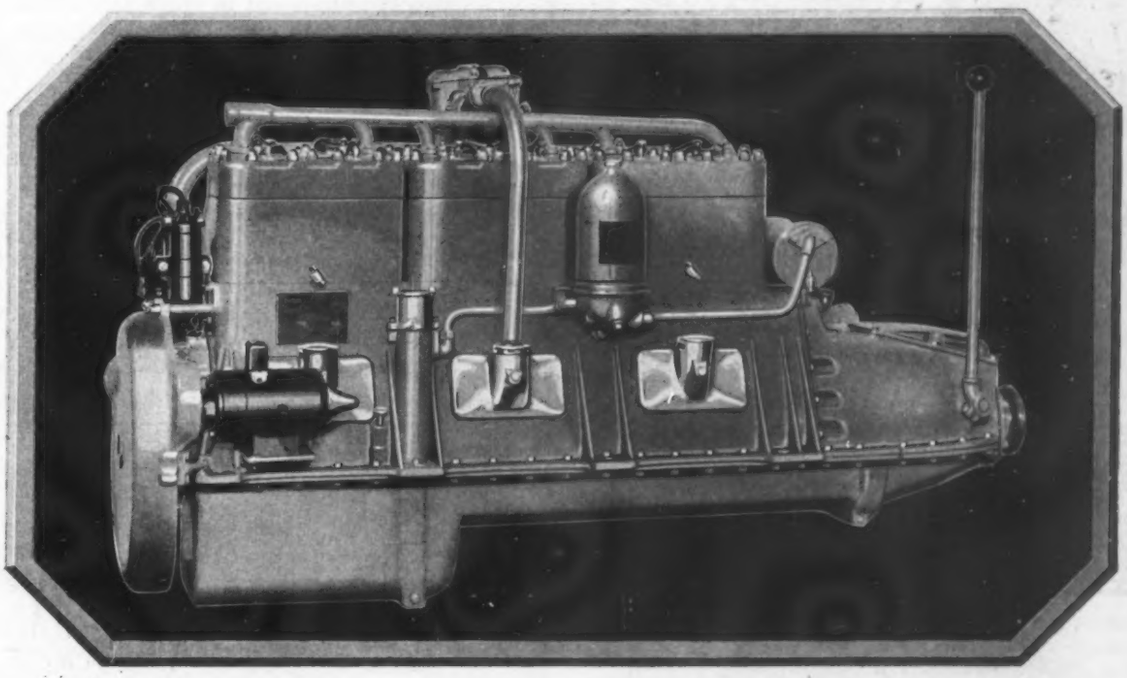

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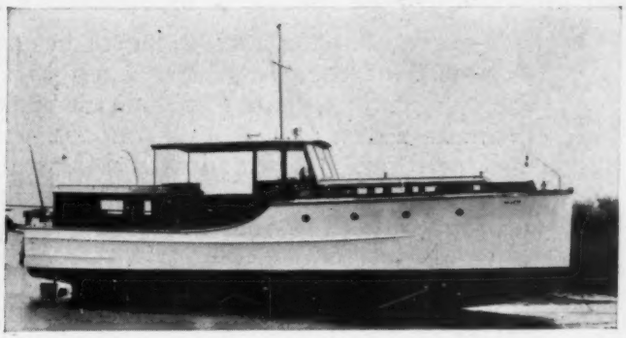

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She rides like a steamer, has accommodations usually only found in much larger craft, and gives you a cruising radius of 1,000 miles. And, remember, when Diesels are driving the boat, you can forget all fear of fires.

But, here's the big point we want to impress . . . the 40 Pilot already is so popular, that to make delivery in Florida by the Fall, we must have your order now.

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Cylinders containing Alfite gas are made in various sizes and may be coupled together in batteries if desired. A 25-pound cylinder affords protection for engine room and galley of a 30-foot cruiser.

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The new *Viking*, owned by George F. Baker, Jr., has four fast tenders, all of them driven by Kermath motors. One is a 32-foot Banfield Sea Skiff with a 150-h.p. motor; one a 26-foot Chris-Craft with a similar machine; one a 28-foot Jardine Sea Skiff of 100 h.p.; and the crew's launch, with a 65-h.p. motor. The illustration (page 46) shows the starboard side of the yacht with two of the boats on the davits.

The "Townsend 56"

Down at Fairhaven, just across from New Bedford, the first of the new Townsend 56-footers is nearing completion. The new boat is a twin screw craft, 56 feet long and driven by a pair of 75 h.p. Hill Diesels which will give her a speed of 14 to 16 m.p.h. Crew's quarters and galley are forward, engine room amidships, and owner's quarters aft. These consist of two large double staterooms, each with adjoining toilet room. The deckhouse is used as the dining saloon and lounge.

Round the World

William M. Harris, who made the gruelling run from Boston to New York last year in the outboard marathon, this summer is off on a world encircling voyage on a big steamer. Not content to trust to the shore boats to be found in the various ports on the itinerary, he has taken with him his own boat, a Pigeon Three Star runabout, and as power he uses an Elto Quad. On the runs from port to port, the boat rests on the steamer's deck, but no sooner is the anchor down or the mooring buoy picked up than the boat is hoisted out and Harris is skipping around the harbor to the hum of the Quad.

Speeding Up

At the annual meeting of the Matthews Company it was decided to change the ending of the company's fiscal year to August 31st to conform more nearly to the boating season. New models for the ensuing year will be announced in September. Although the building program was increased for 1929, demand still exceeds the supply and a material increase is to be made in the 1930 schedule.

Are White Teeth Impostors?

4 out of 5 say, "yes!"

Though too few of us realize it, teeth of gleaming whiteness do not signify immunity from diseases that take high toll in health from 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

NO favorites are played. Pyorrhea and other gum diseases treat everybody alike. They ignore teeth and attack gums. And unless forestalled they ravage beauty and youth. They hurry the destruction of health and teeth. If contracted, only dental treatment of long duration can stem their advance.

But modern dentistry brings you protection. If you will let him, your dentist can preserve the health of teeth and gums. See him at least once every six months. And between visits brush teeth and gums vigorously, every morning and every night. Of course, to obtain the best result, you should use a dentifrice that is good for both teeth and gums.

Forhan's is such a dentifrice. After using it for a few weeks you will note a distinct improvement in the appearance of teeth and gums. For it cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay. In addition, it helps to firm gums and keep them sound. As you know, such diseases as Pyorrhea seldom attack healthy gums.

If you agree that prevention is better than cure, add the daily use of Forhan's and a semi-annual visit to your dentist to the routine of life. It is economy. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist, today. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York City.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary tooth-paste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New . . . Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant

It's the Perfect Mouthwash. ***It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouth-wash, that has no tell-tale odor. Try it.***

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Annual

NEWPORT

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REGATTA

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at

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Rhode Island

August 2nd and 3rd

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NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

Chris-Craft for Work

Taking their place in the transportation plans of the New York Air Terminal Lines, are a pair of the new Chris-Craft cruisers, the speedy 38-footers. The two boats will be used to transfer passengers from shore to the company's amphibian planes. As the river is often whipped into a nasty chop, good sea boats are needed for this service.

The new 8½" searchlight announced by Carlisle & Finch Co.

New Searchlight

An 8½-inch incandescent searchlight has recently been announced by the Carlisle & Finch Co., of 249 East Clifton Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. The case is made of polished copper or brass, as desired, and the polished brass stand has the control rod running through it. This is fitted with a lock so that the light may be secured in any position even when the boat is rolling. The light is provided with a bulb of voltage from 6 to 32, and of the proper candle power. The manufacturers report large sales of the new searchlight which seems to meet boatmen's requirements.

A-E-Co. Auxiliaries

The American Engineering Company of Philadelphia has been manufacturing deck machinery for over sixty years, and most of our finest yachts, to say nothing of several thousand power boats, are equipped with its products.

Readers of YACHTING may obtain, upon request, the latest catalog issued by the American Engineering Company, wherein is described their complete line of yacht auxiliaries.

Production Trebled

Early in the present year the Century Boat Co. moved from its then inadequate quarters in Milwaukee to larger shops in Manistee, Michigan, where it occupies 44,000 square feet of floor space and has an exceptionally fine outfit of machinery. The company is working to capacity, utilizing the entire resources of the plant, and has increased its output to more than three times the 1928 figures. More models have been added to the line, and Century boats have been in demand and have been performing well all over the country.

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W. DODGSON BOWMAN

THIS is the first book to trace the history and gradual development of yachting from its modest beginnings in the reign of Charles II., when Pepys relates that Commissioner Pett "is building the King's yacht, which will be a very pretty thing, and much beyond the Dutchman's." ¶ The author describes famous yachts, past and present, and their historic races. He also gives interesting sketches of the great pioneers of yachting. ¶ American yachts and yachtsmen are not overlooked, giving the book an international interest. ¶ The book will appeal to all those who love yachting and the sea.

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Busy Days on the Cape

Unusual activity at the plant of the Cape Cod Shipbuilding Corporation is reported, several carload shipments of these well-known boats having been made to various parts of the country. For example, the Bellport Y. C. recently bought a number of the 18-foot Baby Knockabouts, duplicates of those which have provided one-design racing classes at other clubs. Others of these have found purchasers all along the coast. The corporation's outboards have also found favor for work and play. The town of Braintree, Mass., has bought an outboard boat for life saving work on Braintree Pond. The Eureka racers have been proving popular, too.

Interesting new circulars describing the Cape Cod line will be mailed to any readers of YACHTING upon request.

High-Speed "Tachs"

With outboards turning up to hitherto unheard of speeds, the AC Spark Plug Co. has increased the range of its tachometers to take care of revolutions as high as 8,000 per minute. Instruments at present, reading up to 6,000 r.p.m., will, it is stated, meet the requirements of the majority of motors. Some of the newer racing power plants, however, such as the Caille "Flash," the Elto "Hi-Speed Speedster" and the Johnson "Sea Horse 32," need the higher range afforded by the new tachometers.

Busy Days at Solomon's

Two 60-footers for the Hydrographic Office, U. S. Navy, have recently been launched by M. Mitchell Davis & Son, Solomon's, Md. The boats are of rugged construction and their bottoms are copper sheathed, as they are for service in Panama.

The firm is also building two 45-foot Diesel cruisers and a 55-foot sailing yacht. Considerable repair work has been done at the island this spring, among the yachts overhauled being the 100-foot Diesel-driven *Bonhomie*, also *Sea Witch*, *West Wind*, *Ellida*, *Carolina*, *Mary Anne* and *Marcia*.

New Electric Plant

The United States Motors Corp., of Oshkosh, Wis., has announced some interesting improvements on its 4-cycle Model W 350-watt electric plant. The new plant is equipped with two cooling fans which keep the engine much cooler, permit operating at higher loads, and with less temperature rise.

The generator on the new model is larger, being wound to develop 450 watts consistently. Nevertheless, the plant is rated at 350 watts to insure long life.

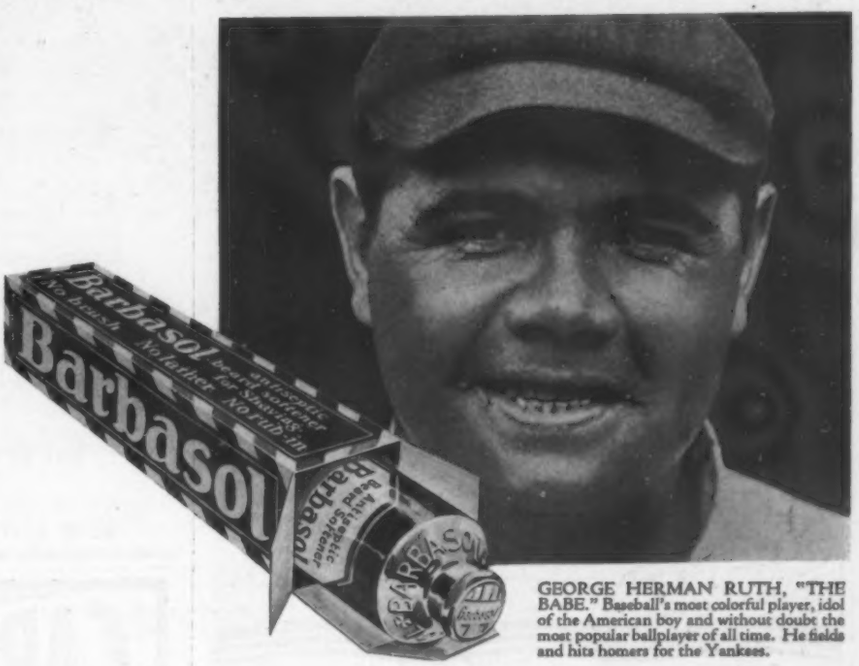
The new gravity fuel tank which has permitted the use of a float feed carburetor, is mounted near the cylinder intake. Another improvement is the spring suspension subbase which cushions the engine impulses, producing a smooth operation.

A feature which boatmen will appreciate is the voltage regulation. The plant can be used either with or without a storage battery. If the battery should become inoperative, the plant can still be operated direct on the line and give flickerless lights. This gives the user a double source of current — the plant itself and the storage battery. When batteries are used, they "float" in the line, so that current can be taken either from the plant alone, from the batteries, or from both combined.

The new Model W is also equipped with a switchboard with fuses, meters and control switch. When storage batteries are used, the plant can be started by pressing in a starting switch.

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"It gives an errorless shave . . . and hits 1,000 in smoothness, comfort, speed"



GEORGE HERMAN RUTH, "THE BABE." Baseball's most colorful player, idol of the American boy and without doubt the most popular ballplayer of all time. He fields and hits homers for the Yankees.

"If I had to brush, lather, rub and stand the nicks and pulls that were a part of old-fashioned shaving methods, I would grow a beard. But thanks to Barbasol I don't have to. This modern shaving cream makes a hit with me every morning. It gives such an easy, cool, soothing, comfortable shave."

George H. "Babe" Ruth

SEND your shaving brush and mug back to the minors for their useful days are over. Modern times bring you a modern shaving cream that gives a remarkable performance without these props. It's the success of shaving creams and the shaving cream of successes.

You ask for Barbasol. And with it you get a shave that's cool when you're hot, soothing to the nerves and skin, reviving as a barber's massage and fast and clean enough to satisfy the fastidious man who has too few idle minutes.

Without making a mess of things or leaving your face a mess of nicks and cuts, Barbasol will give you the most joyful, smoothest, quickest and most comfortable shave you've ever had.

Here's how it's done:

1: Wash your face, leave it wet . . . 2: Spread on Barbasol, don't rub. It's the frictionless cream . . . 3: Shave! Up and down and around the chin the razor speeds over the face. Smoothly, quickly, evenly. Without pull or scratch, the whiskers, the toughest whiskers, are hewn at the skin line . . . 4: Then dry the face with a towel.

Take a look at yourself. Your face looks as it feels—clean, refreshed and youthfully alive. And it will look that way all day. For while being the modern vehicle for shaving, Barbasol also pampers the skin. It is healing and soothing. It contains rare vegetable oils that help to revitalize the skin, keep it clear, clean and young looking.

Part with the uncomfortable past, today, and welcome the future. Step up to the nearest drug counter and get a giant tube of Barbasol. Two sizes, 35¢ and 65¢. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

KEEPS THE SKIN youthful, bright and keenly fresh looking. That's why men like this New Barbasol Skin Freshener. It cools, revives, freshens. Douse it on the face—after shaving — whenever tired. Nothing better . . . you'll agree!

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving